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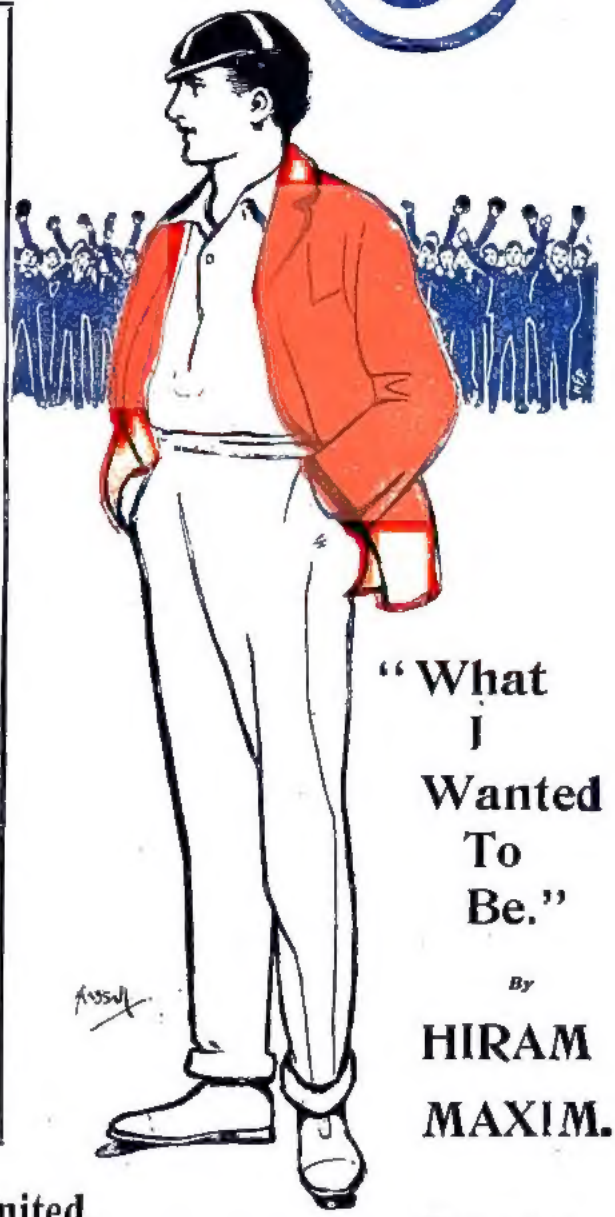

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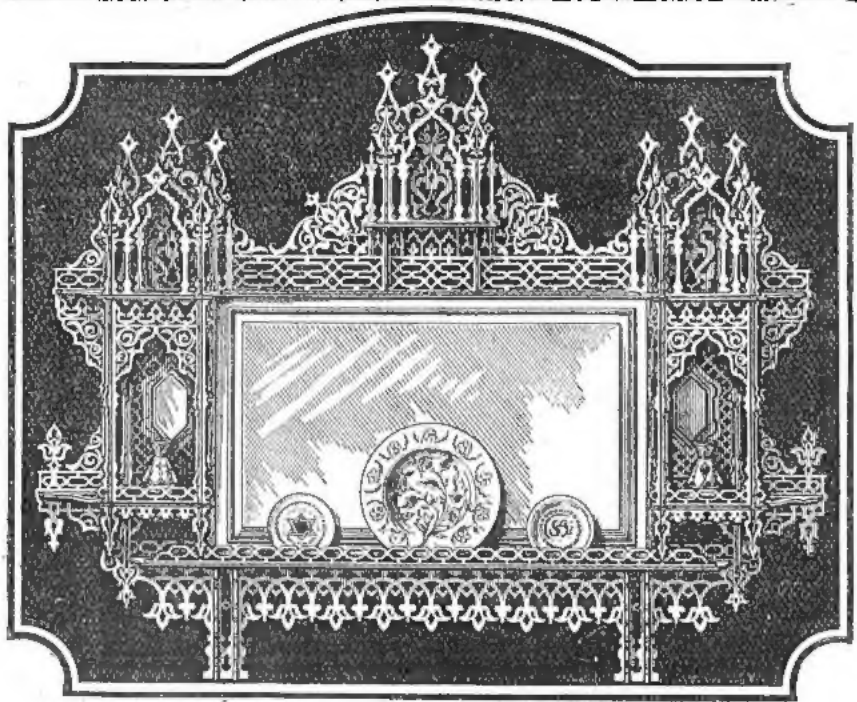

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THE CAPTAIN.

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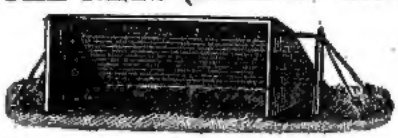

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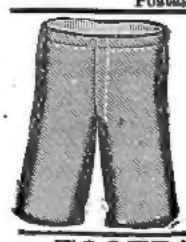

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Drawn for THE CAPTAIN *by Walker Hodgson.*

MR MAX PEMBERTON.

Author of "The Iron Pirate," "The Sea Wolves," "A Puritan's Wife" etc., etc., etc.

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"The Iron Pirate"

AT TEA

A CHAT WITH MAX PEMBERTON

By Keble Howard.

"When we first came here, you see, there were green fields on all sides. Now we live in a wilderness of streets."

Thus Mrs. Max Pemberton, who had found me wandering vainly up and down Aberdare Gardens, West Hampstead, and led me in safety to No. 1.

"There is no doubt," I observed, studying everything in the room as an interviewer should, "that you are difficult people to find."

Far from denying this, Mrs. Pemberton proceeded to explain that they were about to move to a less densely populated part of London. I missed the name of the new locality, for at that particular moment my subject himself appeared, looking as countrified as could be in a grey cycling suit and plaid stockings. "Sorry to keep you," he began, shaking my hand and looking round for the tea at the same time. "Don't you wait to pour out, dear; I'm an excellent hand at that. Sit down, won't you? Where's the tea? Oh, let me ring the bell. That's right. Now then — what lovely weather, eh?"

MR. PEMBERTON'S HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD.

Whilst the celebrated author of the "Iron Pirate" is burning his fingers with the teapot and entangling his waistband with the buttered buns, it is interesting to note the steps in the ladder of fame that led Mr. Pemberton to the enviable position he now occupies. Although still quite a young man, he did

CAIUS FIRST BOAT, MAY, 1883. (MR. PEMBERTON IS ROWING 5.)

not at once achieve a reputation as a brilliant writer. He found himself encumbered with that doubtful quantity, from the struggling journalist's point of view—a 'Varsity education. It was this that led him, just down from Cambridge, to turn his hand to Platonic essays and Aristotelian imaginings, when he should have been interviewing third-rate actors and writing love stories of the hyper-sickly sort. And so it was that the nine o'clock in the evening post came to be an hour imbued with the aches and pains of hope deferred, bringing with it the inevitable long envelopes neatly addressed in the author's own handwriting.

But at last the experienced friend with the kindly heart came along. "My boy," he said, "the public don't need educating, or, at any rate, they don't need you to educate 'em. They want to be amused. They want to be told things of less value than are contained in this trifle of yours on the 'Fallacious Notions of the Ancient Sophists with regard to Intellectual Virtue.' They like to read about 'Stout and Sandwiches; or, What London Eats for Lunch.' Try your hand at something *human*, and you'll get on."

So Mr. Pemberton sat down then and there, and turned out an article on Henley Regatta. This he forwarded to *Vanity Fair*, and a few weeks afterwards he saw himself in print for the first time. Other work for the same journal followed, and our author was soon contributing regularly to this well-known weekly. Then came a five-thousand-word short story, which was sent to *Temple Bar*. But they didn't want it at *Temple Bar*, and Mr. Pemberton's pride received a check. He would have burnt the tale in disgust, but once again a kindly adviser was at hand, and, at the suggestion of his wife, he posted the story to *Chambers' Journal*.

It was printed, and from that time Mr. Pemberton determined to make his name on fiction. But few young authors can live by fiction alone, and he had to do a certain amount of what is known as "hack-work." His old friend, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, had just at that time started a rival paper to *Tit-Bits*, which he called *Answers to Correspondents*, and it was our subject himself who, known as "Mr. Answers," went down into mines and up in balloons to the great delight of a safety-loving public.

In the intervals between risking his life for so much per column, Mr. Pemberton went on writing stories, but very, very few of these found their way into print. A beginner usually writes nineteen stories that are rejected for one that is accepted, but the young man from Cambridge

knew that he had it in him to succeed, and he stuck to it. Then the *Illustrated London News* was kind to him, and, finally, he was appointed as first editor of *Chums*, and made his name on the "Iron Pirate." After one year he left *Chums*, crossed the landing of the offices at La Belle Sauvage, sat down in the editorial chair of *Cassell's Magazine*, and there he is at the present moment. Energy, perseverance, and pluck had won the day.

And now just one word as to our writer's personality. In the halfpenny comic papers that boys left off buying in the month of March of this year, you invariably found an author depicted as a most scraggy individual, with rat-like hair, protruding teeth, dirty nails, and short trousers. Curious as it may seem, Mr. Pemberton is not at all like that. He is an excellent specimen of the healthy and athletic English gentleman — above middle height, well proportioned, fit and trim in wind and limb. With regard to his looks, I refer you to the various portraits of the writer that we reproduce, more particularly to the *Vanity Fair* cartoon, which shows up to great advantage his length of chin. I don't know exactly how much that long chin has been worth to Mr. Pemberton; perhaps his banker might tell you.

"Now, look here," he was saying when I had completed these mental notes, "anything you want to ask, ask; fire away, and don't mind me. Of course, I don't know how you're going to treat this interview, but anything——"

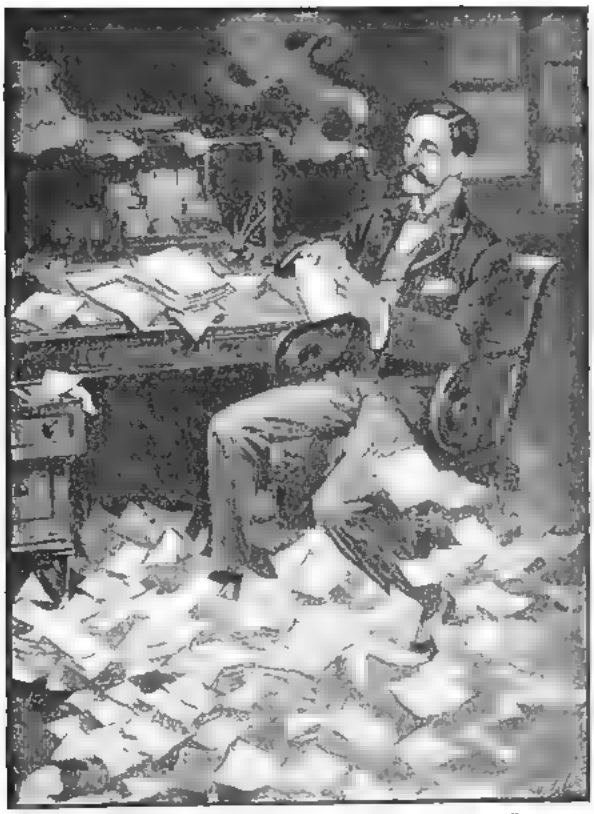
A CARICATURE OF MAX PEMBERTON.
Reproduced, by permission, from *Vanity Fair*.

"Pictures," I interrupted, "are what I want to get hold of first. Pictures representing you in all sorts of athletic costumes—rowing, cycling, golfing, riding, cricket, football—in fact, every kind of sport."

"Right," he replied, not at all disturbed by the exhaustive nature of my request; "they're all upstairs in my study; we'll go up now. Come along. Spring cleaning!" he shouted, bounding up the stairs, "outside and in. Must be done, I suppose. Now, then, here we are. This is my own den. These are all the originals of the illustrations of the 'Iron Pirate'; there's the original of the *Vanity Fair* cartoon; here are boating groups taken at Cambridge. Pick out what you want and I'll send 'em on to you. Eh! what's that?"

I pointed to the typewriter, and some manuscript that lay on the table.

"Oh, yes, that's the last page of my new novel. I'm frightfully busy just now. Dramatised two books — 'Garden of Swords' and 'Kronstadt.' Queer thing about that, too; I wrote the 'Garden of Swords' some time after the other, and it will probably be on the boards first. You never know what's going to happen in theatrical matters. The plot of 'Kronstadt' had to be altered a good deal, you know, to make a play of it. Everything turns on the theft of the fortress keys, and, of course, the audience must see them stolen. But we've fixed it up all right. Now we'll go down and finish our tea. Come along, and don't trip



"THEN TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND, AND TORE IT UP."

over that stair-rod. Right you are. Sugar and milk?"

"'To get back to the typewriter," I put in quickly, seizing the opportunity when the novelist was swallowing his favourite beverage. "Do you dictate your yarns?"

"G—no," he said, hastily putting down his cup. "I work very, very slowly. Never more than a thousand words a day, and that I do regularly. Wait for inspiration? Rot! When a man talks about waiting for inspiration it generally means that he's been idle for a fortnight, and feels he absolutely *must* do some work. Of course, I don't deny that a man can work better at some times than at others, but I do maintain that if you want to get anything done you must work regularly. I do my thousand words. Then my secretary copies it on the typewriter. Then I correct it. Then he copies it again. Then I probably tear it up, and re-write the whole thing. See?"

"You mean that you keep on polishing until you feel that it reads really well?"

"Precisely. More tea? Another bun? Cigarette? Here you are. After you. Thanks. Now I'll give you an illustration of what we've just been talking about. When I began to write 'Kronstadt,' I knocked off about twenty thousand words, and tore it up. Then I did ten thousand words, and tore it up. Then twenty-five thousand, and tore it up."

"You couldn't——?"

"No, I couldn't get it to go. Suddenly it flashed upon me. *I'd been doing it in the first person, and it ought to be in the third.* Started again in the third person, and had no more trouble."

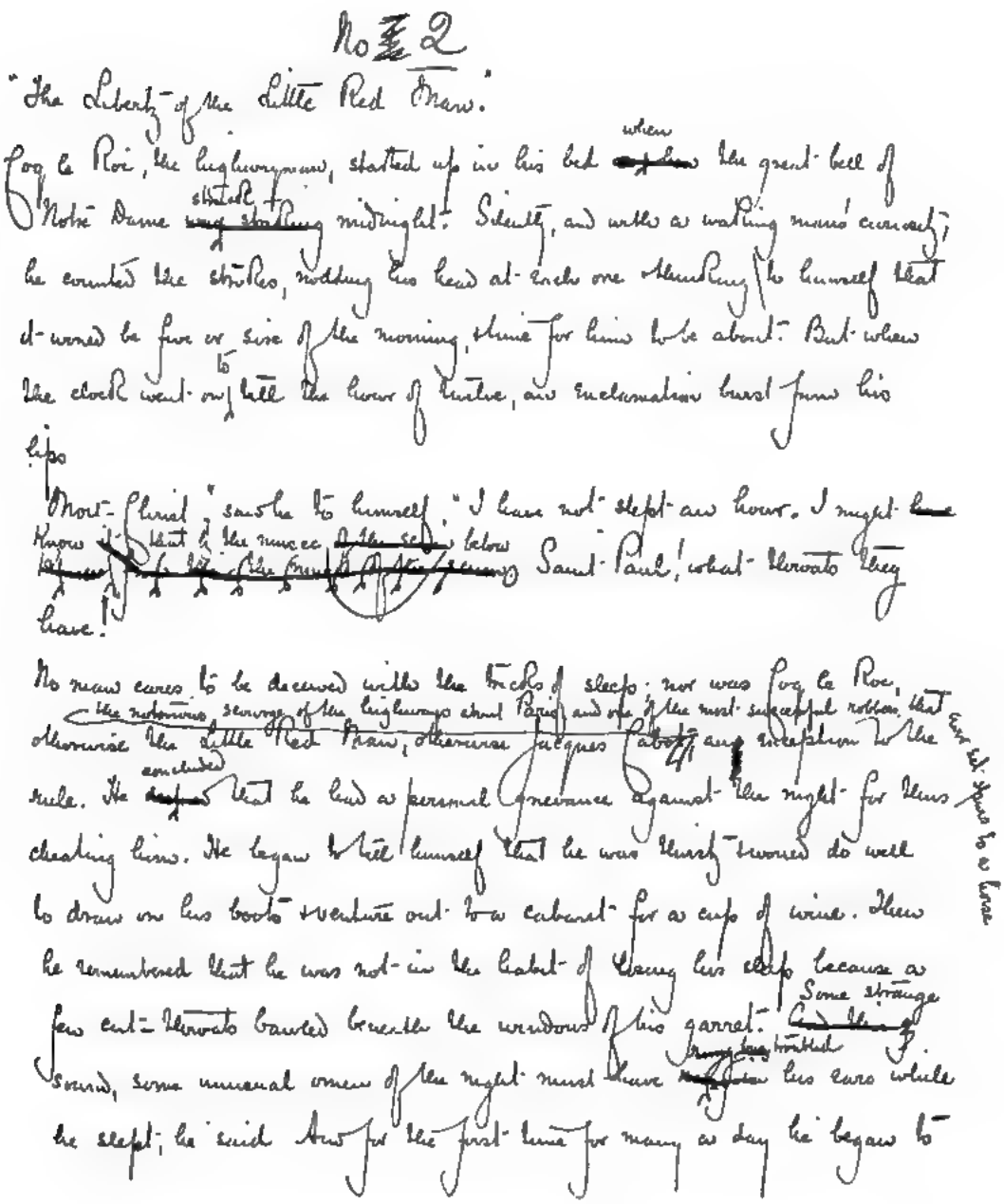
Mr. Pemberton paused to light his cigarette—having allowed seven matches to burn down to his fingers, and then thrown the ends away hastily—and I felt that I ought to ask a question.

"Are you going to give us another boys' book?"

"I might. Can't say. Curious thing about the 'Iron Pirate,' though. Before I wrote the yarn I got several eminent naval engineers to go through the plans. The ship I talked about was quite possible, you know, and I had the opinions of these gentlemen to back me up. Well, when the story appeared in book form, certain critics said the idea of such a ship was absurd. Never could and never would be made. I'm just informed that a vessel with the same motive-power, and very similar in other respects, has been built in America. Shows, you know.

"About boys' books, though, the great thing is to keep your characters moving. Don't have 'em spouting long speeches and thinking about

MR. PEMBERTON'S STUDY.



(A sheet of Mr. Pemberton's original MS. from "The Queen of the Jesters.")

all sorts of things that make no difference to the story. Say you're writing about a stone-breaker: you mustn't let him sit down, even to take his lunch. Have another cigarette—eh? Smoke in the drawing-room? Certainly cigarettes. Not pipes or cigars."

"By the way, talking about the 'Iron Pirate,' have you got the original manuscript? We should like to reproduce a page in *facsimile*."

"Not a line of it. Fact is, the man who sweeps up the printing offices came across my unfortunate MS., chucked it into his basket, or box, or hamper, or whatever he has, and, I suppose, burnt the whole lot. Not much value

attaching to it, perhaps, but one likes to keep these little things. However, you'll have lots of illustrations. Those boating pictures, and——"

"You boated a lot, didn't you?"

"Fair amount. I was a kind of spare man for the Cambridge eight one year. Then I did a lot of college rowing—as you saw by those groups—and I went in for the Caius pairs. Scott and I ought to have won that. We were yards ahead of the other people; but, just as things looked flourishing, we ran smack into the bank. That settled it. We lost. Not the first pair-oared race that's been lost by bad steering. But our college boat was all right. We made lots of bumps."

"Keep it up still?"

"No; play golf now, and cycle. Not much good at golf yet, but just good enough to know that it's worth while improving. I suppose I've done something at all kinds of sports. When I was a youngster I could run like a hare—and that reminds me." He chuckled to himself.

"If it's a yarn," I said, "come on."

"It happened when I was about ten. I was staying with an uncle of mine in Warwickshire, and a youth of my acquaintance instructed me in the distinctly gentle art of tickling trout. Well, one day we were both engaged in this fascinating occupation when he heard a puffing and grunting, and, looking up, saw quite a large farmer of the usual red-faced type lumbering towards us with fell intention and a thick stick. My companion was a good deal older than I was, but I could run faster. When we had led him some little distance I 'took to the plough,' as Kipling says, and the other chap stuck to the turf. The farmer, being a heavy man, preferred to keep to grass-land, and so devoted all his energies to capturing my friend.

"The chase was a stern one, and filled me—the sole spectator—with keen excitement. Presently, and at a most critical moment, the boy came to a kind of sand-pit. He clambered over the edge, slipped down the side, and, just in time, crept behind a large board at the bottom. The farmer searched and searched, but in the end he never found him, and we both got off scot free."

"Hoorroosh! Did you ever run from the bulldogs at Cambridge?"

"Certainly not. What are you grinning at? I'm not to give myself away to every boy in the kingdom. Tell 'em I was always a friend to the proctors. But I knew one man who made a practice of giving the bulldogs a run for their money. He was a 'Varsity sprinter, and liked to keep his wind in condition. One night I was studying quietly in my rooms, as a young man should, when the door burst open and my friend rushed in.

MR. PEMBERTON'S FARMHOUSE.

"'Just done two and a-half miles!' he gasped. 'Bulldog's down there on the door-step!'

"I opened the window cautiously and looked out. There was the unfortunate man, sitting on the door-step—hat gone, collar undone—the picture of misery. He talked to us for some time in most impolite language, and then we fixed him up with a sovereign and sent him away."

"Good again! But now I want a yarn about your own experiences with the proctors. Just a little one. Come on."

"Well, you must put it in this way. I was once one of a party taking dinner in a first-floor room overlooking the market-place. After dinner we crowded to the windows, and amused ourselves by peppering the passers-by through pea-shooters. Pea-shooters were all the rage at that time. Presently someone spotted the proctor and his little band coming our way. We put out the lights, filled our mouths with peas, and waited. Slowly they came along, until, just as they were under our windows, we let fly. Rattle! rattle! rattle! went the peas on the proctor's square and the bulldogs' hats. Whewsh! Another volley! The proctor looked

everywhere, but could see nothing. Whewsh! This time his jovial upturned face came in for it, and he got a pea in each eye, to say nothing of three down his throat.

"And then somebody laughed. In an instant the old boy twigged the game, and came bounding up the stairs. Some went one way, some another. I found myself, with four others, in a very small cupboard on the landing, the door of which opened outwards. We just managed to secure it inside when the old chap gained the landing.

EXTERIOR OF MAX PEMBERTON'S ROOMS, CAIUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"For a time he searched in vain. At last he heard the cupboard give a creak, as well it might, for we were jammed in like first-nighters crowding for the gallery. The proctor advanced towards the cupboard, but, before he could turn the handle, the latch gave, and we all shot out with a force that quite took the old gentleman off his legs, and nearly pitched us all over the banisters."

"What happened? Guinea all round?"

"No; that was the best part of it. We all got up and began to laugh, and in the end he went away laughing too and we never heard any more about the matter. Have another cigarette?"

"Thanks. Do you cycle?"

"Not much now, but as a boy I was great at the game. This may interest your readers. When I was about fifteen, I rode in a bicycle race against Alfred Harmsworth. It was at some sports down Richmond way, and the distance was ten miles. It seems strange enough, but we actually rode level the whole way, and *the finish was a dead heat!*"

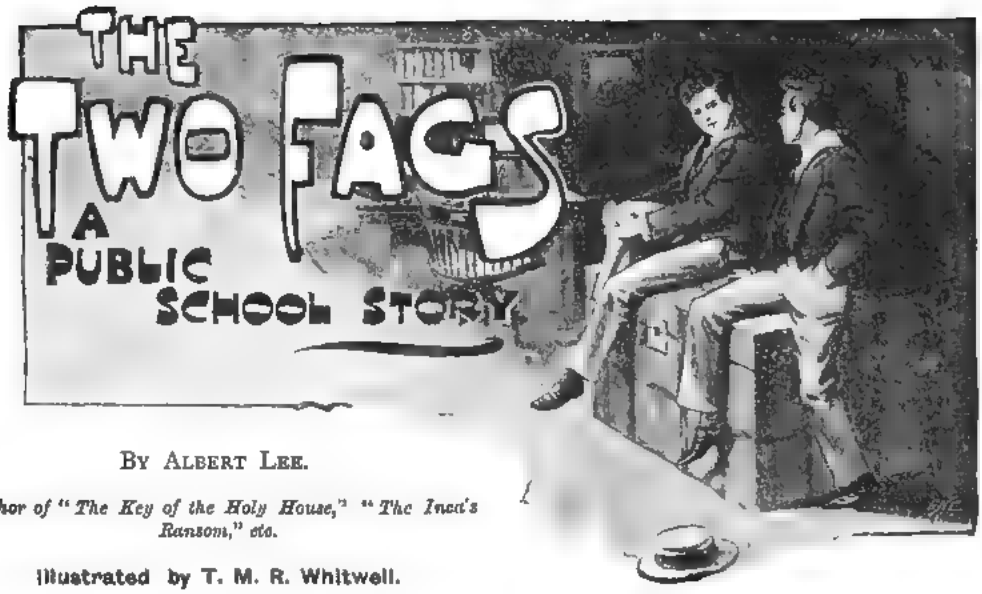
"Great Scott!" I reached round for my hat.

"Well, now," said Mr. Pemberton, "what can I give you for an interview?"

"Don't!" I implored, making for the door. "Remember my poor head."

"Got enough? Right you are. That your hat? Very well; mind the paint. This way—turn to the left—then left again—then right—and that'll bring you to Swiss Cottage. Good-bye; good-bye. Best of luck to THE CAPTAIN, and I'll send on the pictures. Straight on—turn to the left—then to——"

His voice died away on the breeze, but when I turned the corner he was still waving an arm with frantic energy. And that was my final impression of Max Pemberton.



By Albert Lee.

Author of "The Key of the Holy House," "The Inca's Ransom," etc.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS.—(Chapters I.—VIII.)

Harry Baldwin ("Snowdrop") and Tom Sinclair ("Sparrow") fag for Boardman, captain of Ellingham School. They are in "Furguson's House." The most unpopular members of the house are two Sixth Form fellows—Toplady and Camberwell (otherwise "Blotch" and "Scrawly")—who, on account of their bullying propensities, are constantly at war with Snowdrop, Sparrow, and the other fags. Both are, in their way, good athletes, Scrawly wearing on his watch-chain a proof of his prowess in running—*i.e.*, a gold Maltese cross, won at the Barwood Athletic Meeting. Blotch is known to be very hard up, owing to betting losses. Now Boardman acts as "banker" to the Lower School fellows at Furguson's, and keeps the considerable sums of money entrusted to his care in an iron-bound box, which stands in his room. One day he is summoned home by telegram. That night, just after Snowdrop and Sparrow (always intent on mischief) have quitted their own rooms and slipped into Boardman's "lordly bed," Blotch and Scrawly steal into Boardman's room, and approach the iron-bound box. The two fags get under the bed.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

The moon by this time was shining into the room with such brilliancy that had we been in the bed Blotch must have seen us, for there was now no part of the place in darkness. He knelt down on one knee, and then looked round; we lay as still as death, scarcely breathing.

"There's someone in the bed," exclaimed Blotch, springing to his feet.

"What?" cried Scrawly. Next moment they were standing at the bedside.

"Nobody there," Scrawly observed, in a tone of relief.

"But somebody *has* been there," said Blotch irritably.

"Oh, no! unless some of those young 'uns have been up to a lark, or Boardman himself had a snooze this afternoon. Go ahead, and let's get this over."

We saw his legs going towards the door again, while Blotch went back to the box, and knelt down beside it.

Again the old silence fell on us, and we could even hear the brush of Blotch's clothes as he moved—the rub of the sleeve, for instance, against his coat, the rattle of the loose padlock when he felt about for it, since it lay in the shadow, the quick breathing of the frightened intruder, and, from the passage outside, the sounds of fellows who were asleep in their rooms, and snoring lustily.

"What a confounded time you are!" said Scrawly, in an angry whisper. "If you don't start soon I'm off, for I don't like the job. Go ahead, can't you?"

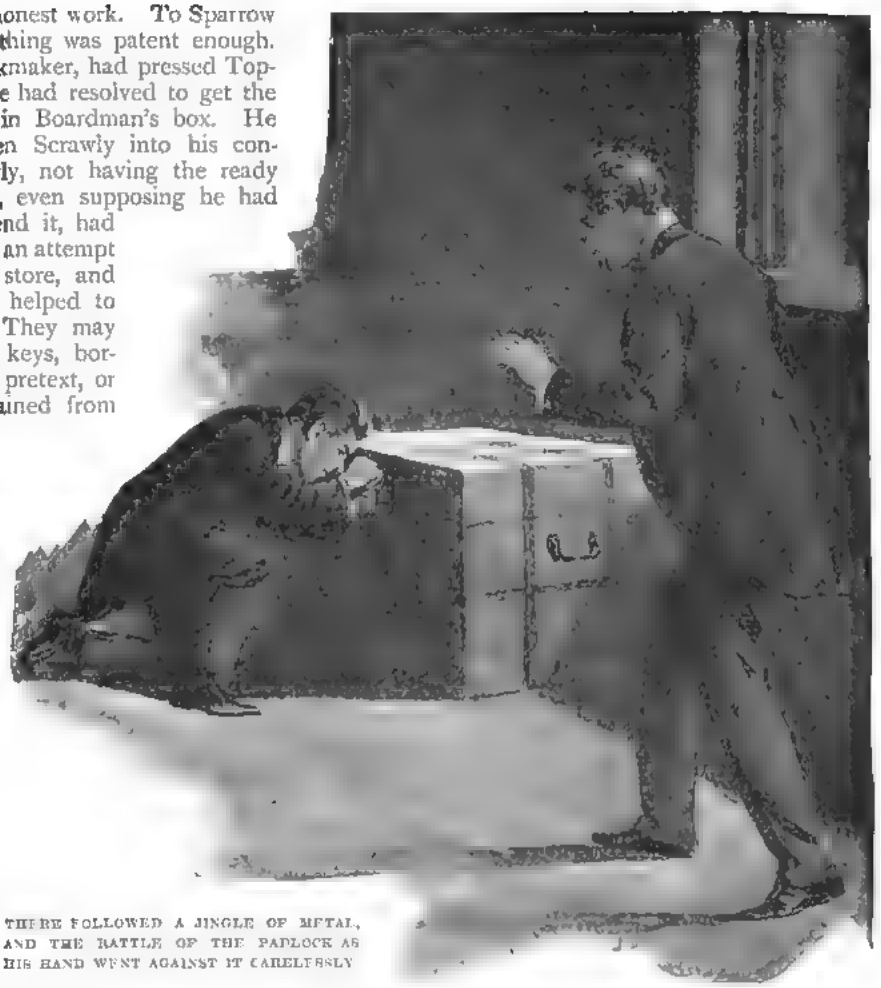
"All right," returned Blotch, in a tone of desperation.

And then we saw him put his hand into his pocket, and draw something out. There followed a jingle of metal and the rattle of the padlock as his hand went against it carelessly.

"Don't make such a row," said Scrawly. "You will tell the whole house what you are up to."

This last remark came sharply and angrily, for Blotch had let the keys fall on the floor with a noisy clatter, and the boards being bare in that place, the sound seemed to fill the room, even to us, much more to those who were

intent on some dishonest work. To Sparrow and me the whole thing was patent enough. Swernton, the bookmaker, had pressed Toplady so hard that he had resolved to get the money which was in Boardman's box. He had evidently taken Scrawly into his confidence, and Scrawly, not having the ready money to advance, even supposing he had been willing to lend it, had probably suggested an attempt on the captain's store, and possibly, too, had helped to find some keys. They may have had genuine keys, borrowed under some pretext, or skeleton keys obtained from a locksmith in Barwood. At all events, the box was being tried, and, as I fully believed, Boardman had been got away so as to leave the coast clear.



THERE FOLLOWED A JINGLE OF METAL, AND THE RATTLE OF THE PADLOCK AS HIS HAND WENT AGAINST IT CARELESSLY

Toplady made no reply to his companion, but began to try one key after another, yet to no purpose. Time enough went by for him to have tried every key in the bunch, but either the lock was too good or the keys did not fit. At all events, Blotch gave up the task, and, with an angry burst of temper, dashed the bunch to the floor. It flew across the carpet to a spot under the bed within a few inches of Sparrow's hand.

Soundlessly we got back against the wall beneath the bed's head.

"You ass!" said Scrawly, in a low hiss. "Pick up the keys and come away! I'll wash my hands of the whole concern now."

"I'm sorry, Camberwell," said Blotch, desperately; "but I think I'm mad."

"I think you are," the other responded; "but get the keys."

"I don't know where they went."

"Feel about, then. If you leave those keys we are found out as sure as we live, for some are yours and some are mine. Get them and come away. We'll think out some other plan."

The suggestion appeared to put fresh heart into Blotch, and, from our place of concealment, we could see him on his hands and knees, feeling about on the carpet in all directions.

"I can't find them."

"They went on the floor somewhere," responded Scrawly. "Don't bother about the parts that are carpeted. I heard them rattle on the boards. Try under those chairs."

"I have."

"Then try by the bureau," said Scrawly, coming farther into the room.

"I have been all round there."

"Have you felt under the bed?"

"No, but I will do."

Then Blotch suddenly sat up on his heels in a listening attitude, while Scrawly, who was now so far in the room that he stood at the foot of the bed, hurried back to the door.

"I thought I heard some footsteps," muttered Blotch.

"All serene," said Scrawly, after listening at the door a few moments. "I expect it was old Furg going to his room. Yes—it was. I heard his door slam."

That was easily done, for the noise went through the house, and seemed loud enough to wake all the sleepers. But a few moments later the sounds of snoring came through the open door, and the alarm passed.

The search was resumed, and this time in such close proximity to us that we thought discovery not merely imminent, but certain. When Toplady's hands were sprawling about on the floor at the foot of the bed great drops of perspiration came out on my forehead, and even rolled down to my eyebrows, and one drop fell on the back of my hand while I knelt with my palms flat on the floor, to support me in my uncomfortable position, and yet in readiness to scramble out, if need came or chance offered.

If only Scrawly had gone over to the window, or had knelt by the box for a while, we would have made a dash for it; but he stood at the door with a persistency which sickened us.

"Can't you find them?" he asked, presently.

"No."

"Then crawl under the bed, and feel about there, for I am confident the keys rattled on the bare boards."

This suggestion added to our fright. What if we were discovered? Scrawly was bound to be cruel. His thin lips were sufficient to show one that he had little mercy in his composition. He was one of those who could have put an animal to torture without flinching. We had seen proofs of it at one time and another. We had witnessed tokens of his unkindness to his fags, who, however, were too plucky to "blab" about it, or, quite as likely, were afraid to do so by reason of the threats he issued, and which he knew would be effectual.

As for Blotch, he was cruel in outbursts, as it were. At times his fits of rage were ungovernable, and then it was awful to fall into his hands. But on the whole he was not so absolutely and coldly cruel, so deliberately diabolical as Scrawly. But at his best, it would be bad enough to fall into his hands.

What Sparrow thought of all this I could not say at the time, for it was unsafe even to whisper. The only thing was to be in readiness to dash out and get to the door. Perhaps we could trip Scrawly by bundling between his legs; and I caught myself thinking of various dodges whereby we might destroy his equilibrium, and bring about his fall. There was one favourite method with Sparrow when we were larking in the pupil-room. A sudden knock on the tendons at the back of the knee with the edge of one's hand, and down a fellow would go without any chance of recovering himself. If only I had that opportunity with Scrawly, I determined he should measure his length on the floor. Ere Blotch could crawl out from under the bed we could then be off into the darkness of the passage and safely locked in our rooms.

As luck had it, a cloud came over the moon just as Blotch began to crawl under the bed, and the place became so dark that so far as seeing was concerned we were safe enough from discovery. It all depended now on whether the bully would begin feeling about, and would chance in so doing to touch us. Now we could almost feel his heavy breathing—quick, short gasps of one who, on his own account, and by reason of his special trouble, was as full of fear as we were.

He began to sprawl about. I almost fancied I felt his hand brush against my fingers; but since he said nothing it must have been fancy, unless, not suspecting our presence, he took no thought for anything except the keys for which he was searching. But he drew off, and when the room grew light again he had his face away from us, and towards the foot of the bed.

Down went his hand on something, there was an exclamation of relief, and a metallic clink told us that Blotch had found what he had been so eagerly searching for.

He was in the act of crawling out from beneath the bed, and we were beginning to breathe freely again—indeed he was half risen to his feet—when Scrawly exclaimed:—

"There's someone coming down the passage! I'm off!"

Blotch scrambled to his feet and made for the door. What caused it, however, I do not know, but he had got half-way thither, when he slipped and fell heavily. At that same moment someone halted at the door and then came in.

CHAPTER X.

AN EXPLANATION.

"WHAT does this mean?" said the new comer; and to our amazement, it was not the tutor, but Boardman. Just then the door went together, and we heard the latch of the lock catch. Gathering up our courage now, we peeped from beneath the bed, and saw the captain standing with his back to the door, while he was staring at Blotch, who was slowly getting to his feet.

"What does this mean?" he said again, "and who are you?"

By this time the other was standing upright, face to face with the captain, at whom he gazed in hopeless confusion. One might have thought that he would have been so desperate that he would have attempted to get away at all costs; but with the moon shining full into the room again, and lighting up Boardman's stalwart figure, probably the struggle appeared hopeless, even for one so desperate. There was no one in Ellingham who could beat Boardman at boxing, and surely with fists he would punish his opponent terribly. At every bout which he had had with Toplady the captain had come out the better, far and away; as for a tussle, Boardman had learnt wrestling from a Cornishman, and had some tricks which no one could withstand. Boardman, too, looked the very image of strength and fitness, a formidable one for the pluckiest to stand up to.

But I think Toplady was paralysed with fear—not fear of a personal encounter, but fear of all that would come of exposure. He knew well that whatever was the issue of a fight, or anything of that nature, Boardman would yet want to know what he wanted in his room, and who could say whether or not the whole truth would come out?

"Blotch is in a mortal funk," whispered Sparrow, who, now that our peril had gone, had recovered his usual spirits. "I hope old Boardman will give him a good drubbing."

There was a great deal in what Sparrow said about funking, for the board on which Toplady stood was loose, and it ran straight under the bed, so that I was crouching on one part of it myself, and felt it trembling. We ventured to crawl a little farther so as to peep out and see what was going on, and this was not attended with much risk of discovery because that side of the bed was in the shade.

Boardman, now standing with folded arms, had seen who it was that he had found in his room when Toplady shifted his position, so that there was no need to put the question again—"Who are you?" But he wanted an answer to the other—"What does this mean?" And he asked the question for the third time.

"I came to find a book, knowing you were away," was the hesitating response.

The captain looked at him searchingly, leaning forward a little, as if to see the other's face more plainly.

"Now, Toplady," he said, severely, "that won't do. No one has any need to come to my room at this time of night to borrow a book. And if you came to borrow, why should you be so horribly frightened? Answer my question!—What are you in my room for?"

"I told you," said the other, his voice harsh, and the words coming with difficulty.

Boardman put out his hand with an angry gesture, and Blotch, thinking he meant to strike him, stepped back quickly, as if to avoid the blow. The other, however, with this wave of the hand, exclaimed impatiently:—

"Toplady, do not trifle with me. You are in my room, and, frankly speaking, I do not believe you came for a book. You have some other object, although I cannot imagine what it may be."

"I had no other object," said Blotch.

"But why come in at night?" asked the captain incredulously. "What book was it you wished to borrow?"

"'Terence,'" answered the other at random.

"'Terence'? Now I know you are trifling with me, for you borrowed my 'Terence' some time since, and have it yet.

Blotch

"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" HE SAID AGAIN, "AND WHO ARE YOU?"

seemed more confused than ever, and stood speechless. Finding that he did not reply, Boardman spoke again, and as it were on impulse, for I do not see what ground he had for suspicion.

"Toplady, who sent me that false telegram saying that my mother was ill?"

The question came so unexpectedly that it took Blotch by surprise. His legs trembled so, and there was so little fight in him, that he sat down on a chair close at hand, and faltered :—

"I do not know." There was, however, such a want of sincerity, and such a lack of decision in his words, that Boardman, quick-witted as he always was, detected this, and instantly followed up the answer sharply.

"Toplady, you *do* know, for you sent it yourself. What did you send it for? Tell me instantly, or I will go at once to Furguson, whether he is in bed or not, and tell him what I think."

"For God's sake, don't do that, Boardman!"

"Why not?" said the captain, mercilessly; for he was evidently savage at having been called away on a fool's errand, and especially now that he knew that his mother's health had been played off upon him for the carrying out of some scheme which he could not fathom. When he found that Blotch did not answer, he turned to the door.

"I am going to Furguson."

Blotch sprang to his feet instantly.

"Boardman, don't do that. I'll tell you everything if you won't betray me."

I have sometimes wondered whether Toplady was a coward or not, and especially did I wonder when he took this attitude. But knowing what I did, I could understand his position; could understand how he hoped to persuade the captain not to say anything. On the whole, Toplady was not quite the coward that bullies are generally supposed to be. He would play in a losing match with infinite pluck, and pull in a boat-race with indomitable energy, however badly things seemed to be going. He would stand up in a boxing bout, and never flinch, and would have faced, and often did face, overwhelming odds without turning a hair. He was a bully with it all, and a cruel one; but I could never understand his attitude, and what he now said to Boardman. He was taken unawares, had been at great tension, was desperate by reason of being pushed so hard by Swernton, had an awful fear lest his father should discover that he had been betting, and that our tutor should get at the truth. Possibly he knew Boardman's generous nature, and deemed it best to make a clean breast of it.

And that was what he did. He told the captain how he had been betting, how he had dropped more than a hundred pounds on the favourite in the Rodan races, that he had paid down thirty pounds to Swernton, but did not know where to find the other seventy, although the bookmaker had threatened to expose him to his father, or to the Head; that if he were exposed, or expelled, his aunt, who had made him her sole heir, would disinherit him in spite of explanations. Consequently he had thought of Boardman's box. He had seen a good deal of money in it when he had come to borrow the captain's "Terence," he added.

"Ha! now I remember," interrupted Boardman. "But go on."

Then Blotch finished his story, saying that he had got skeleton keys, and others, in order to open the box, and, to get Boardman away, he had got someone to send that telegram to him. But I must say this about Blotch, that, bad as he was, he did not betray Scrawly; did not even mention his name from first to last, and Sparrow whispered to me :—

"He's a beast all the same, but I like him a bit better for not peaching on Scrawly."

There was silence for a while after the story had been told.

"Are you sure you have not taken any of my money?" said the captain, presently.

"I have not opened the box. The keys would not fit."

"I suppose you would have taken it if they had?"

"Yes, Boardman," answered the other. "But for mercy's sake don't expose me! I'll do whatever you care to make me do if only you will keep it from the Head."

Boardman turned on him with such a look of scorn that the other recoiled as if he had been struck. Then Boardman went to the box, knelt beside it, took his keys from his pocket, and opened the box. What was in it we could not see, but we saw the captain lift the money bag, and hold it up as if he would assure himself that it had not been tampered with. He closed the box again, locked it, and rose to his feet.

"Toplady, listen to me. I shall keep this secret, since I do not want to have a hand in your ruin. But mark this: you must never speak to me again; and if the fellows choose to wonder why, that is your look-out, and you must answer their wonder as you can. Now go!"

Blotch rose to his feet, and went to the door. But his better nature asserted itself, and he turned to speak.

"Boardman, I will remember what you say, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I

am in an awful fix, and God knows where I shall find the money. Still, I shall not forget your generosity in not exposing me."

He said no more, for Boardman, who had been standing by the box, turned his back on Toplady, and looked out of the window without answering a word. Toplady saw the movement, and walked away, closing the door after him quietly.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MISSING MONEY.

WITH his elbows on the window-sill, and his chin resting on his clasped hands, Boardman continued to look out into the moonlit street. Now, thought we, was the time to get back to our rooms, for, in his present humour, we did not quite know how the captain would take it if he found that we had been present at the interview between himself and Blotch. He might be angry, or he might be indifferent, and, so far as we could judge from past experience, his temper just now was an uncertain quantity, with the chances in favour of a downright drubbing; and that in our present garb—nothing but a night-shirt each—was hardly a thing to be desired.

"HOLD HARD," SAID SPARROW, PLUCKILY. "LET US ALONE, AND WE'LL TELL YOU ALL WE KNOW."

"Let's slip out while he's there," whispered Sparrow, suiting the action to the words thus far that he crawled out on that side of the bed nearest to the door. But Boardman had shifted his position, and now, unknown to us, was standing so as to face the door, so that when our white-robed figures stood erect in the moonlight he caught sight of us.

"Hallo! Who are you?" he exclaimed; and he advanced towards us quickly. It was no use now trying to evade him, for he was sure to catch one of us before we got out of the room. Consequently there was nothing for it but to take all risks and hear what he had to say. We turned full round and faced him, waiting for our fate to be decided, but putting on as bold a front as possible.

"Sparrow! Snowdrop!" he exclaimed, "what in the world are you two youngsters doing here?" And he grabbed us both by our flimsy collars.

"Hold hard," said Sparrow, pluckily. "Let us alone, and we'll tell you all we know."

When the captain had taken his hands off, we told him all that Blotch had done; but when we got away and compared notes, we were not quite sure that we had said anything about Scrawly being implicated, or even so much as present. Before he let us go Boardman made

us solemnly promise not to whisper a word to anyone, high or low, not even to himself again, of all that we had seen and heard.

Then taking us once more by our collars he marched us off to our respective rooms, saw us into our beds, gave us a parting warning, and uttered a threat of consequences if we said anything, which was so ominous that we were not likely to utter a word, or drop the faintest hint.

"I'm going to give Toplady a chance, so see to it that you do not upset my plan," he said, as he turned away.

Two or three days went by, and, whenever Boardman was not near, we watched Toplady surreptitiously to see what he looked like. Much as we hated him for his bullying propensities, of which in our time we had painful experience, we could not help pitying him for having got into such a hole; and, what was more, we could not forget that he had stood true to Scrawly, and had not mentioned him as having anything to do with this scandalous affair. There is a good trait in the worst of characters, they say; or, if you like to put it so, there is honour among thieves. Granting that to be true, bad as we thought Blotch, he was not altogether graceless.

OUR WATCHFULNESS LED US TO THE CONCLUSION THAT BLOTCH WAS AWFULLY MISERABLE.

Our watchfulness led us to the conclusion that he was awfully miserable; and not only so, but we gathered from his sapping when he ought, in the ordinary course of events, to have been on the river or in the playing-fields, that he was smarting under heavy impositions in school, either for outbursts of temper, or absent-mindedness because of that everlasting nightmare in the shape of settling-day with Swernton.

But something happened which made us think worse things about Blotch than we had ever thought before. Boardman had told us to be in his room after four, one afternoon, because he wanted us to go an errand for him into Barwood. When we got there, we found him sitting at his table with his writing-desk open before him. He had a pen-holder in his mouth, and, seeing us come in, he nodded to us to stand aside, and, so far as we could understand such English as one can speak with a pen-holder between one's lips, we understood that he was not ready for us just yet, and that we must wait.

"Shall we come back presently?" asked Sparrow.

"Stay where you are," said Boardman, peremptorily, and he went on with his search among his papers, which filled the desk to overflowing. Presently he found what he wanted, then wrote a note, which he told us to take to Meridan's shop on the Castle Hill. Before we could start on the journey, Tony Anderson came in to say that the tutor wanted to see the captain instantly, and Boardman got up from his seat promptly to see what he was wanted for. He hastily shut up his desk, and locked it, but dropped his keys on the floor.

"Never mind," he said, and off he went, leaving them where they were, but bidding us get about our business at once, so as to be back for Absence.

When we had done our errand, we turned into the school-yard just in time to answer to our names. We had loitered on the bridge watching the fellows coming off the river, and stayed till the last one had landed at the raft. Then away we started pell-mell down the High Street, lest we should be late. Strangely enough, Boardman was missing. It was evident that our tutor had detained him, or that he had gone elsewhere, and was not present, therefore, to answer to his name. Of course, Furguson would make that all right. But Blotch also was absent. He had been staying out that day

on the plea that he was unwell, and, judging from his looks when we had seen him in chapel in the morning, he was not shamming, for he looked awfully haggard and pale. Knowing what we did, and of the approach of settling-day, we did not wonder at his looks, nor at his having chosen to stay out of school, and keeping to his room instead.

After calling over we went to Boardman's room to see if he was there, and give him the note we had brought from Meridan, but the room was still empty. We didn't go near his room again until after prayers. Then we saw Boardman sitting at his desk. He told us we could go to bed—"early," he added, with considerable emphasis.

The next day went by as usual until "after four." The following day was to be a whole holiday, and while we were in Boardman's room waiting for orders, Williams minor came in.

"What do you want, youngster?" said the captain cheerily.

"Please, Boardman, I want half a sov. because to-morrow's a whole."

"Oh, all right. Come in presently—half-an-hour, say. Or after prayers—just when you like. I'm busy."

"Very well. After prayers," said Williams minor. "But, I say, Boardman, don't you tell my Major, because I know he'll want to borrow it from me."

Boardman sat and talked for a few minutes about the tidying up of his book-shelves, which he wanted us to look to, and then, just as we were beginning to set about our task, he went to the box where he kept his valuables.

"I'll get out that chink for young Williams. Do you want any, Snowdrop?"

"Yes, please; five bob."

"Oh, and me the same," chimed in Sparrow.

"Very well; but I'm afraid you youngsters get through your cash far too quickly. Still, that's your concern, not mine."

By this time he was on one knee unlocking the box; but when he threw back the lid he uttered a cry, half of astonishment and half of fear.

"Gone!" he exclaimed, bending over the chest.

"What?" said we in a breath, going to his side, and looking in. We saw the tissue paper parcels, and the little wraps of chamois leather, but something seemed to me to be short.

"The bank money! It can't be! I won't believe that Toplady has done me after all!"

His knees were on the floor, and he sat back on his heels gazing into the box. Now and again he moved this parcel and that; but one thing was certain—that the bank money was gone.

"What puzzles me," he said, presently, still sitting there, "is how anyone got into the box. The lock went as usual, and I have had the keys in my pocket all the time."

"No," interposed Sparrow. "Don't you remember dropping your keys when you sent us to Meridan's shop yesterday?"

"Of course I do; I forgot that. But I found them where I dropped them, so that they could not have been touched."

The captain did not move, nor did he say another word, but sat with his arms folded. I thought he would never speak. Presently, however, he began to murmur something, as if to himself.

"I believed him when he told me his story, and expressed contrition; but putting things together, what can I think? He stayed out of school yesterday, and had ample time to get at my box. He's a scoundrel through and through, and I'll go and tell him what I think!"

He sprang to his feet after locking the box, and went away to Blotch's room. But when he got there Blotch was out, nor was he anywhere to be found.

"I don't like this at all," said Sparrow, uneasily. "Suppose Boardman is satisfied that Blotch did not take the money, it looks awkward for you and me, old chap. We saw him leave the keys on the floor, you know."

CHAPTER XII.

THE MALTESE CROSS.

BLOTCH had got leave of absence for that night and the following day, and meanwhile the mystery of the missing money was unexplained. Sparrow and I went to bed that night and the next wretched and anxious, because in a sense we were open to suspicion. It was the most miserable holiday we had ever spent, although the weather was glorious. The other fellows had rallied us for being so moody, and we tried to be cheerful; but it was all in vain, so that we sought our own rooms, where we could be as mopey as we chose, without anyone to take notice of us.

I was tossing about in my bed when Sparrow came in.

"What's up?" I asked, leaning on one elbow and staring at him.

"I am going to see Boardman, to ask him straight whether he thinks either of us took that money. Will you come with me?"

"I should think so!" I answered, jumping

out of bed, and getting into my trousers as quickly as possible.

We loitered for a time on the outside of Boardman's door, half afraid to go in, and not knowing what we should say when we stood in the captain's presence. At last, in a fit of desperation, I turned the handle, and pushed the door open. Then Sparrow and I went in together, shutting the door after us. Boardman was busy at his table; but the sound of our entrance aroused him, and he turned round and looked at us.

"Hallo! Out of your rooms at this time of night?" he asked, somewhat severely.

I began an answer of some sort, but bungled so much that Sparrow interposed.

"Please, Boardman, we're both awfully miserable——"

"Miserable!" interposed the captain. "What about?"

"Well—about that bank money. You know, it looks black against Snowdrop and me, because, so far as we know, we were the only ones in the room between your leaving it and coming back again."

Boardman looked at both of us, and must have seen by our pale and anxious faces how much in earnest we were. If he had had any doubts about us the look on his own face assured us that he had now dismissed them. But he had never suspected us.

"Come closer, both of you," said he, kindly. And when we got near enough he put his pen down on the table and looked at us again. Indeed, he put out his hands—one on Sparrow's shoulder and the other on mine—and spoke almost affectionately, as if the more to reassure us.

"Little chappies, I never had a thought about either of you. I should as soon have accused myself. Go back to your rooms, and don't worry any more. Why, Sparrow, you look as solemn as a judge. And, as for you, Snowdrop, you're whiter than ever."

"We couldn't help coming," said one of us. "It seemed so awful that you might think that we had been doing such a thing."

"But I didn't think so, and I won't. There, now, will that satisfy you?"

"Yes," we said in one breath, and mightily relieved.

"Oh, but I say, Boardman, are you *quite* sure the money is gone?" I asked, plucking up my old courage.

"As sure as I am that I am sitting at this table, and that you two youngsters are standing before me," was the captain's response.

"I can't believe it's gone," exclaimed Sparrow. "It must have got beneath some of the other things in the box."

"Well, then, you shall see again for yourselves," Boardman said, getting up from his chair and pulling out his keys. "Bring the candle, Snowdrop."

I picked up the candlestick from the table, and we went once more to the chest. When we had knelt one on either side of Boardman, he unlocked the padlock, and threw the box open.

"There now, Sparrow, where's the money-bag?"

"Not on the top, of course," said Sparrow, who was far from convinced that the bag had really gone.

"But I haven't touched the other things since you had your sardine tea," answered the captain, smilingly, for in spite of his worry he was amused at our incredulity. "I have only come to the box once since then when a youngster wanted some money. Still, I will look again to satisfy you."

I often smile when I think of the group which knelt about that box. Sparrow was leaning over so eagerly that Boardman had to ask him to get back so as to allow him room to prosecute the search. And as for myself, I, too, was leaning over, regardless of all the candle droppings, so anxious was I to see whether the bag had found its way beneath the other contents. Presently Boardman was so crowded that he had to sit up on his heels, and take us both by the collar, so as to "clear the gangway," as he put it, ordering us to keep our distance, and me to drop no more candle grease.

I half think he was hopeful that he had misplaced the money-bag, for he was prosecuting the search heart and soul. Package after package came out, and was placed on the floor, but when we reached the bottom of the chest we saw that our suggestion had come to nothing. It was beyond dispute that the money was gone. For a few moments we knelt before the box, and looked in without speaking a word; but suddenly Boardman exclaimed:—

"*What's that?*" And so saying he made a dive into the box, and took out something.

It was a solid gold Maltese cross.

Boardman turned it over in his hand, and, holding it up to the candle-light, examined it closely. The front was richly chased, and bore a familiar look to me

"Scrawly's!" exclaimed Sparrow, impulsively.

"Nonsense!" said the captain, but by no means confidently.

"Look for the inscription at the back," Sparrow said, undauntedly. "It's Scrawly's, I tell you! There is no other Maltese cross like that in Ellingham, *I* know."

PACKAGE AFTER PACKAGE CAME OUT AND WAS PLACED ON THE FLOOR; BUT WHEN WE REACHED THE BOTTOM OF THE CHEST WE SAW THAT OUR SUGGESTION HAD COME TO NOTHING.

The captain turned it so as to look at the reverse, and read:—

"*Barwood Athletic Club. M. Camberwell, 1st prize. Quarter-mile Flat Race.*"

"But how did it come here?" he asked, amazedly.

"How should it come but in this way, that Scrawly, knowing the money was in the box, saw your keys, and used them, got at the bank-bag, and dropped the cross into the box unknown to himself?" observed Sparrow, all alert and eager. But when Boardman looked incredulous, we told him of the cross having dropped off Scrawly's chain on the night of the penny readings, and of Scrawly having kept watch while Blotch was making his attempt on the box. The cross was never fastened very securely on to his chain.

"Then he has sought for the money, leaving his chum to bear all the consequences of suspicion," said the captain, presently. Without saying another word he rose to his feet, took the candle from my hand, and stalked out of the room. Sparrow and I followed silently, wondering what he was going to do, but he seemed to have forgotten us entirely. He turned down the passage with swift strides, making no attempt to lessen the sound of his footsteps, and did not halt until he came to Scrawly's room. He did not so much as knock for admission, but opened the door and walked in. We followed silently, but unknown to him, standing well out of the way, so as not to be seen.

Scrawly was sitting at his table, apparently engaged at his work for the next day, but when he turned and saw the captain, I thought he turned pale, and looked frightened. His thin lips parted, and his eyes opened wide.

"Camberwell, is this yours?" said Boardman, walking across the room, and holding out the Maltese cross for the other to see.

"Yes," said Scrawly. Had he been able to do so, he would have denied the ownership point blank, but there was the tell-tale inscription on the back.

"Then how came it locked up in my box?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Scrawly, leaping to his feet. The perspiration poured out on his forehead, his lips trembled, his self-possession, already small in spite of his great effort to command himself, was now completely gone, and his hand shook while he held the cross. "I must have dropped it somewhere," he said, after a while, more unnerved than ever, while Boardman stood before him sternly.

"You dropped it in my box, Camberwell, and unwittingly locked it up there to tell its story."

"I?" The word came out defiantly.

"Yes, you. What have you done with the bank money?"

"I know nothing of your bank money," he faltered. Then the defiant bearing returned. "Nothing. How dare you come here and say such things to me?"

"I dare do what I have a right to do, Camberwell," said Boardman quietly, but so decisively that the other knew that the captain would not be trifled with. "When I find someone's Maltese cross in my box, and a bag of money gone, I have sufficient intelligence to put two and two together. The cross was left behind by him who took the money. The cross is yours, and I conclude that you have the money in this room."

Scrawly had flung the cross upon the table as if it had stung him, and Boardman, taking it in his hand, placed it in his pocket.

"Do you deny having been at my box?" he asked quietly, looking Scrawly in the face.

"Yes."

"Absolutely?"

"Absolutely," was the answer.

But in spite of the denial the tone was not convincing, and Scrawly's face was sufficient to assure one that he lied.

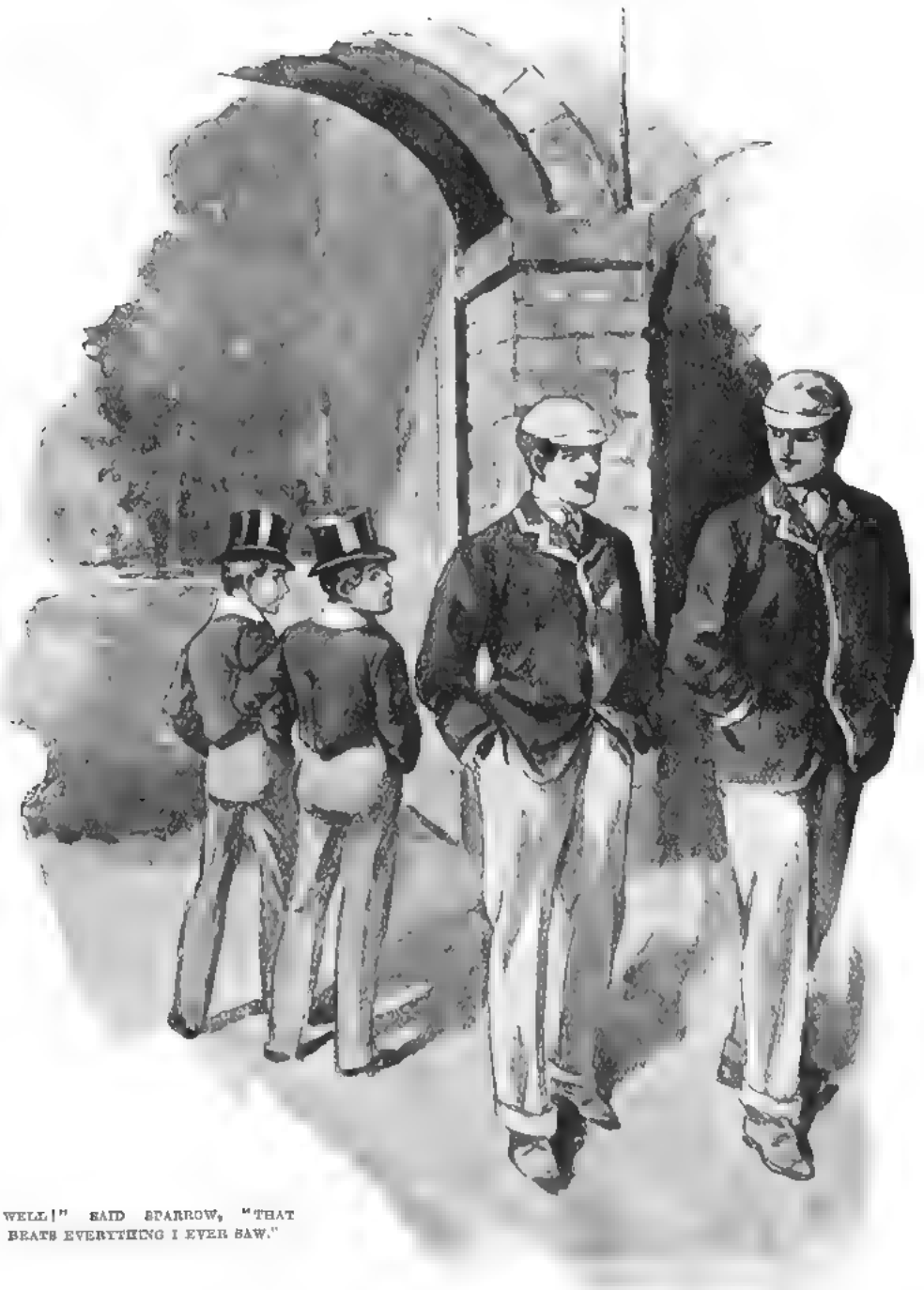
"I hear what *you* say, Camberwell. All *I* have to say is, that if the money is not in my room by to-morrow, after breakfast, I will see the Head before chapel, show him the cross, and leave him to deal with the matter. So decide for yourself."

He spoke quietly. It was Boardman all over. When he was most severe his words came slowly, but one knew that he meant what he said, and that he would be as good as his word. He turned on his heel and stalked out of the room. We had divined what he was going to do, so had slipped into the passage, half hoping he would not see us, for we seemed to know that he would be angry if he knew we had been present at the interview. He did not see us, but passed on to his own room, and shut the door.

Next morning after chapel, when we went in to see what he wanted of us in the way of fagging, he pulled out his keys, unlocked the box, and told us to look in. The lost bag was leaning against the side as if it had never been taken away.

"Listen to me, both of you," said Boardman, while we gazed at the bag, and wondered how it had been returned. "Not one word about this to anyone. Do you hear?"

"Yes," we answered. He looked from one to the other, and saw that he could trust us. Then, locking up the box again, he rose from his knees, and crossed to his table.



"WELL!" SAID SPARROW, "THAT BEATS EVERYTHING I EVER SAW."

"Sparrow, take this to Camberwell with my compliments," said he, pulling a gold Maltese cross out of his pocket. He slipped it into an envelope, which he fastened down and handed to my chum.

"Now mind, both of you—not a word to anyone."

"Please trust us, Boardman," said I.

"Yes, do," added Sparrow.

"I will," said the captain.

On the Saturday following, Blotch's money was due to Swernton, and we looked to see him in the very depths of misery. But when he showed up "after four," crossing the school-yard towards the playing fields, his face was jubilant. I do not think I had seen him as happy from the day I first knew him. And what was more, Boardman was his companion. They both gave us a friendly nod, and passed on.

"Well!" said Sparrow, after whistling, "that beats everything I ever saw."

We walked through the cloisters after the other two without a word, but when we passed into the playing-fields, where all the fellows were busy at cricket, Sparrow stopped suddenly.

"I'll tell you what I think, Snowdrop. I believe old Boardman has helped Toplady out of his mess by lending him the money."

There was something in that. It was what one would expect of the captain of the house.

As for Scrawly, he and Blotch broke off their friendship completely; not only so, Scrawly did not come back to Ellingham next term. What his motive was for taking the money we never knew, but take it he did, and give it back he did. As for Blotch, he was always a beast by nature, but he wasn't quite such a beast after this event as he was before. I believe Boardman gave him a talking to—in fact, I'm sure he did. Good old Boardman!

THE END.

Albert Lee

SOME RULES OF DRESS AT CHARTERHOUSE.

BY A CHARTERHOUSE BOY.

AT all public schools there are rules laid down by the boys, and these are usually kept quite as strictly as those which are made by the masters. Privileges are gained by length of time at school or skill in games, etc. At

From photographs by J. P. Stewart Browne.
CHARTERHOUSE.

Charterhouse every boy is obliged to wear a black coat and waistcoat and tie, so at the beginning or end of the "quarter," as the term is called, or when anybody goes out of bounds by train or any other way, he who has been a year at the school is allowed to wear a "sporting" coat and tie (*i.e.*, not the ordinary *black* clothes), and he is also allowed to carry a walking-stick, and at any time to wear a flower in his button-hole, and to keep his coat outside his collar, and affect "stick-ups," if he is in Upper School. Fellows in the Sixth Form may wear white ties on Sundays instead of black, and all fellows who are considered to be "men," or "bloods," as they are called, are allowed to wear tail-coats on Sundays, and to wear black hat-ribbons instead of their house-colours. Another old custom is to wear your house-cap with the peak at the back instead of at the front, and if anyone disobeys this rule he is promptly told to "take it off," or not to "advertise," or swagger. At football, which is the real game at Charterhouse, the first XI. wear dark blue knickers, usually called "cuts," the second, third, and fourth XI.'s may wear white, and fellows who play for their house, or have been two years at the school, may wear grey "cuts," but those who have not been two years in their house wear grey "bags," buckling below the knee. Fellows who have not been a year in their house may not occupy

CHARTERHOUSE.

a chair, and at supper only those who play for their house may sit down in their flannels.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS

A H OWEN LLANDOVERY

P F DANIELL BRISTOL

S C TALBOT CHELTENHAM

G. E LLOYD BLUE COAT SCHOOL DUBLIN

BASIL WRIGHT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

SIXTH SERIES.

HONESTY.

WHAT tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that—
Their tinsel show, and a' that—
The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

BURNS.

∴ ∴ ∴

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unfix, or wrench from giving all their due.

GEORGE HERBERT.

∴ ∴ ∴

"There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as an idle wind
Which I respect not."

SHAKESPEARE.

∴ ∴ ∴

Man is his own star; and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man.

FLETCHER.

∴ ∴ ∴

Be thou lowely and honeste
To riche and pouere, in worde and dede,
And then thy name to worship shall sprede.

From "THE BOOK OF PRECEDENCE."

∴ ∴ ∴

An honest man is still an unmoved rock,
Wash'd whiter, but not shaken with the shock;
Whose heart conceives no sinister device;
Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on ice.

DAVENPORT.

A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

∴ ∴ ∴

All are not just because they do no wrong;
But he who will not wrong me when he may,
He is the truly just. I praise not those
Who in their petty dealings pilfer not,
But him whose conscience spurns at secret fraud
When he might plunder and defy surprise.
His be the praise who, looking down with scorn,
On the false judgment of the partial herd,
Consults his own clear heart, and boldly dares
To *be*, not to be *thought*, an honest man.

∴ ∴ ∴

Then cherish faith and honesty,
Down to your burial clod,
And never for a moment stray,
Beyond the path of God.

GOSTICK.

∴ ∴ ∴

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

LONGFELLOW

∴ ∴ ∴

An honest soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm;
But when she rages and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill and majesty.

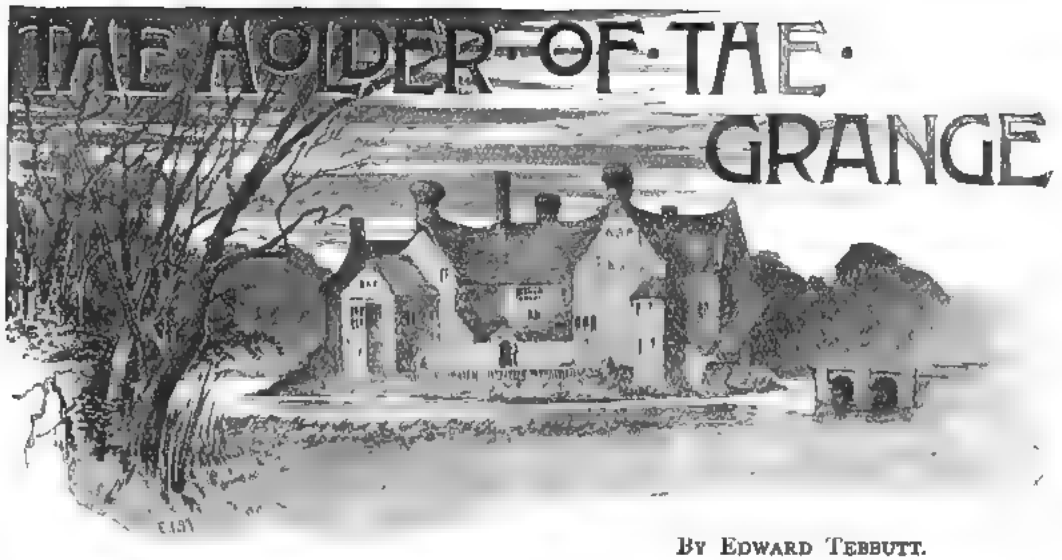
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

∴ ∴ ∴

This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE HOLDER OF THE GRANGE



By Edward Tebbutt.

Illustrated by E. Ibbetson.

"PERCHANCE Cornet Lovell may find it more to his liking," cried Heriot, rudely, as I entered the room. "For 'tis a fool's errand, to my thinking." Vandacre lifted his eyebrows, and turned to me with a scornful smile upon his lips.

"Cornet Lovell," said he, "this fool's errand, as our brave lieutenant terms it, is one upon which you will embark in two hours' time."

I saluted, and Heriot laughed in sneering fashion, as I clinked my spurs and tapped the sanded floor with the point of my scabbard. In two hours' time the darkness would have gathered, and night enterprises were ever to my liking.

"You will take twenty men," continued Vandacre, calmly, "and ere daybreak you will return with the Earl of Stanford as your prisoner of war."

I stared hard at my captain to see if it were a joke he played upon me, but his hard features were even sterner than usual, and the grim light which shone in his restless eyes told only too plainly that many a year of his life would he barter to be raised, sound and well again, from the bed whither we had carried him after our fatal ambush at Collingtree.

"In two hours' time we set forth," I replied; but, at the same time, I did not look at Heriot. Vandacre turned to him, however.

"We have still some soldiers in our ranks it would seem," he remarked.

"And some fools," retorted Heriot, in tones that made me long to choke the words down his throat again. Yet, after all, he was a sturdy fellow, this Heriot of ours, where actual warfare was concerned, though a mere child in those matters of strategy and skill upon which Vandacre and I prided ourselves as experts. And it would seem as though strategy were more than necessary on an errand such as this.

"Cornet Lovell," said Vandacre, in the same official tone he would have employed in ordering me to inspect the soldiers' kits, "your instructions are as follows: Some six miles from Northampton, on the road where lies the town of Towcester, is an estate known as Gobion Grange, owned by one Sir Jasper Tressilas. This Tressilas, who is reputed to be but poorly off, has so far held aloof from both King and Parliament. To-day, however, a villager has come here to me with a tale which throws quite a different aspect on the affair. He is, it appears, a groom in the employ of Sir Jasper, and has discovered that, far from being poverty-stricken, the baronet is possessed of immense wealth in the shape of plate and jewels, which he has hidden away in the Grange itself. The Royalist leaders would seem to have heard the same story, for Earl Stanford travels to Gobion to-night to beg assistance of this miserly Tressilas, leaving again ere daybreak. He is attended by one servant only, and methinks

you should have small difficulty in effecting his capture when he has reached the Grange. According to our informer there can be no opposition; the house is isolated, and if you cannot gain your end by diplomacy, force must be employed. That is all I can tell you—perhaps you had better see this villager yourself," and Vandacre fell back on his pillow, gasping with sheer pain and exhaustion, Heriot bending over the bed to smooth the clothes as gently as his rough hand would permit.

I stepped quietly from the room and down the uneven staircase, the while pondering upon this strange, incomplete tale I had heard, and almost agreeing with our outspoken lieutenant that it was one which only a fool would credit.

The informer was awaiting us in the stable outside, a little rat-faced fellow, with shifty, restless eyes, and a close-cropped poll that scarce reached the level of my shoulder. From every point of view we taxed him, but he remained firm in his one assertion that Earl Stanford was to visit Gobion Grange at ten o'clock that night. He had overheard the secret as Sir Jasper whispered it to his daughter Dorothy.

"And why do you betray your master?" inquired Heriot, sternly, as the fellow wriggled and twisted beneath his searching gaze.

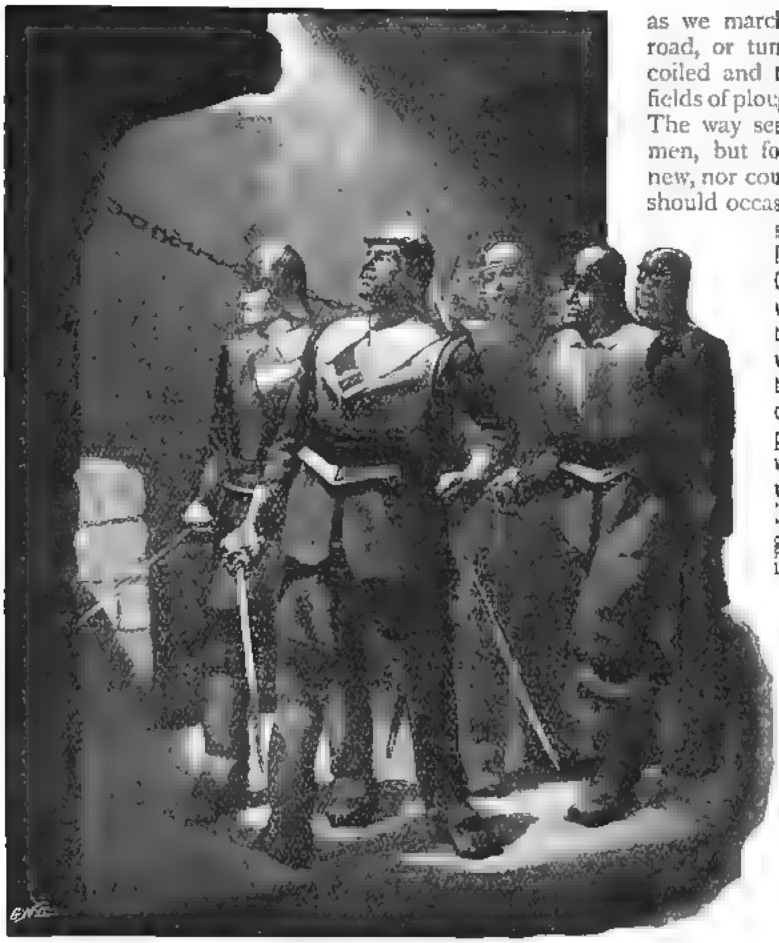
"I am for the Parliament," he stammered.

"Then God help the Parliament," returned the lieutenant, "if it has many supporters such as you."

"Look you here," said I, anxious to prove my authority. "I am inclined to believe your story, and shall act upon it. In the meantime, you will be kept in close custody, and if you have carried false news, I'll swing you on yonder beam within an hour of my return. Do you understand?"

He made no reply, but shot a vindictive glance in my direction. In disgust Heriot and I turned away, leaving him to the tender mercies of Sergeant Praise-the-Lord Harper,

"AND WHY DO YOU BETRAY YOUR MASTER?" INQUIRED HERIOT, STERNLY, AS THE FELLOW WRIGGLED AND TWISTED BENEATH HIS SEARCHING GAZE.



"I DEMAND THE PERSON OF JOHN MONTEITH, EARL OF STANFORD."

whose actions at times were wont to belie the gentleness which his high-sounding name should have inspired within him.

I bade my men assemble at the Cross of Queen Eleanor, which lies some four furlongs beyond the foot of the hill upon which the town of Northampton stands. This I did to avert the suspicion which would certainly be aroused by the sight of twenty armed troopers clattering, in infantry fashion, down the hill at ten o'clock at night. For once Heriot approved of my action.

"Bring him back safe and sound," quoth he, "and the name of Lovell of Tregmorda shall ring through the land to-morrow."

Although it was some quarter of an hour in advance when I arrived at our rendezvous, my men were ready marshalled and eager to set out without further delay.

The night was black and windy; the half-naked trees swung and creaked on either hand as we marched along the deserted high road, or turned into narrow lanes, which coiled and twisted through innumerable fields of ploughed land and pasture ground. The way seemed familiar enough to my men, but for my own part it was totally new, nor could I hope to retravel it alone, should occasion ever demand. And not a solitary wayfarer did we meet from the moment we left the Cross to when, in a hoarse whisper, Corporal Spender told me that Gobion Grange was reached, and lay beyond the spinney, through which we crept as silently as the snapping twigs and rustling leaves would permit. The Grange was of greater size than I had imagined — long, low, and gabled—and lay gaunt and indistinct against the shifting sky, with never a light from roof to dungeon to give token of habitation within. The utter silence was eerie, uncanny, and for a moment the sudden cry of a night-jar filled us with a nameless dread.

Then, with a laugh and a whispered warning to my men to keep well in the blackness of the trees, I crawled over the stubble that lay between the Grange and spinney till the moat was reached—a wide one and deep, with the drawbridge securely chained on the opposite bank. Here I halted, till, realising the futility of delay, I rejoined my impatient soldiers, repeating the orders I had already issued. In single file we passed from the spinney, and Trooper Scotney, a mere lad, even younger than I, slipped noiselessly into the moat, and with rapid strokes swam to the drawbridge chains, pulling himself up on the opposite bank. Of my soldiers' feelings I cannot speak, but for my own part my heart beat fast as I watched the ponderous bridge sink lower and lower in our direction. Suddenly, as it was nearly level, a chain severed with a snap, and, as the bridge fell, the concussion echoed among the walls around like thunder in the utter stillness which had enveloped us. Involuntarily we waited for the result; nor were we kept long in suspense, for almost the next instant a light flashed in an upper window and a voice rang loud into the night.

"Clear the bridge!" it shouted, "or, by the Lord, we fire—be you friend or foe of Sir Jasper Tressilas!"

It was a challenge, and as such we accepted it. Drawing my sword, I rushed madly across the bridge, shouting to my troopers to follow.

"In the name of the Parliament!" I cried.

"Naught have we to do with either King or Parliament," came the reply; "and care as little for one as the other. What want you here?"

"I demand the person of John Monteith, Earl of Stanford," I answered, in tones that lacked none of their former boldness.

"We know no Earl of Stanford here," and plainly we caught the echo of a mocking laugh. "Why should you demand him of Sir Jasper Tressilas?"

As these words were spoken a ruddy flash blazed from a side turret, and a bullet hissed into our midst, striking, as luck would have it, the very lad who had breasted the moat only a moment or two before. Then, ere we could return the compliment, the light was quickly extinguished, the window fell to with a clang, and again the Grange was wrapped in the silence and darkness of the tomb. For a moment I stood nonplussed, till Spender pointed to a huge log which lay rotting by the side of the water.

"'Twill serve to smash open the door," said he.

I filed my men round the Grange, placing them some ten paces apart; then, with Spender and Trooper Lenzie, turned my attention to the log. It was nigh twelve feet in length, sodden and heavy, but we easily carried it across the grass, and with all our strength butted it against the great oak door. Dull and booming rang the echoes, and above them a sound I was none too pleased to hear—the cry of a frightened woman. Spender looked across at me, shaking his head in silence. We, of Vandacre's Horse, did not war against such as they. But yet we had a duty to perform, a stern one which could brook no sentiment, so again and again we battered the door with our ram, though firm and stout it stood. At length, however, the cracking, splintering timber, and snapping of metal hasps, told that our labour was meeting its reward, and with one final effort we crashed the log through the door, leaving it hanging loose and awry, with naught save scattered débris to bar our passage into the Grange. I stepped into the hall, Spender and Lenzie at my heels, and there halted with an involuntary cry of surprise. For on the stairway, holding a lamp to the darkness above and around, stood a girl girt in armour, complete enough to turn all our one-and-twenty blades aside—the armour of a woman's beauty. Her dark curly head was flung back in defiance, a scornful smile lighted her eyes, and curved the proud line of her lips. And as we stood abashed before her, she curtsied deeply, mockingly.

"'Tis a proud day for England," she cried, with studied sarcasm, "when her soldiers have courage enough to break into an unprotected mansion."

The blood sprang to my cheek as I stepped forward a pace. "Mistress," I began.

But with a flash of anger, as sudden as the summer lightning, and as quickly spent, she turned on me ere I could speak yet further.

"Methinks they could not find a *man*," she said, "to lead an errand such as this."

"Mistress," I repeated, and this time my firmer tone courted no rebuff, "we seek one who is traitor to his name and his country; one whom we believe to be under this roof even now And, with your permission, we would search for him."

As I gazed upon her, it struck me as incongruous that so young a maid as she should hold the Grange as its mistress, when Sir Jasper was a man well advanced in years. Then I recalled the words of our informer; his mention of the daughter Dorothy.

"If you would search the house," she said, gravely, "'tis not for me to say you nay. But you are an officer—maybe a gentleman according to your lights—and I would ask you for your word that your soldiers shall not molest us when they discover that their errand is in vain."

"I am a Lovell of Tregmorda," I replied, proudly. "Holding my word to be my bond, I pledge you that word that none shall be disturbed save the Earl of Stanford, whom we seek."

She smiled at the mention of the name, a smile sweet and serious, which will linger in my heart when all other memories are dead and gone.

"If you will but begin," she said, "the sooner we may bid you God-speed."

I stationed two troopers in the hall, taking two more into our party in case of treachery; and, 'neath the guidance of Mistress Dorothy, we searched the chambers below, discovering naught of suspicious aspect. Then we passed to the head of the wide oak staircase, where Dorothy paused, flinging open the door.

"'Tis my bedchamber," she said, with a glance that filled me with the shame of a whipped schoolboy. "I would have you search

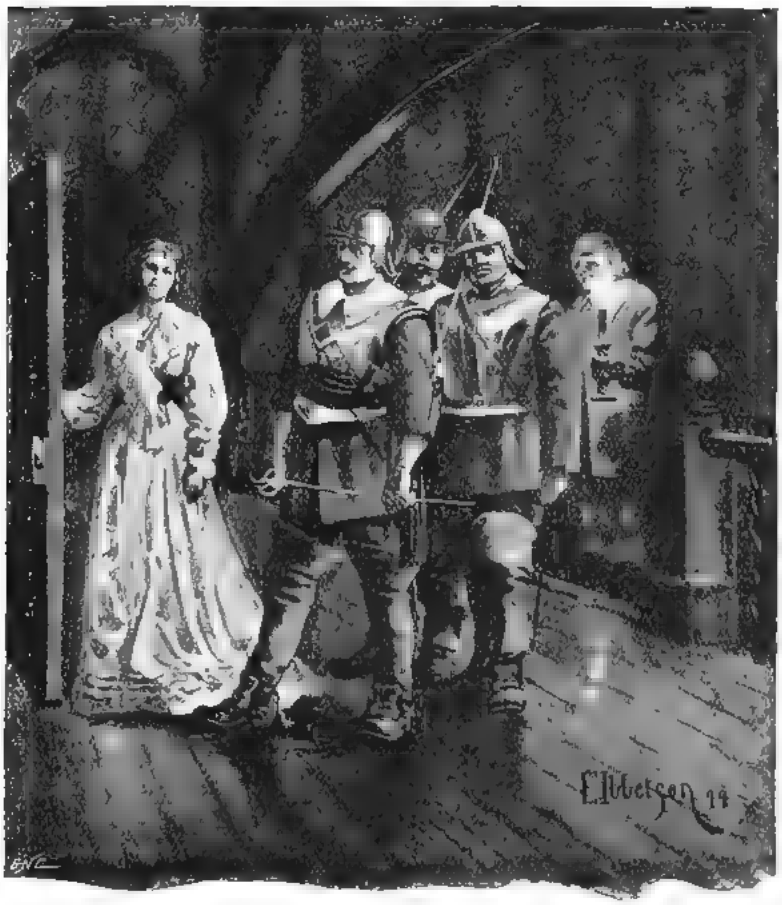
it first, that I may retire—craving your permission to do so."

I moved back a pace, as though I would have her enter.

"Trooper Lenzie," I said, "you will remain outside this room, and at your peril allow no one to pass."

My lady, however, must needs stamp her tiny foot in scornful anger.

"I prithee waste no compliments on me!"



"IF YOU WILL BUT BEGIN," SHE SAID, "THE SOONER WE MAY BID YOU GOD-SPEED."

she cried. "My room shall be searched with the rest, to show you that we harbour no traitors here!"

I stepped inside, glancing around in careless fashion.

"'Twill serve," I said, without looking in her direction.

"Have I your word," she asked, "that none of you shall set foot in this room again?"

"You have my word," I replied, gravely.

As she closed the door, an old man, whose presence had hitherto escaped my notice, stepped forward with an air of respect.

"If your worship will permit me," he said, "I will conduct you through the other apartments."

With a strange feeling of loneliness and discontent I motioned him to my side, the troopers following close in our rear, whilst Lenzie remained where I had already stationed him. From wing to wing we searched the house, tapping the walls and wainscotting with our swords, but, as I had expected, found only shivering servants, not one of whom, by the wildest stretch of imagination, could be suspected of being the haughty Earl of Stanford. For a moment I paused, undecided how to act. Force had been tried and found wanting; now something beyond must be summoned to our aid, for I little relished returning to the sneers of Heriot and the questions of Vandacre without, at least, an effort to gain the end I desired.

"I would see Sir Jasper Tressilas," I said suddenly.

The old butler turned a trifle paler, stammering that Sir Jasper was away from home.

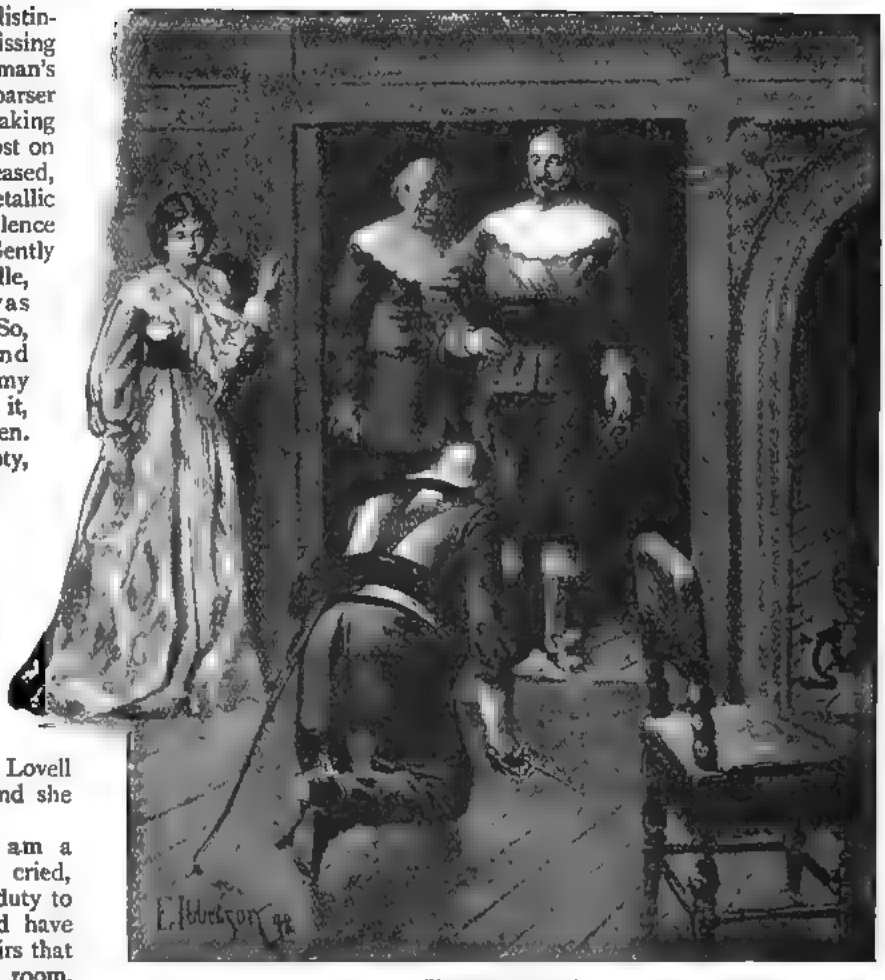
"'Tis a lie!" I cried fiercely, for now my anger was gaining the upper hand. "And listen to me. I have troops enough outside to raze this place to the ground, nor will I hesitate to do it unless I see your master in five minutes from now. You may tell him so from me."

I marched my men into the hall, then strode up the stairs again. As I reached the landing I found Lenzie awaiting me, a peculiar look of perplexity and fear on the bronze of his features.

"Listen!" he said.

We were immediately outside Mistress Dorothy's bedchamber, and as I bent my head

I could plainly distinguish the soft hissing sound of a woman's whisper and the hoarser note of a man making reply. Then, almost on the instant, it ceased, and a sharp metallic click bit into the silence which followed. Gently I turned the handle, but the door was fastened inside. So, without a second thought, I crashed my shoulder against it, sending it flying open. The room was empty, save for Dorothy, who stood by the chimney-piece with flushed cheeks, an angry light in her eyes. I stared at her, she at me; and for a moment neither spoke. Then she said:—



"'TIS THE KING!"

"The word of a Lovell of Tregmorda," and she laughed bitterly.

"To-night I am a soldier first," I cried, "with a soldier's duty to perform. I would have you retire downstairs that I may search this room, as I should have searched it earlier."

"And if I refuse?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"In either case I shall search it," I said.

I rapped the wall with the hilt of my sword; it sounded firm and solid enough. I stepped over to the chimney-piece, intending to serve that side in like manner. But even as I lifted my sword, the girl seized my arm with a pair of trembling hands.

"Not there!" she cried. "As a gentleman—I would beg you—not there!"

Her eyes were raised to mine; eyes that shone with a very world of pleading entreaty. Her lips trembled, and a tear-drop stole down her cheek. I could neither bear to look at her, nor turn my head aside.

"As a soldier of the Parliament—I must."

She did not move her hands, though her eyes seemed to glisten the more. "If I give you my word—a word I have never lightly used—that he whom you seek is not there, then will you do as I ask?"

As I looked down at her she smiled through her tears, and for the first time—God grant it may be the last!—I cursed the profession of arms; nay, even the very rank I bore.

"Mistress," I said, gently, nor could I refrain from placing my hand on hers. "Gladly would I stake my very existence on that word you offer me. Yet I may not take it now. If only you could understand. But you are a woman——"

"Nay, then," she cried, as she pushed me back a pace. "You yourself shall be the judge."

She pressed some hidden spring, whose action seemed to slide half the wall aside, leaving a shadowed open space beyond. And

standing by my side she curtsied deep and low, but this time in truest reverence, with none of her former mockery. For outlined against the darkness stood two men, the one old and wrinkled, with skin the colour of parchment—Sir Jasper Tressilas, as I later learned. But the other—tall, lithe, of unmatchable grace and dignity; a man with flowing locks and pointed chestnut beard, with a regal bearing that only one gentleman in all the land could possess.

"*'Tis the King!*" I whispered, and flinging my point to the ground, I bent my knee before him. Down in the hall below we could hear the measured tread of my troopers, as they paraded backwards and forwards before the shattered door; could hear the clang of Lenzie's scabbard as, following my example, he knelt on the boards outside. He was a loyal fellow, Lenzie, for all that he fought against the King.

"There was a time," said Charles, in the noblest voice I have ever heard in man, "when the Lovells of Tregmorda were among the Crown's most faithful servants."

No reply could I make for the very shame that oppressed me, but could only kneel, silent and abashed, a king before me, a queen among women by my side. Then, as I made no sign, the King extended his hand. Fervently I pressed it to my lips; till the day I die the pride of that moment will be upon me.

"God save the King!" I cried, and Dorothy burst into a flood of silent tears. Even as I knelt, the wainscot slid to again, nor did I raise my head till the clicking spring told me I was alone with the girl whose word I had dared not take. I rose to my feet, and turning, would have left her, but, ere I could bid her stay, she seized my hand in hers, and kneeling, kissed it, even as I had kissed the King's. Sadly I drew it away, and she smiled as she saw the sorrow in my eyes.

"See!" she said, pulling a heavy curtain aside. Black was the night outside, the blackness that is bred of the early dawn, but across the cloud edge ran a whitening silver streak, and a haze of light seemed to spread from the horizon of the east.

"'Tis the coming day," she said, "that breaks through the darkness of the night."

* * * * *

Heriot laughed when we returned, and I could see Vandacre's disappointment, though he said but little. For my own part, a light has come into my life that may only be shrouded by the wings of death.

THE END.

KONT!

THE GAME OF CRICKET-ALL-GAMES.

By the Author of "The Game of Cricket-Match."

THE ASYLUM,

Lat. 95, 542, N.E. by S. ½ W.
Long. 105 in the shade.

DEAR SIR,—Not knowing you from Adam, I confidently appeal to you. You seem fond of cricket. So is everybody. Every paper publishes accounts of matches (only see Messrs. Bryant and May's advertisements). Then why won't they publish ours? Nothing like a match to light up a newspaper. You'll say that matches are dangerous in a magazine. Ah, yes, perhaps, but ours are not ordinary matches. Have you ever played cricket against a football team? No? Ah, then, *I* have! That *was* something like sport. I will tell you. We wanted to challenge somebody. The question was, whom? The Great Mogul, our oldest inmate, suggested Colwell Hatchney. We jumped at the idea. We challenged them. They accepted. Ten of their cricket team were ill with frost-bite and sunstroke, and one was missing, they informed us in a letter, written with green tea on blue blotting-paper, but they would send their football team, fifteen in number, instead. This rather confused matters at first. We instantly called a meeting to consider what game we should play. It was difficult to agree. Some said cricket, some said football, some said spillikins, but at last cricket was selected, because, as the Sultan of Turkey (with his head tied up in a bath towel) ably remarked, spillikins was such a rough game, while football was hardly an open-air amusement.

Having settled the question, we proceeded to appoint an umpire. We unanimously, after a pleasant and acrimonious debate, selected our matron, who at once sent in her resignation, of which we, naturally, took not the slightest notice. We explained to her what we wanted, and, as each member wanted something different, we first explained our wants separately, and then altogether, taking care to speak very loud to prevent any misunderstanding. She was quite satisfied.

We ordered her to get some wickets and pitch them. This she did after some demur. Only when the day came she explained that as she had not got any pitch she thought tar would do as well. Nobody would have known the difference, and, in order to heighten the effect, and make them look picturesque, we added a few feathers. They waved gaily in the breeze, and were voted a great improvement. The day arrived; I don't know how exactly; it got here before I was up. The Colwell Hatchney team also arrived—some by train, some in wheelbarrows, some by parcel post.

The two captains, on being introduced, fell into each other's arms and wept passionately for some hours. It was arranged that they should toss for innings. Our captain produced an ivory counter, with which he had provided himself for the purpose, and the tossing went on for some time with great excitement. Shouts of "heads and tails" filled the air as first one side won and then the other; but at last, as both sides of the counter were exactly alike, it was found impossible to come to a decision, and they agreed to toss their umpire in a blanket instead. This they did in spite of his remonstrances. He came down upon his head, and, accordingly, we went in first.

As we had only two cricket-bats, one of which had no handle, while the other was without a blade, every member was allowed to use what bat he liked. Our captain, consequently, went in first, armed with a brickbat, and with him the Sultan of Turkey, with his national weapon, the yataghan, or Oriental dingbat.

Naturally, our antagonists bowled with their own football. At the cry of "Play!" the bowler ran more than half-way between the wickets and hurled his ball with all his might at our captain, who promptly retaliated with the brickbat. This caught the bowler on the equatorial belt, and doubled him up instantly. Amidst vociferous cheering our noble captain ran round and round the field, pursued by the entire team of the enemy, dribbling the ball in front of him until at length he was "touched down" with a tomahawk by one of their number, who was with difficulty prevented from scalping him. In the meantime the bowler, who had recovered from the blow, delivered a drop kick on the underside of the Sultan of Turkey, which so staggered him that he fell on top of his wicket, and the umpire immediately gave him out "leg before." His place was at once taken by Spot Brown, who was provided with his favourite billiard cue. He offered a tremendous defence, and scored splendidly. At last, after a brilliant break of fifty-two, including forty-four spot-hazards, he

was easily stumped, having foolishly neglected to get back into "baulk." The Great Mogul, with a tennis racquet, gave the other side an immense deal of trouble before he was disposed of. He denounced nearly every ball bowled him as a "fault," declared that it was in the wrong "court," or else, when his wicket was knocked down, asserted that it was a "let," and claimed fifteen for every stroke he made, amidst the stentorian plaudits of our side; and when at last, in trying to put on a lot of "screw," he missed the ball altogether, he refused to go on the plea that he could not be out as long as he was able to "carry his bat." He was eventually removed by the police, and the vacancy was filled by "Cavendish," who, having no bat, played with a spade. When he was put out, which happened soon, on account of his tendency to throw down his spade whenever the umpire called "Play!" he was very much put out indeed, and savagely accused his partner of revoking. He claimed "the odd trick and four by honours."

I am unable to give an account of the innings of our antagonists, from the fact that they never had any, since, as soon as our last man was out, we declared our innings closed, and immediately left the field, thus ensuring our victory and winning the admiration of friends and foes alike by our modesty and retiring manner. I append our score, which I think you will admit has rarely, if seldom, been equalled, and never, if not at all, surpassed.

SCORE.

Sultan of Turkey, strangled G. Vizier	0
The Great Mogul, not at Home	3 sets to Love
THE CAPTAIN, just out	100,000 copies.
Cavendish, stumped Hoyle	35 points at 1s.
Spot Brown, player white in hand	250 (35 spots).
Oko Jumbo, caught Ja-Ja	10 dollars.
Massa Johnson, played on (the banjo)	2 guineas a night.
Grace before luncheon, not out	596478 9999
Grace after do. bowled, caught, stumped, &c., &c.	0
Small sums, pocketed	5s. 6¾d.
Byes	Several or more.
Good-byes	None.
Extras	1s. 6d. each.

I have not included my own score, but I made exactly the same as the sum of the scores of two of our best bats, who also, oddly enough, each scored precisely the same amount.

HAMILTON WILLIAMS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY C. B. FRY.

G. A. Duff.—If training for both the half-mile flat and the two-mile hurdle race simultaneously, run four days a week, devoting the first and third day to one, and the second and fourth to the other. For the half-mile make 600yds. your staple distance for a day's work, supplementing this with sprinting practice. For the hurdle race I would suggest light cross-country work.

W. B. Dow.—For the bat trick it is immaterial how the wickets fall as long as they are credited to the bowler.

"Avenger."—Your father is perfectly right about the 100yds., but it is better to run 40yds. than 30yds. after the start. I cannot advise you about a club. Join the London Athletic if you can. Go in for any meeting you like, but profit by experience. No; swimming and cycling will not make you a bad runner if you are a good one.

George Murray.—Gutta-percha shoes are more likely to hurt your feet than your eyes.

W. M. E.—I expect you ought to rest your back.

A. Jones.—I did not get your letter in time to reply as you desired. Read my article in the first number of THE CAPTAIN.

J. T. Caughley.—(1) By judicious practice of running; keep well on the toes. (2) Yes, in moderation. (3) By gradually increasing the distance of your daily spin. (4) Breathe quite naturally. (5) Too much sugar leads to acidity of the blood; in moderation it does not affect the wind. (6) Four days a week. (7) To increase your stride practise running slowly with as long a stride as you can.

P. H. Gilbert.—You cannot train systematically for so many events. You had better keep the shorter distances in view, and let the others take care of themselves.

A. G. Waddell.—As you state the case, the batsman was run out.

W. Keenlisides.—You cannot hope with one hand to force the ball much in front of the wicket. You had better practise slipping and glancing the ball.

T. Judson.—The best shoes for paper-chasing are what are called cross-country shoes, which you can get at almost any athletic outfitter's.

W. A. Bellamy.—Practise four days a week from, say, 7.30 p.m. to 8 p.m. Practise starting, running about 50yds. each time; then run through a 120yds., and occasionally 300yds. You must also learn to jump hurdles in your stride. Cycling and swimming are not very good for running.

Ardent.—You can only cure nervousness by making up your mind to play exactly as if you were merely practising.

C. A. K. and E. J. K.—(1) You cannot beat cricket, especially if you field in the country, and run about a good deal. (2) Sandow's system of dumb-bells is excellent. (3) Hill-climbing is certainly good for training.

S. E. Rodfern.—You cannot train at the same time for both long and short distances. Run four days a week; practise sprinting on the first and third, run the longer distances on the second and fourth.

A. F. Walker.—(1) As fast as you can. (2) No. (3) The popping-crease; inside means inside. (4) Yes. (5) Sometimes, but they are pole jumps, not jumps. About 14ft. (6) Your table is excellent. Once a fortnight. (7) The bails must come off. The term "short run" means either that the batsmen have run a sharp, risky run, or that one of them in turning has not grounded his bat behind the popping-crease, so the umpire calls "One short!"

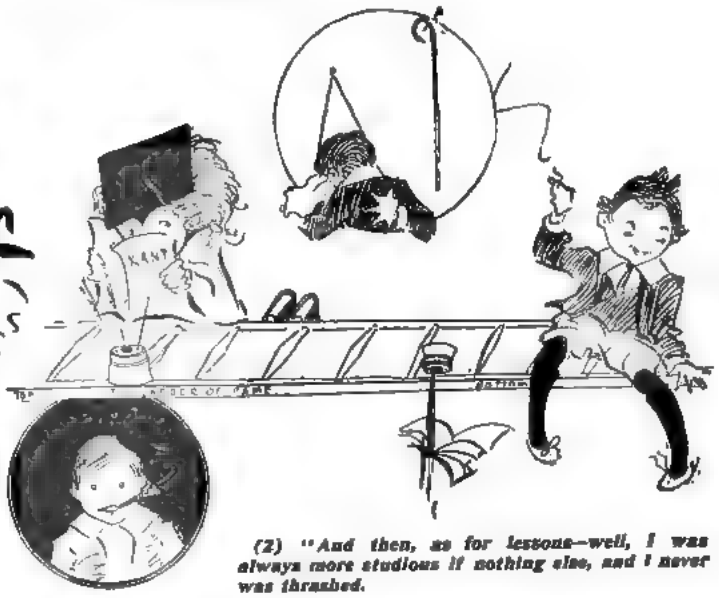
NOTICE.

[As September is an "off-month," Mr. C. B. FRY is not contributing an article on Cricket. For the October number he will write a practical paper on "School Football."]

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE STERNER SEX.

(By a Coquette)

(1) "To begin, I can safely say I was much better looking than anyone I might chance to meet.



(2) "And then, as for lessons—well, I was always more studious if nothing else, and I never was thrashed.

(3) "I think the least said about their bravery the better,—

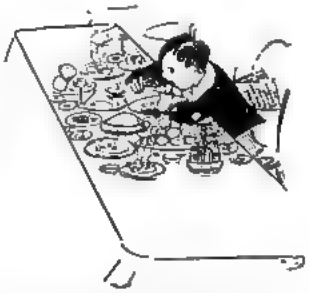
(4) "Whilst their love of wrong-doing brings its own reward.

(5) "Then they take to shaving before they are out of frocks almost,

(6) "And go into such raptures over their first love-letter,

(7) "That it causes them to spend most of their time before the glass,

(8) "While their chivalry is marked by its absence when they meet a ghost.



(9) "But even my charms fade, before the prospect of a good tuck-in."

Drawn by Hilda Cowan.

By Fred Swainson.

Pictures by Stewart Browne.

TO properly understand this story from the start you must first grasp the difference between Woodbridge —"Wooder" we call him —and Ridley.

No two fellows are more unlike in St. Philibert's. They are both in the Fourth, and if ever there is a form scrape, Wooder is always in the very thick of it, and Ridley nowhere near. Woodbridge is the untidiest beggar in the whole place—he doesn't even stick at odd boots, and you should take notice of his Sunday tile (it is a beauty!)—while Ridley's toggery couldn't be anything but spotless, and all the creases in their proper places. Wooder is always collecting mad. Sometimes it's stamps, sometimes it's coins, sometimes it's moths and eggs; last term, about which I'm writing, it was a miscellaneous jumble of snakes, worms, beetles, earwigs and other beastly crawlers. Understand, when Wooder is properly wound up on a craze he is a terror to every fellow who knows him. He gives himself no breather, and gives them no peace. He only puts in the regulation cricket and "footer," and even cuts that to go collecting when there is a quarter chance of his doing it successfully, and coaxes other young asses to do his share of scouting for the Eleven and the Sixth at the nets. Now, Ridley is a horse of another colour. He cares nothing for cricket or footer, and doesn't collect anything except a vast amount of superior "side" (which no one would have as a gift). He spends his time in the music room, strumming the piano, or when old Coulter, the music master, gives him permission, has an afternoon's sit down at the organ in the school chapel, where he'll drone and buzz for hours together. He is Coulter's pet, of course, and he gives him all the high and squeaky parts in the part songs, and he sings them out from the top of his head, like a girl. I suppose he must be a stunner in the music line, but we fellows don't understand it much. To us he seems a rather priggish fellow with a pretty girl's face, though I have known girls quite as good looking, half as cocky, and ten times jollier.

Now fancy! Two such unlike fellows actually shared the same room. Binns, the house master, showed himself jolly cute to pair them off so. There were no rows from their quarter, and no house scrapes, as there would have been if Wooder had shared with any other fellow. Ridley was a kind of cold water douche to him, and poor old Wooder couldn't raise a gallop even in a mild corridor rumpus.

Of all Wooder's crazes Ridley most abominated the earwig-cum-beetle-cum-lizard one. Wooder would come in just as the last bell was going, or even jolly late, wet through, mired

with yellow oozy clay over the boot-tops, and festoons of pond-weed clinging lovingly to him. He'd have a collection of pickle bottles hanging from his neck, chock full of squirming, wriggling brutes, all fighting for dear life, and a dozen or so of pill-boxes in his pockets holding rare caterpillars, or cockchafers, or something scarce. Of course, he'd been spending his evening poking about the ponds for specimens. Then he'd get out his "Waterton," or "Wood," or some other natural history book, and try and give the animals their proper Latin names. Ridley couldn't get on with his work for fear some of the things should escape and explore his trouser leg, and he jolly well made it a rule, before he got into bed, to see that Wooder had them covered up all right, and the bigger affairs, such as snakes, mice, etc., taken down into the boot room for the night. Wooder grumbled awfully about this, but Ridley said he must take his choice; either do that or he himself would speak to Binns about it. Wooder said he would do it all the same, and he would, too. He is built that way. So Wooder, to save his collection, caved in, and did as Ridley wanted him.

HE'D BEEN SPENDING HIS EVENING POKING ABOUT THE PONDS FOR SPECIMENS.

One night Wooder had managed to capture a grass snake about a yard long, but when he went to stow it in the boot room, he found the place locked up. So he fastened it up in an old pillow-case he had collared, and, without saying a word to Ridley, put it under his own bed. Ridley attended to the pickle bottles as usual, and then got into bed, and he and Wooder were soon fast asleep.

Of course, the snake got out, as anything would if Wooder had the tying of it up, and, after crawling about a bit, worked its way somehow on to Ridley's bed. He was dreaming, most likely of Handel or Beethoven, or Paderewski, or some other musical johnny, when the snake crawled quietly over his pretty face. The cold, clammy feeling woke him up. He put out his hand and clutched at the snake, which curled and squirmed round his wrist, and hissed in fine style. Ridley was terrified. Half crazy with fear, he shook off the snake, and sent it flying across the room. There was a crash of falling bottles — the pickle jars — and the spilt water slipslopped to the floor. The row awoke Wooder.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Ugh! ugh!" gasped Ridley.

"What?" "Ugh! Your filthy serpent has broken loose."

"I tied it up well too," said Wooder, only thinking of the snake. "I'll get up and catch the beggar."

He struck a match, and lit the candle. Ridley was sitting up in bed as white as his sheets.

"Hallo! You look pretty scared. Why,

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it's only a grass snake; couldn't harm you if it wanted to."

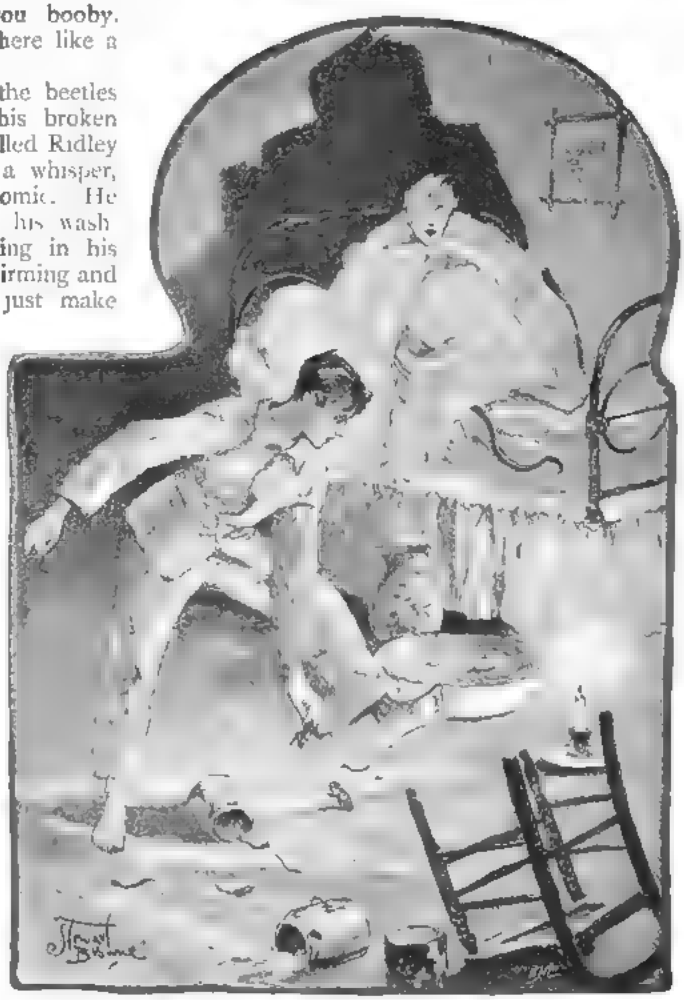
"How did I know that?" shrieked Ridley, as angry as he was scared.

"You shouldn't be so jolly ignorant then. And don't make such a row, you booby. You'll have the whole house up here like a shot if you screech like that."

When Wooder caught sight of the beetles and leeches and things out of his broken jars crawling over the carpets, he called Ridley a whole string of fancy names in a whisper, which must have been no end comic. He picked them up, and put them in his wash basin, and then started snake-hunting in his pyjamas. At last he collared it, squirming and wriggling like mad, and didn't it just make its presence felt! Ridley said there was a stench "fit to knock a horse down." (Grass snakes, so Wooder told me, give out a vile-smelling sweat when they're frightened.) Ridley insisted on Wooder fastening the snake up in his portmanteau for the night, and, before he lay down again, he assured Wooder that he'd pay him out for the evening's performance. Wooder whispered across to him not to be a bigger ass than he could help, and, in the middle of a chuckle, he dropped off to sleep.

Now, a day or two before the snake accident, Wooder had bought a rare curiosity—actually a three-legged guinea-pig. He noticed the animal in a rather low bird shop in one of the back streets, for Wooder is really awfully sharp in spotting odd things about birds, animals, etc. He asked the man what he wanted for it, and the man said: "One bob." Wooder paid the shilling, and when he had the pig in his possession *then* he pointed out to the man, who hadn't noticed it before, that it had only three legs. There was no stump remaining, as there would have been if the leg had been cut off, so the guinea-pig must have been born like that. The man said something about a little extra for the curiosity, but Wooder said something about his cheek for asking, and advised him to get a pair of gig-lamps to spot the next curiosity that came along.

Wooder fitted up a luncheon basket as a kind of cage till he had time to make a better one, and kept his animal in the boot room. Old Binns doesn't allow any fellow to keep pets, as he thinks that sooner or later they are sure to be neglected; but Wooder thought the boot room a safe place, where old Binns wouldn't prowl once in a term. All Binns' house, *plus* Wooder's chums, came to see the curiosity, and all agreed that Wooder was very wide-awake indeed to spot it. This is the card he hung above the pig:—



HE PICKED THEM UP AND PUT THEM IN HIS WASH-BASIN, AND THEN STARTED SNAKE-HUNTING IN HIS PYJAMAS.

CAVY, OR GUINEA-PIG
(Three-legged).
Lusus Naturæ.
DISCOVERED BY W. A. G. WOODBRIDGE, ESQ.

Woodbridge, Esq., as you see, has a style in doing things, eh?

Now three or four days after the snake hunt in the bedroom, the luncheon basket containing Wooder's three-legged guinea-pig disappeared out of the boot room, and, though search was made for it high and low, it could not be found. Wooder saw it safe and sound just after tea, but when he came in at evening bell it had vanished. He asked all the fellows about it, but all, to a man, said they knew nothing of the disappearance. Then the servants were tackled, but they said they knew nothing either. Bill, the knife-boy, said that no one had been in the house all the evening "except Mr. Ridley." Remembering what a wax Ridley had been in the other night, and how he had stormed and threatened to pay Wooder out for the snake business, Wooder was cocksure that Ridley had a hand in the affair, and the other fellows said it might be so.

"I'M NOT GOING TO FIGHT THAT BAG OF BONES, YOU CHAPS." AND HE GOT INTO HIS COAT AGAIN.

Woodbridge, Esq., tackled Ridley right off.

"I say, Ridley, what have you done with my pig?"

"I?"

"Yes, you. Where is it?"

"I don't know."

"Do you know anything about it?"

Ridley said nothing.

"Yes or no!" snapped Wooder. "Do you know anything of it?"

"I won't say."

"Here's a bird that can sing and won't," said Wooder, furious; "but I'll make him howl, anyway. Out with it, Paddywhiskers, or I'll tan your hide properly!"

"I'll not say a word more about your animal," said Ridley. "Not another word, bully, so there."

"Then you'll fight!"

"I'll stand up till I'm knocked down, anyhow."

"After tea, then, to-morrow, at the Wall."

Quite a crowd of the Fourth came to see the fun, but there really was not the fun we expected. Wooder "peeled" and stood up, broad-chested and sturdy and strong, with good legs and strong arms, but Ridley, whew! When he pulled off his coat all the fellows smiled, but when he got out of his waistcoat they saw what a wisp of a fellow he was. He doubled up his sleeves, and, honour bright, his arms were as white as notepaper, and as thick, no thicker, than a pair of cricket stumps. And his guard! Vine kodaked it, and it is the weirdest guard you ever saw.

Wooder eyed him with much disfavour, and looked at his own chums doubtfully. At last he said:—

"I'm not going to fight that bag of bones, you chaps. Might as well spar with a hat-stand," and he got into his coat again, and, with his cronies, went away gurgling.

Ridley smiled a faint, girlish smile and said, thoughtfully:—

"Then he won't fight, and I've had a walk-over." At this we nearly killed ourselves with laughing. It really was comical.

Before we went to bed we agreed that Ridley had to go to Coventry until he would own up about the guinea-pig, or say what he knew anyhow. So to Coventry he went, and I'm actually writing the bare truth when I say he enjoyed it. Enjoyed is the word. He worked at his books like one o'clock, and when he wasn't reading hard he was strumming and scraping for dear life in the music room. The masters beamed upon him, his name mounted steadily up the class lists, and old Coulter booked him for a pianoforte solo on Speech Day. Oh, he was in clover! At last, the week before the holidays, when the final lists came out, Ridley's name was top, and his remove into the Fifth was certain, and he one of the youngest fellows in the Fourth, too! All through being sent to Coventry.

On the very last day of the term the guinea-pig mystery was solved. Listen to this: Wooder was sitting on the hall table, swinging a leg, his luggage piled up all around him, and he was whistling a cheerful tune, waiting for the cab to take him to the station. The housemaid came smiling up to him with the long-lost luncheon basket in her hand, and said "as how Mr. Binns wished Mr. Woodbridge to take away the guinea-pig with him, and as how the boot room was for—boots."

Mr. Woodbridge whistled all the way to the station—long, drawn out whistles, and *very* thoughtful.

MY PROFESSION OF AUTHORSHIP.

We all have ambitions and hopes for ourselves; some of them we realise if we "live out the splendour of our own true lives"—as Ruskin puts it; others of them, the unworthy ones, fade away quite naturally as we grow old and wiser; others again, though striven and toiled after, ever elude our grasp, though the effort of striving after something higher than ourselves must necessarily strengthen and ennoble us.

It has always seemed to me that the profession of an author is one of the grandest that can fall to the lot of any man or woman. To have the gift of influencing thousands by our pen; to wield a power of sympathy far outreaching the bounds of our personal friends; to know that, by the writing of a *true* book—a book which must live because it finds an answering ring in human hearts—we have struck an harmonious chord on the lyre of Life which will echo in future ages, long after we ourselves are forgotten; this seems to me a life-work worthy of all a man's best energies.

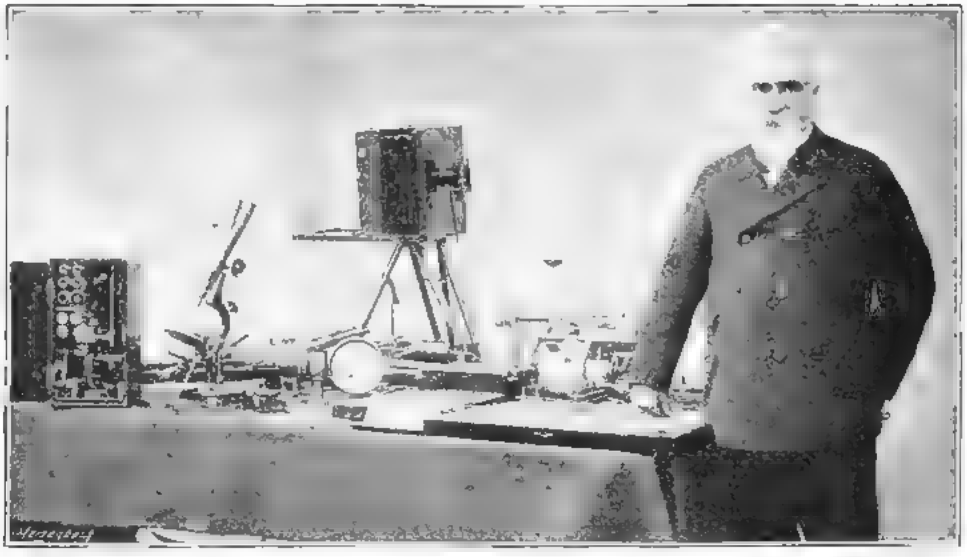
The power in the hands of an author is infinite; his responsibilities are also infinite. "Greater than all recorded miracles," says Carlyle, "have been performed by pens." Alas! we must admit that these miracles are not always miracles of healing. We must admit that the pen is often degraded by being made the weapon of spite, of jealousy, of grovelling sensualism, of despicable time-service—of all, in short, that goes to mar human life. Such misuse, such waste of opportunities, does exist. Perhaps it is allowed to exist as a sort of ghastly object-lesson to us of "how *not* to do it." At any rate, we have the comforting reflection that though some wretched stragglers on the outskirts of the great army of writers do disgrace their vocation, yet there are others of that army whose names will go down the endless ages as watchwords of all that is best in human nature, as monuments of what can be achieved by the brains and the talents which God gives His creatures, as standing protests against the faithless slanders of the cynic and the pessimist, who tell us that God's world is a world of moral ugliness, evil motives, and puny-minded men.

Before a young author there lies a career of magnificent opportunities for doing good. It rests with him to decide whether he will use the talents God has given him for good or for evil. It rests with him to decide if he will "live out the splendour of his own true life," or deliberately throw aside his opportunities and join the ranks of the cynical dilettante, or of the imperturbable "nothing-darian." He has to make his choice. But if he will, he can accomplish untold good: he can live the life commanded by the Crucified—the life of magnificent ministry.

Daisy Kilroy.

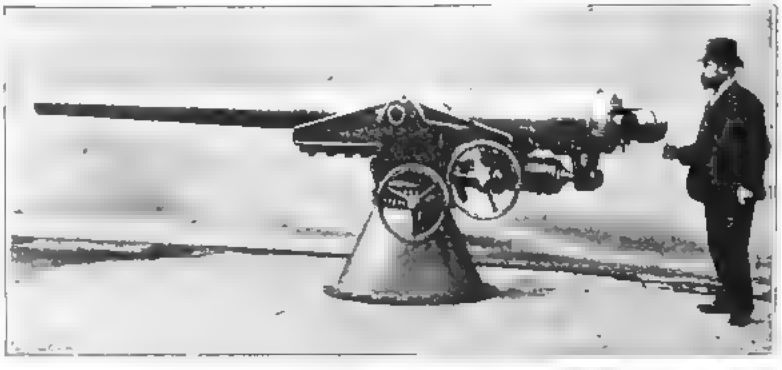
"WHAT I WANTED TO BE."

Mr. HIRAM MAXIM



From a MR. HIRAM MAXIM IN HIS LABORATORY. photograph.

Mr. Hiram Maxim, one of the most versatile inventors of the century, was born in the State of Maine in the year 1840, of parents from amongst the oldest families in the United States, although his earlier ancestors in this country were French Huguenots, who resided about the locality of Canterbury. As a youth he attended such schools as they had in that part of the States in those days, until he was about fourteen years of age, when he was apprenticed to a carriage builder, although he had previously received some rudimentary insight into mechanical handicrafts and the use of tools at his father's works, which consisted of a wood-working factory and mill. From the very beginning of his career, young Maxim was characterised as a keen observer, serious student, and industrious worker, whilst at an early age, as his letter shows, he displayed a decidedly inventive aptitude and bent for scientific pursuits and studies, which virtues, in a measure, he had probably inherited from his father's side.



A MAXIM-NORDENFELT 45-POUNDER IMPROVED BREECH-LOADER.

Mr. Maxim was about forty years of age when he first visited Europe and England with a view of investigating everything of an electrical nature on this side of the Atlantic. Since 1883 he has practically made his home over here. About the date referred to, he turned his attention to inventing an automatic machine gun, which should load and fire itself. As now familiar to most readers, the application of his genius in this direction culminated in the production of a unique and terribly efficient rapid-firing weapon—the "Maxim Gun." Mr. Maxim has made many things, but this is the invention by which he is best known

To our letter asking him "What he wanted to be" when he was a boy, Mr. Maxim replied as follows:—

18, Queen's Gate Place, London, S.W.
July 18th, 1899.

To the Editor of THE CAPTAIN.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter is received.

When I was about twelve years of age I obtained a book on astronomy, and was much interested in astronomical observations as they related to navigation, and I made up my mind to be a sea captain. I had heard that sea captains received the enormous salary of one hundred dollars a month. This I looked upon as a fabulous amount.

As we lived a long distance from the sea, the only thing I could do was to build a boat for myself and sail it on the fresh-water lake. My next move was to make some wooden nautical instruments. With the assistance of my sister I succeeded in demonstrating with my own instruments that we were living in 45 degs. north latitude. I was very anxious to travel far enough so that I could make another observation, but this was out of the question.

I then wanted to become a sculptor and an artist, and, for a time, I spent all my leisure in drawing.

At nineteen years of age I had grown to be a large and strongly-built boy, and I became very much excited over the account which appeared in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated* in regard to the prize-fight between Heenan and Sayers.

As I was more active and much stronger than the other boys, it occurred to me that, after all, I would not be an artist, but a prize-fighter, as Nature seemed to have cut me out for that career.

However, this was a short-lived fancy; a few words with a wise Englishman were quite sufficient to dissipate this boyish illusion.

After the prize-fighting epoch of my life all romance seems to have ceased, and I settled down to hard work in a very unromantic profession.

I think you can say to the boys that what success I have made in life as an engineer is due to persistent application to my work. Nothing ever happened that was more gratifying to me than when I took my wife to the State of Maine, where I was born and where I served my first apprenticeship, and introduced her to my old master. My old master told her in my presence that I was not only the best workman that he ever had, but that I never lost any time, and could do more work in a day than any other man he ever saw. Moreover he said that my conduct was perfect and my deportment better than that of any other apprentice he had ever had.

From a photograph.

A LIGHT MAXIM GUN, MADE FOR THE GERMAN EMPEROR FOR CAVALRY USE. WEIGHT, INCLUDING TRIPOD-MOUNTING, 30LBS

Yours truly
Hiram S. Maxim

By L. G. Moberly.

When Jameson, one of the "dons," asked me to go to his home for the holidays, I was jolly glad.

We call the masters at our school "dons"; Jameson's a junior one. We all like him awfully. You should just see him at cricket. He hits all over the place; none of the field can get near him. He is an awfully good "up" at football, too. Jameson is good all round at games.

You see, my people are in India, and it's awfully hard to manage for the holidays for me. I thought it would be rare sport to be with Jameson all the holidays, so when he asked me I said:—

"Oh, thank you, sir! I'd like that most awfully!"

So he said: "I'm afraid I shall only be at home myself the last part of the time. I've lots of visits to pay. But I don't think you will find it dull; my sister is a very good sort."

"Your sister, sir?" I kind of stammered.

You see, you could have knocked me down with a feather when he said his sister was a good sort. None of the fellows at school thought much of sisters; they said girls were stupid and no good. I haven't got a sister of my own. I didn't know, but the other fellows said girls were kill-sports, and no go.

When I said: "Your sister, sir?" to Jameson, he gave me ever such a queer grin, as if he saw what I was thinking of, and he said:—

"Yes, my sister, Drake. She's a splendidly good sort, and she'll give you ever such a jolly holiday."

So I said "Thank you, sir," again, but I didn't believe him a bit.

When the matron was packing my box for the holidays she said to me:—

"Now, Drake, do try to arrive tidy at Mr. Jameson's, and keep your clothes nice while you are there; and do remember to wash your hands sometimes."

Of course, I forgot all about her saying I was to arrive tidy at the Jamesons'. It's no fun in a train if you can't have your head out of the window all the way. So my collar got rumpled, and my tie twisted round, and I expect my face was black; my coat was thick with dust, but I didn't care. It's stupid and like a girl to be always thinking if you're tidy—the other fellows say that.

Jameson's father had a rectory right up on some jolly moors. Old Mr. Jameson and his wife and their daughter lived up there together. When I got out at the station there was only one porter and a girl on the platform. The girl came up to me directly.

"You must be Tom Drake, I'm sure," she said; "I'm Hetty Jameson."

I stood first on one foot and then on the other; I don't know why I did. When I looked at her I remembered about my rumpled collar, and I got very hot; I can't think why.

"Well, we'll just get your things, and start. The pony doesn't like standing," she said.

So we got my things and then went out of the station. There was a dogcart outside, and a jolly little beast of a pony fidgetting like anything, with a chap holding his head.

Miss Jameson got up in the cart, and so did I; the porter put the things in behind. Then she took the reins.

"Are you going to drive?" I said. I was jolly surprised, don't you know, when I saw her take the reins.

"Oh, some girls can drive, you know," she said. "Girls can do most things if they set their minds to it."

"Oh!" I said; and I thought of how all the fellows declared girls couldn't do anything. So I just looked at this girl; she sat up very straight and tall, and she'd got a jolly sort of pinky colour in her face from the wind, and there were little curls in her hair, and they blew out round her face.

After I'd looked at her a bit, I said: "I suppose you can't play cricket?"

"Yes, I can," she said. "I used to play a lot once, when the squire's boys were at home. Now I've no one to play with."

"Could you bowl to me?" I asked—and I felt a bit grand asking her—because I know the other fellows think it's awfully kind to ask a *girl* to play cricket with you.

Well, she just looked down at me, and something twinkled in her eyes.

"Oh, yes, I'll bowl to you," she said.

"YOU MUST BE TOM DRAKE, I'M SURE," SHE SAID; "I'M HETTY JAMESON."

And, do you know, it was very funny, but I felt all hot again, just like I did when I remembered about my collar being rumpled. But she said very quickly, and smiling:—

"We'll have very good times, Tom—you and I. I can show you where to get some awfully good butterflies, and we'll go fishing in a perfectly delicious little stream. Oh, we'll do plenty of jolly things."

Then I looked at her again, and I thought of the other fellows, and wondered a bit.

When we got to the Rectory she said to me:—

"You'd like to go and change your collar and get tidy a bit before tea, wouldn't you? You'll see father and mother at tea time."

Do you know, I was just going to say "Bother!"—as if she had been our matron at school—only she put her hand on my shoulder, and said:—

"Hurry up, old man, won't you?" And I only said "I'll be as quick as I can." And I went and changed my collar and brushed my coat. I expect the other fellows would have laughed if they could have seen me.

Next day she took me to the stables and the kitchen garden, and we tucked in gooseberries, and we both had a good time.

I told her about school.

I can't think how I came to.

The other fellows said girls were no fun to talk to, and didn't understand things.

Hetty understood.

The fellows said girls were shocked if you told them about—well—about larks and things like that.

Hetty wasn't shocked. She laughed like anything when I told her about some things—not *bad* things, you know, only fun about the masters and that.

Then all at once I remembered about her being Jameson's sister, so I said:—

"Oh, I say, you won't tell Jame—— I mean Mr. Jameson, will you?"

And she got quite pink, and said: "I'm not a sneak, any way."

I'm eleven, Hetty's seventeen. But, do you know, she likes what boys like, just as if she was a boy! She said she loved climbing trees, only her stupid old skirt was too long, and she told me if I came in the spring she'd show me where all the best birds' eggs were.

"Only mind," she said; "you'll have to promise first never to take more than one egg from a nest. I'm not going to have the mother birds made miserable."

My goodness! didn't we just go after butterflies! I got more jolly specimens that summer all through Hetty than I ever had before.

One day she said to me:—

"You want me to bowl to you, don't you, Tom?" There was just that same twinkle in her eyes as came there when I first said about her bowling to me.

I didn't feel so grand about it then as I did before.

I felt different about girls, somehow.

When she began to bowl to me, she sent me straight out first ball. There!

And the fellows said girls were asses at cricket!

Do you know, I began to think the fellows didn't know everything.

When it was hot in the afternoon, Hetty and I used to lie under a great tree, looking up into the sky through the leaves. We had books, but usually we talked. I used to think before that girls' talk was all rot. The fellows said girls talked about nothing except clothes.

Hetty didn't talk about clothes.

Once I said to her:—

"Girls like pretty frocks, don't they?"

"Of course they do," she said; "and so they ought!"

"Why?" I said; and I turned over on my face, and put my chin on my hands, so that I could see her face.

I liked Hetty's face—it was jolly, and her eyes were always shiny, and she looked at you sort of straight.

WHEN SHE BEGAN TO BOWL, SHE SENT ME STRAIGHT OUT FIRST BALL.

"Why?" she said; "why, because girls ought to like to look pretty and tidy, and the very best they can—and boys too"—and she grinned at me.

"Boys too? Oh, I say—why?"

"Because every man who's half a man likes to be well set up, and to look his best. You've got an untidy, messy sort of mind if you go about in untidy, messy sort of clothes. It means you've got no proper pride or self-respect. *I* don't think much of dirty, untidy boys."

Neither did I after that. I tell you, Hetty and I had some good talks.

One day she asked me what I should be when I was a man.

"Oh, a soldier like father," I said.

She looked at me for quite a long time without speaking. Then she said:—

"I believe you'll make a good soldier."

I was jolly pleased.

She went on:—

"Only it means lots more than wearing uniform and fighting, and all that. I'll tell you what, Tom, it means self-control as well as courage; and it means guarding the weak, and thinking about other people—oh, and lots of things. To be a good soldier you must be a good man."

We didn't say anything for a good time after that. I just lay and looked at the beech leaves waving up and down. Then she put her hand on my arm.

"Tom," she said, "will you do something for me?"

"Yes—what?" I said, and I jumped up. I thought she meant me to do something that minute.

But she pulled me down again.

"Promise me," she said, "that you'll try never to do anything you'd be ashamed to tell me about. We're chums, aren't we, Tom?"

I liked when she said we were chums.

"I can promise that," I said. "I don't want to do things I'd be ashamed to tell you. I like telling you things. You're more like a boy than a girl, you know."

Then I thought again what the fellows would say if they heard me, and I said to Hetty:—

"The other fellows think girls are no good. They say it's no good talking to girls."

"Do they?" Hetty laughed. "I think the other fellows are rather geese sometimes, don't you, Tom?"

Well, you know, I really did.

What I meant to tell you about, only there was such a lot to say first, was about something that happened to Hetty and me.

One morning we went on the moors to spend the whole day. We took lunch and our butterfly nets, and we were going to be out all day. It was as fine as fine when we started, and we got ever so hot climbing up the moor, and we sat in the shade under a great tor to eat our lunch. Then we caught some butterflies, and after that it was so hot that we sat under the tor again, and we both went to sleep.

All at once I woke with a great jump, hearing a step. So did Hetty.

I looked up, and there was a man standing just in front of us.

He was a beastly-looking customer, and no mistake.

His face was grimy, and he scowled at us and squinted horribly. His hair was cut very queer and short, and he had the rummiest clothes, all covered with great arrows.

Hetty got quite white.

"Oh, Tom," she whispered, "it's a convict escaped from the big prison, and such a villain he looks!" She was close to me, and I felt her shiver.

I was jolly frightened myself, but I didn't want to make it worse for her, so I said:—"Never mind, Hetty! P'r'aps he's all right."

WE RAN DOWN THE MOOR AS FAST AS WE COULD.

And all the time the man stood scowling at us, only just a few yards off.

He came closer and leered at us.

"Now then, my little master, and you, miss, it won't do for to have you going about saying you've seen me. I mean to get clear off. Least said, soonest mended, and dead men tell no tales, and ——" He came quite close, and put his dirty great hand on Hetty.

She got awfully white, but she looked straight at him, and she didn't scream or call out even.

She was plucky, I can tell you.

My heart went thumping like anything, but I couldn't stand that chap touching Hetty. So I knocked his hand off Hetty's shoulder, and we both got up and I said:—

"What do you want?"

I wasn't going to let him see I was afraid. I looked right at him, and he looked at me, and I remembered about Hetty saying soldiers must guard the weak, and I wished I was a man.

"What do I want, eh? Why, I want to get

clear away, and to get you two out of my way, lest you should blab."

Then he came near to Hetty again, so I just flew at him and grabbed his arm, and I said:—

"Don't you touch her—don't you touch her."

He looked surprised at first, then angry.

"We aren't going to blab," I said, very quickly, for, you see, I thought he was going to hurt Hetty. "Look here! If you leave us alone, we'll promise not to say we saw you. There!"

He laughed.

It made me feel queer to hear him laugh; and Hetty said very softly:—

"Oh, *Tom!*"

I stood in front of her, and looked at the man, and he looked at me.

"Darn me, if you ain't a plucky little fellow!" he said; "you're young to be takin' care of ladies, too. Now look here, my lad, I'll tell you what. I won't hurt you and the lady"—he leered at Hetty, and didn't I wish I was big enough to knock him down?—"but you've got to do something for me. I'll stay and look after the lady"—and he winked, the brute—"and you run down to the field yonder, and fetch me the clothes off that scarecrow. See?"

"Yes, I see," I said, and I looked at Hetty, and then at that brute; "but I'm not going down there unless the lady comes too."

You see I couldn't leave Hetty alone with him—now could I?

"You want me to kill you both then, I suppose?" he said, and Hetty said:

"Oh, Tom, dear, *go*. I shall be all right."

My goodness, I never thought about how plucky a girl could be before!

But I shook my head.

"No," I said, "the lady and I will go together; and if you kill us, how are you going to get those clothes off the scarecrow? You can't go down there yourself—some one might see you."

He thought a minute, then he said:—

"And if I let you two go, how do I know as you'll come back and not go blabbing to somebody first?"

"Because I've told you I will come back," I said; "and when a gentleman makes a promise he usually keeps it."

Now I'll tell you what, it was jolly queer, but I didn't feel frightened any more, and I looked that chap square in the face, and he laughed—a funny sort of laugh.

"Darn me, you're a plucky couple of young 'uns, and what you say is true! I can't go after the boggart myself. Well," he went on, "if I let you both go you'll swear to me not to blab, and you'll bring me back the clothes?"

"We'll not blab, and I'll bring you back the clothes. Come on, Hetty!"

So I took her hand, and we left the butterfly nets and ran down the moor as fast as we could. When we got to the field Hetty helped me take the clothes off the scarecrow. My goodness, you should just have seen what beastly old rags they were, and she bundled them up for me, and said:—

"Now, let's go back quick, Tom."

So I said:—

"You're not coming back—you wait here for me."

And she just smiled, only there were big tears in her eyes.

"No, I shan't wait here for you, Tom. I'm not going to let you go back to that brute alone. Is it likely? You are a plucky fellow," and all at once she stooped and kissed me.

And, do you know, it was jolly queer; a great lump came in my throat, and I thought I was going to cry too.

So I said, awfully quickly: "Come on; let's go back and get it done."

And we climbed up the moor again, and the man was waiting for us under the tor.

He jumped up as sharp as he could when he saw us, and snatched the bundle away.

"You're as good as your word, then," he said. "Now, remember your promise, and get out as fast as you can."

Hetty and I didn't want him to tell us that. We ran and ran, I can promise you. When we were out of breath we sat down to rest.

"Oh!" Hetty whispered, "but it was awful, Tom. I thought he would have killed us! You *are* plucky, old man!"

"I don't see how a fellow could be anything else!" I said. "It was you that were plucky. Why, I thought girls always screamed, or cried, or fainted, or something, when things happened."

"Did you?" And Hetty laughed out loud. "What dreadfully funny things you do think about girls! We are not quite idiotic, you know. But I *was* frightened!"

Then I saw that she was still white and all trembly. But she soon got all right, and we walked home and never said a word to anybody. I don't know whether we ought to have promised the man not to tell. Perhaps we oughtn't, only I couldn't let him hurt Hetty, and there didn't seem anything to do but promise. And there the adventure ended.

When I went away, Hetty came with me to the station.

"Good-bye, dear old chum," she said; "we've had a good time, haven't we?"

"Ripping!" I said.

I was hanging out of the carriage window, talking to her. "I say, you know," I said, "when Jameson said you were a good sort I didn't believe him. I didn't think a girl could be a good sort. Now——"

"Now?" she said, and there came that jolly twinkle into her eyes.

"Now I think girls can be as good a sort as boys, and a jolly sight better, too! Those fellows talked an awful lot of rot about girls."

"Don't you think those fellows are—sometimes—rather duffers—about *some* things?" she said.

And, do you know, I really think they are.

"GOOD-BYE, DEAR OLD CHUM."

THE ROYALS GAVE A GLORIOUS BRITISH CHEER AND THE SQUADRON THUNDERBOLT LAUNCHED ITSELF ON THE FOE. (See page)

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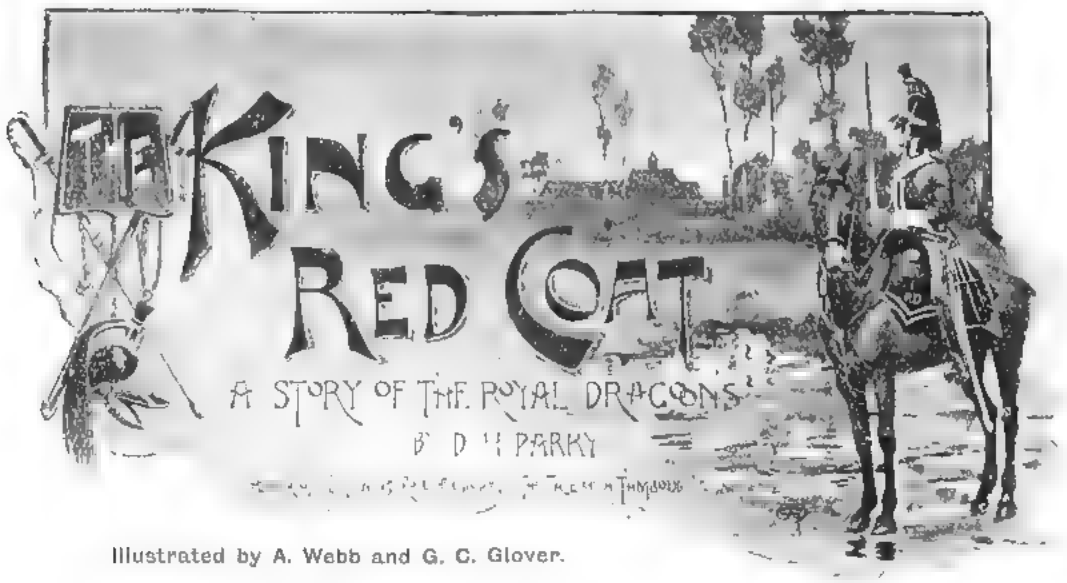


Illustrated by A. Webb and G. C. Glover.

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—XIV.)

IT is the period of the great Peninsular War, and Will Mortimer is gazetted cornet in the 1st Royal Dragoons. He is rigged out with a uniform, and with all possible speed accompanies his uncle, Captain Dick Datchett, of the 10th Hussars, to Spain. Heavy weather overtakes them and they are journeying across country to join the English army, and they seek shelter in some out-buildings of a farm. Here they are discovered by some French cavalry, commanded by the Chef d'escadron Zaminski; a hand-to-hand fight ensues, and eventually Will and the captain cut their way through to the English lines. Will rides up to his regiment, but hardly has he been introduced to his brother officers, when a shell enters the chest of his horse and explodes. Will miraculously escapes being blown to bits, and for many weary months lies in the hospital. On his recovery he rejoins the army, and shortly afterwards detects a Spanish officer, Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora, in the act of stealing Wellington's despatches. The Spaniard rides off with them, and Will follows him, but, when he has almost overtaken the thief, is captured by a band of brigands. Disarmed and bound, he is standing in their midst, when his old enemy, the Chef d'escadron Zaminski, rides up and recognises him. The brigands unwillingly release their captive, whom Zaminski takes over as a prisoner of war, Cornet Mortimer having to accompany the French in their retreat. Wellington catches up the enemy, and in the engagement that ensues Cornet Mortimer falls from his horse, a victim to the blade of a chasseur officer.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW WILL MORTIMER RETURNED TO THE HOME OF HIS ANCESTORS FOR A TIME.

SQUIRE MORTIMER tapped his top-boots impatiently with his whip, and called out "Patty!" for the third time.

He was standing at the foot of the staircase, and through the hall door he could see Martin holding his own stout roadster, and a white cob, which rejoiced in the name of "Sunbeam," and which was accoutred with the huge padded atrocity that did duty in those days for a lady's side-saddle.

Every morning since Will's first letter from Spain, unless it rained heavily, father and daughter had ridden down to meet the coach.

Sometimes they were rewarded by a letter, bearing all manner of strange inscriptions, and *visés*, like a passport that has gone the "grand tour." Sometimes it was the gazette, with news of a fresh engagement, and lists of dead and wounded, to be scanned with terrible standings-still of the heart, and deep sighs of relief at the end of it; and once, nearly a year before, an account of a tremendous victory, with something in another column that made the squire cry, "Oh, my God!" and stoop over the pommel like a man who has had a seizure.

"*Royal Dragoons: Cornet Mortimer, dangerously wounded; one trumpeter wounded.*" Truly a terrible announcement for one's dear old governor to read when it happens to apply to one's self!

The squire had not been the same man for the next three months—until a long-delayed missive arrived from Dick Datchett, giving good news of the sufferer.

Then, a few scrawled lines came at intervals, painfully written by Will himself, and dated from various quarters among the Pyrenees and in the south of France, and then a long blank, which the public prints did not fill up, and folks in the village shook their heads.

"The squire 'e do be but sadly," said the wiseacres at the "Peacock," and one, Job Winder, the clockmaker across the green, observed sententiously, that "'e had always said, 'e had, that Muster Wull would come to no good a 'ankerin' arter they sogers, an' they might mark his words, but th' squire would die of a broken 'art afore the corn were ripe for cuttin'!"

Whereupon Silas Bracken, who was coming in at the moment, went straight over to Job Winder, and took him into the stable-yard by the hair of his head, without a word, and the tap-room carried its pipes and its mugs with it to see the fun.

PATTY CAME TRIPPING DOWN THE GREAT OAK STAIRCASE.

The justices subsequently fined Silas one guinea, which "they *do* say as the squire hisself paid out'n his own 'porket,' though, mind you, I don't say it was so, only they do say so, they do."

"Patty!" cried the squire for the fourth time, "if you don't come at once I shall go without you." But Patty came tripping down the great oak stairs even as he spoke, and it was not possible to be out of humour with such a dainty little fairy, so the squire just kissed her on the last step but one, and in another minute she was in the saddle.

"Ye must put best leg foremost, squire," said old Martin; "yander goos the horn." And off they went at a brisk canter, the bandy-legged groom shading his eyes to watch them, with a smile on his wrinkled face.

It was a fresh April morning; the ruts were full of the last night's showers, and already the hedgerows gave promise of early leaf.

Giant masses of white cumuli rolled above the woods, and their shadows chased one another along the sloping fields.

"I can hear it, father," cried Patty, her pretty brown hair flying about her ears as the wind fluttered the red riding-coat, faced with blue the colours of the Royals, by the way, which Mistress Patty had affected of late—and pressing their horses into a hand gallop they reached the "Peacock" as the coach came in sight.

The same knot of people had taken up their post as usual—perhaps one or two of those who had been there when our story opened were missing, and Sexton John might have told you where to find them—but there was the same welcome for the squire, and "Amersham Joe" still handled his ribbons as deftly as of yore, and brought his team to a stand under the projecting signboard.

Toby, the guard, had a budget of letters for the squire, and a London paper, but Will's bold fist was missing from the superscriptions, and the squire sighed.

"Nothing, Patty," said he, sadly; "and, as for the news sheet, since the war has ended, it can tell us no news."

And then, the coach having changed horses, "Amersham Joe" squared his elbow to the lord of the manor and drove on; the villagers, who had learned to look for signs of the times in he squire's face, whispered among themselves, and departed.

Mr. Mortimer placed the letters in his pocket as they crossed the green at a walking pace, and mechanically opening the *Evening Post*, glanced at the curious narrow columns of small print which conveyed the world's intelligence to our ancestors in those good old times.

The first intimation Patty had that anything unusual had happened was a sudden reddening of Mr. Mortimer's neck, and the next, a great shout that made the parson look over his garden hedge and wonder whether the French were coming.

"Gad's life, Patty!" shouted the squire, waving the paper. "The boy's in England—listen to this—'Yesterday morning H.R.H. the Duke of York passed in review, at Richmond, the Royal Dragoons who recently landed at Dover on their return from the Continent, after an absence of four years and eleven months. The regiment Oh, hang the regiment, where is it? Here we are!—'First Dragoons; Cornet William Mortimer to be lieutenant, *vice* the Hon. Marmaduke Fitznumbskull, who resigns his commission.' Patty, you rogue, don't you understand?—the lad's promoted, and we shall have him here."

"Sooner than you expected, dear father," cried a well-known voice behind them, and Will himself rode between them, passing his arm round Patty's waist and holding out an eager hand to the squire.

He had come gingerly across the short grass, having spied them as they turned on to the green, and behind him rode Dick Datchett, pressing his sabre to his side lest it should jingle and so spoil the tableau.

* * * * *

Do you want to hear how Parson Robin came

running out of the garden without his wig, and Mistress Mary, blushing like the rose-buds, followed him, more sedately, but with a very full heart?

How Will, in the King's Red Coat—patched and stained with hard service, but doubly dear on that account—jumped down from Ladybird's back and took both her tiny hands in his great gauntlets, and said—nothing, but looked a great deal that would have choked him had he tried to speak it?

How, somehow, word went round that "Muster Will was back from the wars," and the village lined up on the bridge to cheer him, and Will had to shake hands with half a hundred of them?

How Silas Bracken and Sim Marrow, and all the men and maids about the hall ran into the avenue, and Mrs. Mortimer—perhaps the most interested of them all—drew her boy into the little morning-room without a word and closed the door

* * * *

Home again—is there anything like it in the whole world?—and so much to tell them!

How his Vittoria wound had taken months to heal, and Wellington himself had come to see him, having heard how he had recovered the stolen paper and preserved it from the French.

The paper, by the way, was nothing less than an exact "state" of the allied army and a detail of its final advance, with every route marked out—an invaluable prize for King Joseph and his generals.

How intensely cold it was among the Pyrenees, and how the Royals started for France in the snow.

It took many an hour and many an evening to tell it all, and of the brave Zaminski, whom Mrs. Mortimer thanked in her mother's heart; of the infamous Zadora, and the long march that brought the regiment to Calais and Will to the end of his story.

But what happy hours they were! Poor Dick Datchett, with all his silver lace, was nothing if he were not out of it altogether—though he did not mind, and listened as though it were all new; smoking the cigars, which were about all we ever gained by that great war except glory.

And the candles spluttered on the hospitable mahogany, and everyone had a bright face, and, as the captain intercepted sundry little glances passing between Mary Robin and the gallant dragoon, he smiled knowingly and winked at Patty in the chimney corner, who raised a pink finger and looked very important, as the possessor of a great secret ought to look—in tales.

And then, after a few swift weeks, it all came to an end, and, Will's leave expiring, away he went to join the headquarters of the Royals at Bristol.

Nothing would do, if you please, but that the ladies of Mortimer Hall must go to Bath, to take the waters, and they also took Mary Robin with them; and as Bath and Bristol are not very far apart, Lieutenant Mortimer was constantly in the bosom of his family, and his broad-shouldered image found as constant a resting-place in the bosom of pretty Mary.

When the regiment went on to Exeter the Mortimers returned home, and Christmas was a dull business without the King's Red Coat, but, with the promise of a long leave in May, they had to make the best of it, counting the days, without any heed to a stout little man in a green little Mediterranean island, who was going to make the year 1815 the most eventful in our history.

CHAPTER XVI.

OFF TO THE FRONT.

"ONLY nine days more, and then heigh-ho for—Mortimer Hall!" thought Will one April evening, when the lights were beginning to glimmer in the old cathedral city.

To be perfectly candid, that little pause was filled in in his own mind by Mary's face as he had last seen it, framed by the window of the travelling carriage; and he was sitting in his room, dreaming, when he saw the dragoon at the gate spring forward a pace, and point towards the colonel's quarters, and a man on horseback dash up to them and hurriedly dismount.

There was nothing very unusual in the advent of a messenger, but something in the sentry's bearing, and a commotion at the door of the guard-room, made Will get out of his chair and look into the barrack-yard.

The colonel's orderly ran as hard as his long legs would carry him to the major's quarters, and the major bolted across the square, hatless, and with his jacket flying open.

"What on earth is up?" said Will, clapping on his forage cap and springing downstairs, but as he reached the door he got his answer in a wild yell that startled the barracks.

"THE ROUTE, THE ROUTE, huzza!" shouted a score of voices, and they all took it up—from the windows—at the gate—the guard turned out and cheered madly, quite oblivious of discipline, until the whole place was in a huge uproar of excited men, and the street outside a mass of wondering townsfolk.

There was no doubt about it, for, as Will joined the knot of officers at the colonel's door, Major Purvis cried: "Well, Mortimer, my boy, we're off again. They can't do without us!"

"But where to, major?"

"To Canterbury, *en route* for Belgium, and as soon as we can move. That rascal Bonaparte is on the wing again!" and the major hurried away.

Mounted orderlies rode on the spur to Truro and Taunton, where the remainder of the Royals were lying; and that April 21st was an eventful night—aye, and a sad one—to the wives and little ones who would be left behind.

Will had only two ideas on the subject; first, the electric thrill of active service, and then the

thought that the march to Canterbury would take him past the hall; and it was so late before he closed his eyes that he hardly seemed to have slept five minutes when the blue-coated trumpeter sounded the "revallay" under his window.

Three days later they filed out of the gate, headed by the curious band of music which twiddled on its clarionets, and pom-pommed on its horns, as was the manner of bands at that period; and away they went, by dell and down, through that rural England in whose defence so many of those gallant redcoats were about to give up their lives.

* * * * *

Silas Bracken saw them first, as he leaned on his gun at the edge of the wood on the hill.

He was looking into the west, where the high road came over the opposite ridge of the valley, and there he spied a scarlet serpent winding towards him, wreathed in clouds of dust, and heralded by the quaint strains of music borne forward on the wind.

The gamekeeper started, and peered under his hand; he could tell a bird by its flight a mile off.

"Horse sogers!" said Silas Bracken, excitedly. "An' I'll lay a guinea to a gunflint they be Muster Wull's rig'ment!"

He waited five impatient minutes until they had reached the strip of common at Gallow's End, where the gibbet stood, and then ran as hard as he could to the hall, bursting into the library without ceremony.

"Quick, sir! The dragoons! Muster Wull's dragoons!" cried Silas Bracken.

* * *

SILAS BRACKEN SAW THEM FIRST, AS HE LEANED ON HIS GUN AT THE EDGE OF THE WOOD.

They came on, four abreast, the band in blue, with scarlet horse-tails in their helmets, the rest in heavy marching order, their red cloaks rolled over the holster pipes, the valises bulging with the rough-and-ready kit of those days.

The long, straight swords dangled against the blue saddle-cloths, and the clean-shaven faces of the men looked fit and a little grim as they glanced to right and left of them at the peaceful country which many of them would never see again.

"There he is!" cried the squire, who, with Mrs. Mortimer and Patty, and all their followers, had run to the lodge-gate in a rather undignified herd of men, women and dogs.

"Why, Will, my lad, this is a great surprise," said the squire, striding out to meet his son, his open face glowing with pride; "you never sent us word that you were changing quarters!"

"It's not quite that, father," replied Will, an uncomfortable pang disturbing his heroism as he looked at them all standing there at the entrance to the familiar avenue; "we are going to the front!"

* * * * *

For one short hour the village green was covered with long lines of black horses, and knots of dragoons; some quaffing from huge mugs of home-brew, which the squire had ordered mine host of the "Peacock" to supply; others talking with the villagers, and some few loitering apart from the rest.

These were the married men, and they were thinking.

As for the Mortimers, I doubt whether Zaminski's lancers charging up the avenue could have produced more consternation than the suddenness of it all.

But the squire set a brave example, and the military spectacle had its effect—while it lasted—the officers forming a gay group round Mrs. Mortimer and Patty, and Mary Robin, and keeping up a mighty flow of conversation on every topic but the one on hand.

Then the colonel hoisted his turnip watch out of his fob, like a mariner weighing anchor, and nodded to a trumpeter; the troopers sprang to their horses at the warning, and swung into the saddle; the officers shook hands with the lingering pressure of men who may be doing so

"IT'S NOT QUITE THAT, FATHER," REPLIED WILL, AN UNCOMFORTABLE PANG DISTURBING HIS HEROISM; "WE ARE GOING TO THE FRONT!"

for the last time, and Will disappeared for a few moments into a whirl of family lamentation and frantic clingings.

Mrs. Mortimer, being a wise woman, fainted just at that instant when Will was despairing of escape from her embrace, and before they brought her round the scarlet serpent was winding its way along the road, and the fine old tune of "Britons, strike home!" came rising and falling on the gusty wind until the woods swallowed it up, and they were gone.

CHAPTER XVII.

A LONG MARCH AND A WET NIGHT.

In the library at Mortimer Hall, among the numerous documents that have reference to that stirring period, there is a fragment of an unfinished letter.

It is dated June 16th, 1815, and was apparently never posted :—

Dear Father and Mother (it runs), I am scrawling this on my sabretache while the regiment is saddling in hot haste. Boney has crossed the frontier, and we are ordered to advance. The Duke is in Brussels, or was yesterday, and we are moving on Enghien.

All our officers think there is going to be a big fight, and——

There the fragment ends, the paper bearing signs of having been crumpled up and thrust into the aforesaid sabretache, probably when the advance sounded.

They were quite right. There *was* going to be a big fight—the greatest of modern times.

At four o'clock in the morning the trumpets of the Royals turned them out of their cantonments around Ninove, and when three days' rations of biscuit had been served round away they went through Grammont, where they united with the two other regiments of their brigade, the Scots Greys and the Inniskilling Dragoons.

All through that hot June day the Union Brigade marched, changing its direction several times, until, about dusk, after a long fifty miles, they came to the position at Quatre Bras, where a fierce conflict had been raging. Quiet had settled down again, but the corn was full of dead men, and groups of Highlanders and infantry were cooking their suppers in the cuirasses of the slain.

Linking their horses in column, officers and men bivouacked beside them, and whisper went round of the stubborn stand we had made against Marshal Ney, of the gallant Gordons who had so terribly avenged their colonel's fall; how the Prince of Orange caused our 69th to lose a colour, and brave Picton led us on in square.

Weary though he was from a day in the saddle, Will had no sleep that night, and in the grey of the morning a patrol of the 10th Hussars passed by the brigade, and Dick Datchett made inquiry for Mr. Mortimer.

"We're off along the Namur road, Will, to see what has become of the Prussians," he said. "Glad you fellows have come up. I'm nothing if I'm not spoiling for a fight, and we're going to have one."

Will, standing by Ladybird's head, watched the hussars file off into the sunrise, their jackets dangling as they broke into a trot, and then he had time to look around him at the carnage of yesterday.

Everywhere the green corn was trampled as though a tempest had swept over it. The tempest had been of men and horses, and iron hoofs, and they were piled up in little heaps where our grape-shot had whistled into them.

A red-coated corporal lay on his face a dozen paces off, and Will went over to him.

By the number on his pewter buttons he saw he had belonged to the 44th, and a sword-thrust had sent him to sleep for ever.

"Some of us will go to our last muster, sir, before many hours," said a quiet voice beside him, and Will saw that Sergeant Rider was standing there, looking down at the dead man with the habitual smile no longer visible on his brown face.

"What, are you getting sentimental, Rider?" said Will.

"No, sir," said the sergeant, gravely; "but I was thinking of Polly and the boy, over there at Canterbury. I've found myself thinking a deal about them lately, sir."

Will hardly knew what reply to make, and was straightway beginning to picture them all at home, when the trumpets sounded, and put an end to every consideration but the purely regimental one of girth, and saddle, and feed, and the hasty inspection which preluded our retreat on to the position in front of Mont St. Jean.

* * * * *

A leaden sky, covered with heavy clouds; a sultry day, with not a breath of air stirring.

A few white farmsteads, with red roofs here and there, among the cornfields, looking whiter by reason of the atmospheric conditions of approaching storm.

Through the cornfields, a broad, paved *chaussée*, undulating towards Brussels away to northward, and on the road, and in the fields on either hand, regiments and brigades in full march.

Everything was orderly—no haste, and no confusion; our mounted troops lingering to protect the rear, and filing off in their turn behind the battalions.

Then from the tall rye about the hamlet at the cross roads—the hamlet of Quatre Bras — squadrons of the enemy's horse, menacing our rear guard, and riding out as if to give battle.

Will's squadron was faced about, and skirmished with them during the whole day, and more than once they formed up in mass as if about to charge us.

They were so close at times that one could distinctly mark the differences in their uniforms, and even distinguish their faces as they brandished sword and lance, and shouted, "*Vive l'empereur!*"

One regiment of lancers, dressed in green, with crimson plastrons, and bearskin crests on their brass helmets, attracted Will's notice in particular.

They were led by an energetic officer, who was with difficulty restrained by a cavalry general from launching his men at the Royals, and, as he shook his sabre at our fellows in impotent wrath, Will leaned forward in his stirrups, and recognised an old acquaintance.

"I am certain it is the Chef d'escadron Zaminski!" he said aloud.

At the moment he gave utterance to his thought a loud boom rent the air, followed by the sharp crackle of carbine firing.

Some guns of our horse artillery had unlimbered at a little distance as the 10th Hussars lined a hedgerow, and as they poured in a few rounds to check the enemy, the concussion brought down the heavy rain-clouds upon us.

Like a deluge came the torrent, soaking the ploughed fields, hissing among the standing crops, turning the road into a running stream in a moment, and changing the whole feature of the retreat.

Everybody was drenched to the skin, and the horses sank, in some cases, hock-deep in the wet ground.

Our columns crowded on to the paved *chaussée*, and active interference from the enemy's cavalry was no longer to be dreaded.

As for the green lancers, the driving rain seemed to swallow them up, and the face of the landscape grew grey and misty; the Royals went about and plodded stolidly on their way, and presently Will found himself passing a blue-roofed farm on his left, and ascending a steep

"I AM CERTAIN IT IS THE CHEF D'ESCADRON ZAMINSKI!" WILL SAID ALOUD.

rise on whose crest all the infantry seemed to have concentrated.

The poor wretches had no great-coats, and were doomed to shiver out the coming night in dire discomfort on that position which in a few hours they were to water with their blood!

Behind the ridge, in a hollow not far from a substantial farm, the Union Brigade bivouacked where they stood; there was a little firing, it is true, but they were undisturbed, and the rain poured steadily down upon them all night—that weary vigil which has become so historic—the night before Waterloo.

The hiss of the tempest on the clay soil, the pitiless patter in the pools which the surcharged ground could not soak up, the plodding of patrols and reliefs as they went their dismal ways along the ridge that overlooked the valley where the French lay—all this Will realised to the full as, muffled in his cloak, he steadied himself by Lady-bird's stirrup and dozed at intervals.

Once his captain, who was lying beside him on a truss of straw, raised his head and spoke:—

"Mortimer!" said he. "That man Shakespeare was right about 'Glory' and the 'widening circles into nothing gone,' only the water's gone right up my back and I'm sitting in a puddle" Then he went to sleep again, and was killed like a hero next day.

At last the dawn broke, and it was Sunday morning. The rain dwindled to a drizzle, and finally ceased, and men rose painfully and looked at one another.

Weary and bedraggled, shivering and unshaven, mud-stained from head to heel, it was a picture of dire discomfort, and in the hollow where the Royals had lain the horses were fetlock deep in liquid ooze.

Pallid wreaths of blue smoke began to curl up from the bivouacs of square and squadron, battalion and battery, and the dull popping of muskets as men fired off their damp charges, mingled with the hum of thousands of voices all along our line.

A few cattle were slaughtered near the farm of Mont St. Jean, and the Royals were lucky, as they got some fresh meat which was duddled over the miserable fires, and a dram of spirit served round; but there was an indefinable something in the air which made them forget their wretchedness—a feeling of approaching conflict.

Will walked up the ridge with his captain to have a look at the enemy, and they found themselves on a bank that overhung the road.

The 28th were munching their ration biscuit there, and flapping their arms to get warm.

"By gad, gentlemen, what a night we've had!" said a lieutenant. "You fellows had your cloaks, but our great-coats have all gone into store and we haven't a dry stitch in the battalion."

He pointed to a farm below them — the blue-roofed building the Royals had passed the evening before—and told them it was La Haye Sainte, and that the green Germans had been barricading it all night.

Along a scattered hedge, and round a sandpit in front of the sunken road, the 95th Rifles were busy in their dark uniforms, and beyond them lay the valley, and the French.

They could see them, stretching in a sombre line to right and left, among the corn and rye, and patches of plough-land. They, too, were busy as bees in a hive, and groups of mounted officers rode here and there, reconnoitring us through their glasses.

They did not linger long, though the scene was one of immense interest, for a red-faced gentleman in a drab overcoat, none too new, rode up to the ridge beside them, and after a brief glance at the enemy, looked pointedly at the two dragoons and said, rather curtly:—

"I was under the impression that *my* division was to occupy this ground."

"Picton!" whispered the lieutenant of the 28th. "He's in a shocking bad humour at our retiring yesterday."

They did not know that the general was concealing a roundshot wound received at Quatre Bras, in order to retain his command for the battle he saw was approaching.

Will and his captain got back to the regiment very little wiser than when they set out; they had seen nothing but confusion and trodden grain; troops of horse artillery struggling to get into position, and sinking deep in the soft ground, to the despair of the gunners; lifeguardsmen of Somerset's brigade groping for potatoes and bringing them back in their helmets, and a huge medley of officers, sergeants, batmen with led horses, rain-washed adjutants, and irate colonels, all getting in each other's way, and trying their hardest to get our sixty-seven odd thousand men into something like order.

A burst of cheering rolled along our position as Wellington rode down the line, followed by a large staff, and soon after the sound of drums came from the enemy.

Napoleon's army was advancing from its bivouac to take up its position, and the fields were gay with marching troops, the sun glinting on their bayonets and cuirasses, as sixty-one thousand of them poured forth through the wet crops.

When they were ranged they formed a huge bow, from Papelotte on our left to the Nivelle road beyond Hougoumont; lancers on each flank, a grim front of infantry, and behind, the heavy cavalry and the Imperial Guard.

Will, down in the miry hollow, knew nothing of this movement, for the ridge in front of them hid the battle ground, and was, moreover, crowned with Highlanders and linesmen, but a little later a waft of music came to his ears as the French bands struck up and Napoleon galloped along his line, with a loose rein, on his grey mare, "Marie."

Then came a pause, our cavalry dismounted, and Will, looking at his watch, saw that it was after eleven.

They would be in church at home, he thought, and Parson Robin's voice rising and falling with that dignified monotony which wooed the small boys to slumber, and the beadle would be on the alert with his wand to rouse them, and Mary would be sitting in the corner of the parson's pew, and through the open doors the drowsy hum of bees, with the coo of pigeons, and a scent of flowers.

Will found himself clearing his throat suddenly, and glaring up at the backs of Picton's division on the ridge before him as though they had done him an injury.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WITH THE ROYALS AT WATERLOO.

"THERE it goes!" said the old soldiers, and away in the direction of Hougoumont a gun boomed forth its sullen challenge, followed by the sharp crackle of musketry.

The French left had begun the battle, and

it rolled towards the Royals as their artillery poured a heavy fire on our line.

Our fellows turned their heads to the right.

There was smoke curling away beyond the King's German Legion battalions, across the *chaussée* there, and the thunder increased; but that was all.

Indeed, that was all that they saw or heard for a long time, until the round-shot began to fall into their own ranks.

Uxbridge, in a gorgeous scarlet hussar jacket and brown busby, jingled restlessly from one cavalry brigade to another—now with Somerset's Heavies, now talking to Sir William Ponsonby, who commanded the Unions, again riding off towards Papelotte to see that all was well with Vivian and Vandeleur, whose light horse were posted in that direction.

There was almost a monotony in it to those in the sheltered dip, and Will felt a longing to be on the ridge again, where he could see what was going forward.

"Those fellows up there are getting all the fun," he said to his captain.

"I don't know," replied Windsor drily. "There's a bit of genuine humour coming our way—ugh!" and he shuddered.

It was a twelve-pound ball, and, as he spoke, it caught the head of an Inniskilling's horse, carried it off, and crumpled the rider into a limp mass.

The pair collapsed into the mud and lay there; one could see the bright yellow saddlecloth quite a long way.

After that half-a-dozen balls dropped into their own squadron, and two troopers were carried back to the farmhouse behind them, where the doctors were waiting.

Men do not count by time under circumstances like those; a minute is often an hour, an hour passes like a flash, and Will's next mental landmark was the terrific crash of seventy-four brass guns beyond that irritating ridge.

It was Ney's great battery, collected on a crest of rising ground beyond the sandpit, and which opened a murderous fire upon our centre.

Napoleon's *first* attack had failed; this was the prelude to his *second*, an advance of his right wing against Wellington's left, supported by heavy cavalry.

D'Erlon's corps formed up in column, with Bachelu in support, and up the hill they came when the great battery ceased.

Hundreds of brass drums beat the *pas de charge*, the eagles were waved in the air, and the four divisions that formed D'Erlon's command quickened their pace, a determined mass of square shakos and dark blue coats, with the gleam of steel drawing nearer and nearer.

Behind them, squadrons of cavalry—sombre cuirassiers and green light horsemen—watched their opportunity, as Donzelot flung himself against La Haye Sainte and Kempt; the division of the absent Alix tried to penetrate between the latter and Sir Dennis Pack; Marcognet took the centre, and Durutte rushed upon Papelotte.

Preceded by a cloud of skirmishers, the storm burst upon our position, and Bylandt's Dutch Belgians bolted back across the road and up the bank.

The 28th and 42nd wanted to fire into the runaways, and rumour says they did; but, forming up manfully, we blazed down on the yelling columns.

Whinyate's rockets whizzed mercilessly down the slope, canister and grape went shrieking among the French battalions, and, after a tough tussle at the bank top, Picton ordered a charge in line.

Will and his brother officers saw the ridge surging with men, and then almost denuded as the "Fighting Fifth" sprang down into the hollow road.

There was a moment of intense anxiety; the conflict had passed from their view, and when the red-coats clambered back again there were terrible gaps.

But the balls were falling thick and fast among the Unions, and order was given to them to move to the left.

Leading their horses they advanced, and then took ground to the right by the flank march of threes, and fronted under the crest itself, where they halted for a few minutes.

There were dead men under their feet, and the air was full of gunpowder and the stench of trodden grass, but they had short time to notice those things, for the Earl of Uxbridge galloped over from the other side of the *chaussée*, and the trumpets rang out "Mount!"

"Deploy into line!" cried Sir William Ponsonby, and a quick movement went through the squadrons. The Royals were on the right, the Inniskillings in the centre, and the left was taken by the Scots Greys.

Ponsonby dropped his cloak, and, dismounting to recover it, the actual order was given by Captain De Lacy Evans, who waved his cap towards the valley.

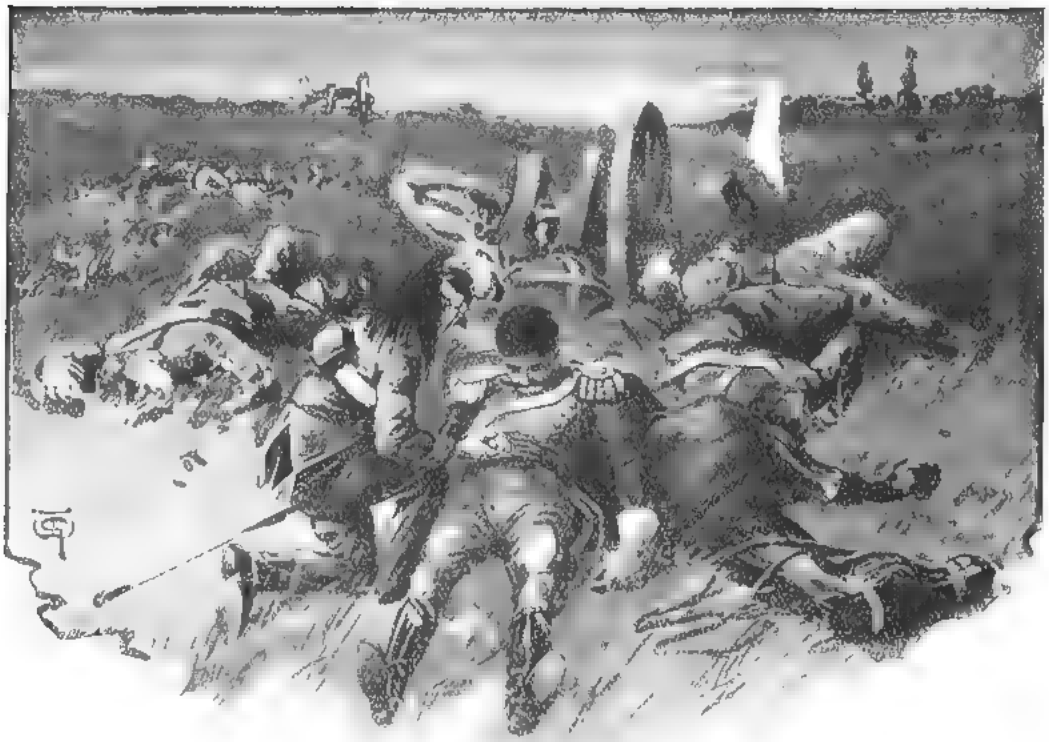
The trumpets sounded the charge, the eager horses bounded forward, the Royals gave a glorious British cheer, the Inniskillings their Irish howl, a low moan of rapture broke from the Greys, and the scarlet thunderbolt launched itself on the foe.

The shattered infantry opened to let them pass, and Will found himself dashing through the 28th, brandishing his long sword, and yelling like a fiend.

How far he went, or how that long sword came to be red, and his gauntlet, too, he could not tell; all was but a vague, incoherent memory of cut and thrust, of Ladybird sliding down the gravel pit among a heap of corpses; of the clever mare extricating herself, and flying along the *chaussée* towards the enemy's position, and a squadron of green lancers darting across the road to intercept us.

He leaped a brass gun somewhere; he saw a colour, bordered with names of victories, but somehow Kennedy Clark reached it before him, and he found himself riding beside some life-guardsmen, and again those green lancers came about him.

He had lost his head completely, and if the "rally" sounded he did not hear it, but rode straight at the colonel of the lancers, meaning to kill him if he could.



"HA, DID I NOT TELL YOU THE VULTURES WOULD PICK THE BONES OF ZAMINSKI?" HE WHISPERED, AND THEN—"TELL ME, WE ARE BEATEN, IS IT NOT SO?" AND WILL BOWED HIS HEAD SILENTLY.

And then two blades met with a shower of sparks; the colonel gave a hoarse cry and dropped his point, and to Will's bewilderment exclaimed: "Pass, my boy—the Colonel Zaminski does not kill old friends!"

He was gone in a moment, leaving Will sobered as by a sudden shock, and with the revulsion came a desire to get back through the carnage, and up on to the ridge once more, which was a difficulty.

Some of the Greys went yelling by for the now silent battery, and Sergeant Rider, bleeding from a deep gash on the brow, rode up, helmetless and panting.

"This way, sir!" he cried; "we'll cut through them!" And without a word Will followed him at full gallop up the slope again.

But what a slope it was after that avalanche of iron hoofs!

Men and boys, aye, and there were women too, lay in every attitude of agony, dead and dying.

Ladybird trod on mangled humanity at every stride, and there were groups of the enemy to avoid.

Will saw the same lieutenant of the "Slashers" with whom he had spoken in the morning being hustled off a prisoner by some cuirassiers, but he could do nothing to help him, as the green lancers had surrounded Sergeant Rider, and he spurred in to his aid.

A swoop of our blue and yellow 12th Light carried lancers and sergeant away into a dip of the field, and Will, thinking that the man was rescued, continued his way. Alas! he could have done little had he lingered, for Rider went down with eight lance-thrusts in him, and there was bitter sorrow in store for "Polly and the boy."

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A motley crowd of stragglers, increasing as the dragoons came in by twos and threes, crowned the ridge above the Ohain road.

Men were binding up their wounds, and some glared open-mouthed as if still in combat.

A sergeant of the Greys was exhibiting an eagle of the 45th of the line, which he had taken single-handed, and Corporal Styles, of the Royals, was riding down to their old position with another one, which Kennedy Clark and he had brought out of the fray.

Will, lingering with the rest, saw a herd of two thousand prisoners going to the rear—the harvest of the charge—but there was a fearful fascination in looking down at the ground they had ridden over, sown so thickly with the King's

Red Coats and the coarse blue jackets of the enemy.

Picton lay dead there—struck on the temple in the act of shouting "Hurrah!" Windsor never returned to answer the roll-call—their adjutant, Shepley, was dead, and young Magniac, whose body, like that of the Greys' colonel, was never found Foster, and Sykes, and nearly 190 more of the Royals alone—while the wild Irishmen had contributed 217 to that ghastly company among the trampled corn.

Will turned sadly away, and went to the regiment, which was mustering in the old spot, and there he learned more fully the losses they had sustained.*

Gradually the remnants of the brigade were collected, and Colonel Muter, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, took command, Ponsonby having fallen a victim to his restive nag; and, later on, Clifton, of the Royals, under whom Will had served in the Peninsular, took the little handful over and brought them out of action.

They were still under fire, for the French guns resumed their cannonade, but the subsequent attacks were delivered against our right centre for the most part; mighty rushes of cavalry in which the Union Brigade had no *rôle* to play.

They were moved over to the other side of the *chaussée* later in the afternoon, and became spectators, for it was the turn of our light horse, and right gallantly did they wield their curved sabres.

Will saw the 10th go by, but although he tried hard he could not distinguish Captain Datchett.

They told him afterwards how that gentleman had disported himself, particularly in a charge against some of the Old Guard when Major Howard fell, and Captain Dick's blood was roused by the manner of his murder.

And all day long the French fought with a valour never surpassed, and Napoleon made no particular effort to help them, but saw his favourite regiments torn to pieces with strange apathy, and sent down more regiments to share the same fate, and waited for Grouchy, and snarled at Ney, and then talked about dying at the head of his Guard, but thought better of it, and behaved altogether as one might expect of a man with cancer in his stomach—and other complications.

But instead of Grouchy came Blucher—he was a long time about it, but no matter, he came—and the Emperor had to weaken his battle to check him; the grand Old Guard made a final effort, and was mown down by our guns by sections, our guards showed their teeth, and the flank march of the 52nd put the finishing touch to it all.

"The whole line will advance!" cried the Iron Duke, and, with the sinking of the sun, the great Napoleon's empire, built on bayonets, vanished into space.

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"Drink some more of this—it will pull you round until my servant fetches a surgeon," and Will pressed his canteen to the lips of the man who lay against a dead horse, and was bleeding internally.

Will had been searching in vain for Sergeant Rider—it was not surprising that he passed him by, for a gun wheel had gone over his face, and the plunderers had already stripped him of his jacket—when he came upon a striking figure, stretched at full length, with his face turned on our now abandoned ridge, and his sword still grasped in his hand.

"Stand back, and let me die in peace," said the prostrate man. "I have yet strength to defend myself," and then, seeing who it was, he smiled wearily as Will knelt beside him.

"Ha, did I not tell you the vultures would pick the bones of Zaminski?" he whispered, and then, with a sudden accession of strength—"Tell me, we are beaten, is it not so?"

Will bowed his head silently.

"And Napoleon—the army—what of them?"

"They are all gone," said Will.

"*Mon Dieu*, is it possible? And I shall be dead in five minutes," groaned the whilom chef d'escadron. "Listen, my friend. You shall see a brave man die. I am a colonel now, as you will observe; the Emperor gave me the 4th Lancers—I have commanded them *ten days*—chut! They do not desert me—I can count forty in a circle round this place. There is Miquart yonder—you remember Miquart in that affair with young De Fleurac—bah! that carrion deserted the Emperor—he is not here."

"But, colonel, you are wounded; can I not——"

"No, although many thanks. I am thrust through the spine," interrupted the lancer. "Don't let those rascals take my cross, and this sword ha, that story was never finished, and there is not time now!" A sad, wistful look crept over his face as he disengaged his hand for the last time.

It was an Austrian sabre, with a coat of arms, and the name Kœnighumpfen engraved upon it, and it had a history.

"Take it, and think sometimes of an old enemy who was perhaps also a friend, eh?" and, suddenly opening his eyes unnaturally wide, he seemed to grope with both hands for the last band of the sunset fading away beyond La Haye Sainte, and, falling back, Colonel Zaminski died as he had lived, by the sword!

* * * * *

It is Christmas, and, what is better, it is Christmas at Mortimer Hall.

The fires are roaring half-way up the chimneys, and the candles are all alight, and, what is best of all, they are all there round the long table, and it does not matter a straw if the park *is* two feet deep in snow, for no one is going out to-night.

The parson won't, unless there is a sick call, and there really isn't an ailing soul in the entire parish; the doctor won't—he will be busy enough to-morrow—and meantime the steaming punch is exactly to his liking.

As for Dick Datchett and Will—did I tell you he is Captain Mortimer now, having got poor

* The Royals are believed to have mustered 428 on the morning of Waterloo; their actual loss was 196, five officers killed, and nine wounded.

Windsor's troop?—they have been out all day, and are perfectly happy where they are, with Mary Robin, and Patty, and Mrs. Dick Datchett, who is very sweet and amiable, in spite of the fact that she brought her husband £30,000 on their wedding day just a month ago.

Mrs. Mortimer is a little greyer now, with the anxiety of having a soldier-son, but the squire—well, he is still the squire, hale and kindly as ever, and he whispers to Hopkinson, who goes out, and presently returns, followed by a long procession of servants, headed by Silas Bracken in a new pair of gaiters.

The mummers will be up from the village presently, in spite of the snow, and there will be dancing in the hall, but meanwhile there are loyal toasts to be drunk according to immemorial custom—"Long live the King, and confusion to his enemies"—"The Constitution"—"The Royal Dragoons"—and all the rest of it, and one more, which eclipses all the others, as the squire gives it out with a moistening eye.

"To the King's Red Coat, my friends, and all who wear it—to all who *have* worn it, and all who *will* wear it in the future—and, if you please, we'll have it with a *three times three!*"

"TO THE KING'S RED COAT, MY FRIENDS, AND ALL WHO WEAR IT—TO ALL WHO *have* WORN IT, AND ALL WHO *will* WEAR IT IN THE FUTURE."

THE END.

Google

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

No. 5.—Farming.

The stage farmer is a very delightful sort of person. He rolls about the boards in a good-humoured devil-may-care sort of way, and speaks his mind freely and openly to everyone. Like the village blacksmith, "he looks the whole world in the face." There is no guile in him. He is always bluff and jovial. He quaffs great draughts of "foaming ale" from huge flagons and sups off prime joints of the roast beef of Old England. In the intervals of business he probably dances a hornpipe on the village green, makes love to the dairymaid, or saves the fair heroine from the awful predicament in which the bold bad villain has placed her.

Such is the farmer as he is on the stage and in yellow-back novels, and as, no doubt, he ought to be in real life. As a boy this was the sort of farmer I revelled in. But the shattering of many pleasant illusions is one of the penalties of growing old, and the first farmer I ever gazed upon in the flesh was a very different sort of creature.

Instead of the honest, open countenance—the kind of John Bull type portrayed by Tenniel—I had expected, I met with a poor, shrivelled-up looking individual, who had very bad manners and none of the geniality and good humour I felt I had a right to expect. My first farmer was one of my first great disappointments, one of my first realisations of the unkindness of things. But boys nowadays, I believe, have no illusions about anything, so I can hardly expect that any of my readers will fully understand my bitterness of soul on the subject.

Farmers, of course, are just ordinary kind of people, with a somewhat extraordinary capacity for swearing at the birds and the weather. They are imbued with the spirit of commercialism just as much as most other people are nowadays. Very few of them, if any, recognise how poetic their calling is, and they regard the sunsets, the

STUDENTS BARKING TIMBER.

Articles have already appeared in this series on the Civil Service, Engineering, and City Employments. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publisher, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

fleecy clouds, the yellow waving corn, purely from a financial aspect.

If you are a poet, then, or an artist, you had better not think of becoming a farmer, unless, I should add, you are also a millionaire.

If you mean to make a living at farming you must be practical to your finger tips. You must be well informed on all subjects connected with agriculture. You must know something of chemistry, biology, geology, mathematics, and physics. You must be alive and energetic, and ready to work at all hours of the day and night. The real cause of agricultural depression is the lack of education in the men who have taken it up. The fool of the family, who is considered unfit even to become a curate, is packed off to a farm, either in England or the Colonies, where he is allowed to run wild, and pick up any stray crumbs of information about agricultural matters that he can. Occasionally the fool turns out a surprise to his friends and relatives by becoming a prosperous landowner and farmer, for dear kind Mother Nature often discovers unsuspected powers in those whom wise men have hastily dubbed asses. But frequently it happens that the farmer proves incompetent because he has neglected, through laziness or lack of opportunity, to learn the first principles of his business.

SHOEING HORSES.

A special course of study in agriculture and its branches is now recognised as essential for all those who wish to become farmers, land-agents, and surveyors. There are various agricultural colleges which grant diplomas, and university colleges where special courses in agriculture may be taken; and the recent agitation in Oxford for a special degree in agriculture shows the importance which is now attached to qualifications in this subject.

The very best plan for a boy who wishes to become a farmer, either in England or the Colonies, is to go through a course of training at one of the agricultural colleges. Here he may obtain a thorough practical and theoretical knowledge of his work, and, if farming be really his vocation, at the end of the two years he will be amply fitted to start "on his own."

Of course the agricultural colleges mean rather heavy expenses. The fees, for instance, at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, are from £140 to £170 per annum for resident students, and £80 for out-students. At the Agricultural College at Downton, near Salisbury, the fees are from £150 to £167 per annum, without laundry.

Clever boys without means, can, however, largely reduce these charges by obtaining some of the scholarships offered by the various colleges and county councils.

Then again, it is possible to undergo a course at some of the university colleges, such as those at Nottingham and Leeds, for considerably less than the sums named. The fees at the University Colleges are very moderate, and it is possible for a student, who is careful, to do the whole thing for £70 per annum.

A third way of becoming a farmer is by a course of apprenticeship to an agriculturist. This method is only to be recommended when a youth is persevering and energetic enough to give his spare time to the theoretical side of his work, with a view of obtaining a diploma from one of the examining bodies. Besides, apprenticeship involves a premium, ranging from £100 to £250, and unless the apprentice is unusually clever it often ends in his being no better off at the end than at the commencement of his course.

At the head of all agricultural colleges is

the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, incorporated by Royal Charter for the purpose of granting diplomas and certificates. The course of instruction — practical and theoretical — given, affords an excellent training for an intending agriculturist. Special courses are designed for the following classes:—

(1) Land owners—instruction for landed proprietors in the duties devolving upon them as owners of property.
(2) Land agents and surveyors.
(3) Farmers and occupiers of land.
(4) Administrators and inspectors.
(5) Professors, lecturers, and teachers of agriculture.
(6) Intending colonists.

The Royal Agricultural College is a fine building, with every accommodation for the comfort and well-being of students, who can spend a most delightful two years there. New students are admitted three times a year at the beginning of term without entrance examination. The ordinary course occupies two years, of three terms each, and that for the diplomas two years and one term. The college diploma, which admits those holding it to the position of graduate, under the title of Member of Royal Agricultural College (M.R.A.C.), is a valuable aid to obtaining appointments both at home and abroad.

The course of instruction is at once scientific and practical, and the teaching comprises class-room instruction, farm and dairy classes, botanic garden classes, laboratory practice, veterinary practice, experiments, excursions, etc. The following is the course of instruction as given in the prospectus:—

Sessions 1 and 2.—Practical agriculture (soils, manures, implements, labour, buildings, etc.), chemistry (mineral), book-keeping, mensuration, physics (hydrostatics, etc.), geology, or botany, or zoology, veterinary anatomy and physiology, drawing (plan).

Sessions 3 and 4.—Practical agriculture (tillage, crops, dairying, etc.), chemistry (organic), book-keeping, land surveying, physics (steam engine, meteorology, etc.), geology, or botany, or zoology, veterinary pathology, drawing (farm buildings, cottages, etc.).

SURVEYING CLASS.

Sessions 5 and 6.—Practical agriculture (live stock, pastures, dairying, etc.), chemistry (agricultural), bacteriology, book-keeping, levelling and engineering, mechanics, geology, or botany, or zoology, veterinary therapeutics, etc.

Alternating Subjects.—Building, in the spring session, each year; estate management, with the elements of forestry, in the summer session; agricultural law in the winter session; each subject being divided into two sections, and only completed in two years.

Further particulars may be obtained by writing to the Secretary, Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester. The methods followed at the Agricultural College, at Downton, near Salisbury, and other agricultural colleges are very similar.

For those whose adventurous spirit leads them to desire to go out and settle in the Colonies, I cannot do better than recommend a course at the Colonial College, Hollesley Bay, Suffolk. This college provides the intending colonist with suitable training, with advice as to his future career, and, as far as possible, with an introduction to it. The Colonial College is just an ideal place from a residential and educational point of view. The estate contains about 1,330 acres of excellent pasture, arable, heath, and woods. Every part of a farmer's work is practically taught by competent instructors. The visitor to the college may see the students at work—ploughing, harrowing, rolling, drilling, hoeing, making butter, milk, and cheese, feeding the horses and cattle, and cutting the hay and corn.

The fee for pupils under seventeen years of age is £90 per annum, or £30 per term; for those over that age and under twenty, £108 per annum, or £36 per term; and for senior students, £126 per annum, or £42 per term; laundry, £2 per term.

The student at the Agricultural College can have a rattling good time—plenty of boating, riding, driving, and athletics of all kinds. The work is varied, and the whole course is designed to "make a man" of any student who may go through it. In connection with the college, a magazine, entitled *Colonia*, is run, and this contains articles by old and present students. The April number

contains a very interesting article on colonial prospects, written by a man who evidently understands his subject.

Everywhere in the Colonies agricultural matters are improving. In Canada there lie untold millions of fertile acres only waiting for hands to till them and to reap an abundant harvest; only men are wanted—men of intelligence, with some technical knowledge and a little money.

Australia is slowly but surely regaining her feet. In New South Wales there is quite a rush for farms. In Victoria there are excellent openings for farmers, dairy farmers, and fruit growers with a little capital. The same applies to New Zealand.

Visitors to the Rhodesian Court at the Greater Britain Exhibition this year at Earl's Court, will require no further evidence of Rhodesian prosperity. During May an agricultural show was held at Buluwayo, when large prizes, the total value of which amounted to nearly £800, were offered for cattle, sheep, goats, horses, donkeys, pigs, poultry, farm products, etc.

Energy and enterprise combined with knowledge of his work will ensure success to any Englishman who elects to go out to the Colonies as a farmer.

There is an ample field. Men are wanted, and now, when we are all imbued with ideas of imperialism, and realising as never before that the strength and greatness of our country lie in our Colonies—now is the time to bring the lesson home.

And for those who make up their minds to settle in the Colonies and carry on the pursuit of agriculture there can be no better training than a course at the Colonial College, Hollesley Bay. Full particulars, prospectus, terms, etc., can be obtained from the resident director, Robert Johnson, Esq., to whose courtesy I am indebted for much of the information in this article, and for the use of the photographs which accompany it.

A. E. Manning Foster.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. R. C. U.—It is rather difficult to give you advice from what you tell me. If you are sure your tastes lie towards engineering, I should certainly advise you to apply for an apprenticeship in the North Staffordshire Railway Goods Works. A premium would probably be required, but some small wage would be given from the commencement. You can easily, however, find out all about this by applying to the secretary of the company.

D. E. S.—From what you tell me, I should think you would have a very good chance in competing for an engineering scholarship. The first thing that you must do is to become enrolled as a student of the Institute of Civil Engineers, which you can do by being articled to a firm of engineers, or by taking an engineering course at a university or technical school. You are then eligible to compete for the Whitworth Scholarships to the value of £125, each tenable for three years. Full particulars can be obtained from the Whitworth Prospectus, by applying to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, S.W.

U S.—A borough surveyor and engineer are by no means the same thing. Your work in a town surveyor's office will not be of much service to you in the matter of engineering. Your first course is to become enrolled as a student of the Institute of Civil Engineers, which you can do by being articled to a firm of engineers, or by taking an engineering course at some technical school. If you seriously contemplate taking up the subject, I should advise you to communicate with a good "coach," with a view to working up the necessary subjects.

E. F. J.—I should certainly advise you to go to a "coach" in Edinburgh. There must be many good ones in your city, and it is also more satisfactory to have aural instruction than tuition by correspondence. If you will forward me your name and address with stamped envelope, I will send you the name of a reliable "coach" in Edinburgh, who has seen many pupils through similar examinations.

F. W. D. It is, I fancy, usual for a printer's reader to apprentice himself, that he may learn the work thoroughly, but you could obtain this information at any good newspaper office in Bristol. The necessities of the post are a thorough knowledge of type-setting, a good knowledge of grammar and spelling and, last (but by no means least), excellent eyesight. The salaries of proof-readers vary in different firms, but from £2 to £3 a week is, I should think, a good average salary for this work.

Quex.—Engineering does not seem to be the right thing for you. You will probably do far better in one of the learned professions where your knowledge and taste for classics would come in useful. If I were you, I should take the "bull by the horns" and tell your father straightforwardly all about it. Never mind if he is angry at first; if you show him that you have "grit" in you and that you are determined to follow up a certain course, he will probably come round in the end. I am afraid that you are too old now for the army—that is to say, too old to enter it in the ordinary way, through Sandhurst or Woolwich. Personally, I should think the law might be more in your line. Why not make up your mind to become a solicitor or barrister? At any rate, it is high time that you fixed definitely upon something, and I shall hope to hear, at no distant date, that you have done this.

S. E.—(1) The earliest age for entering at Woolwich is sixteen, and the latest eighteen, years. A candidate of sixteen must be at least 5ft. 4ins. in height, and measure 33ins. round the chest. (2) Application for admission must be made to the commanding officer. (3) The length of the course of instruction at Woolwich is two years. The fees for the sons of officers range from £20 to £80 per annum, and are regulated according to the position held by the father. In addition to the above fee, the sum of £35 has to be paid towards covering the expenses of uniform, books, etc. If a youth has also to be sent to an army "coach," the above expenses will be at least £200 per annum.

Richard.—The course that your son must pursue, to become a mining engineer, is exactly the same in its initial stages as that for other branches of the engineering profession. I should advise your sending him to some good college where he can take an engineering course when he leaves school. In the meantime he might safely spend some of his time in an engineering workshop. If I can be of any further assistance to you in the matter I shall be pleased.

C. T. C.—I should advise your consulting a good "coach."

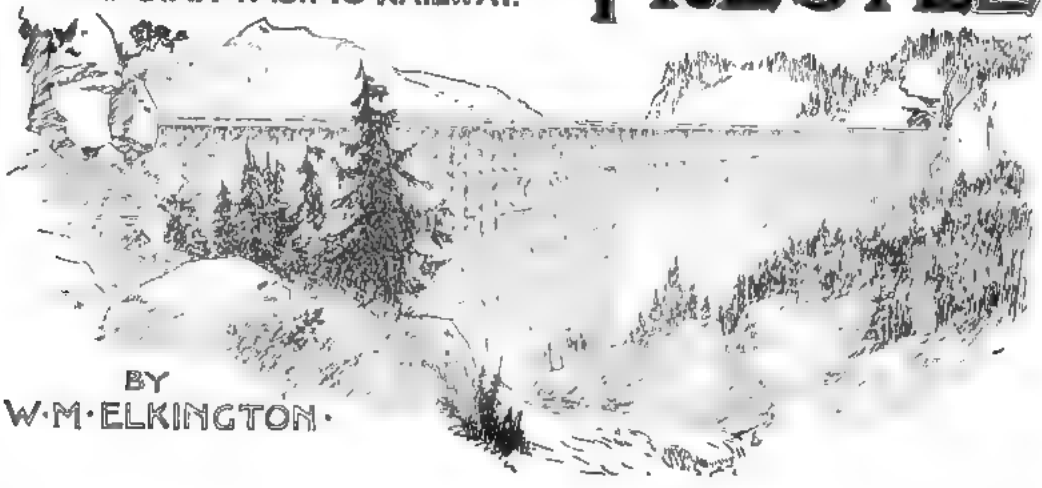
W. H. V. and **W. B. C.**—Full particulars about the Whitworth Scholarship and Exhibition may be obtained by applying to the secretary of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, W. The scholarships are open to competition to any of Her Majesty's subjects under twenty-six years of age on May 1st.

(**H. W. J.**, **L. E.**, and **W. G. M.** will find replies to their letters in the Old Fag's Answers to Correspondents.)

A. E. M. F.

TRAPPED ON THE TRESTLE.

A TALE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.



BY
W·M·ELKINGTON·

ROUND by the northern shore of Lake Superior, where the Canadian Pacific Railway insinuates itself through the heart of a promiscuous upheaval of nature second only in point of magnitude to the Rocky Mountains, one of the chief difficulties of the engineers lay in the construction of bridges to span the chasms that yawned between each rocky tunnel. Occasionally the use of iron was requisitioned where a particularly deep or eccentric gorge barred the way, but in the majority of instances the abundance of heavy timber and the native skill of the engineers were the means of conquering some of the most untamable tracts in that vast lone region, through the medium of apparently flimsy, yet withal substantial, trestle bridges.

Green River is one of the little bush stations that are dotted along the line at regular intervals, apparently for the sole purpose of providing oases in the wilderness of desolation, since no passenger ever gets down there but to stretch his legs and take a look into the little window of the telegraph office, and no freight appears ever to have been collected or left upon the strip of boarding that serves for a platform. The river foams beneath a modern iron bridge that serves to impart a touch of civilisation to the place, and rumbles a constant accompaniment to the ticking of the telegraph instrument, the while the lazy operator, and the still less preoccupied railway agent, lounge about their little domain.

I arrived at Green River one fiery afternoon in September, when the fierce sun of the Canadian Indian summer poured down its rays upon the surrounding rocks, and scorched the scattered bunches of herbage that sprang up by the side of the track to the colour of the yellow earth that lay parched between the metals. I had walked along from Fish Lake, the station ten miles east, with a camera and sketch book, taking views and notes of some of the boldest and most picturesque features of the country, and I intended to board the west-bound train at Green River, and ride on to Jack Fish Bay, from which place I hoped to coast along the north shore to Port Arthur, at the extreme north-western point on the lake.

The operator and station agent were whiling away the time fishing for trout in a quiet pool below the bridge, and the appearance of a tourist, armed with the modern paraphernalia of his race, seemed to impress them with considerable astonishment, since it was apparent that no train had passed during the last six hours, that no wagon or horse could ever penetrate the bush and rockland in any direction, and the idea of a person walking on such a day was too foolish to entertain for one moment.

I therefore briefly introduced myself, and explained the situation, adding that I intended boarding the train at that place, and asking when it might be expected and how many hours late it was. The men were doubtful that I was not some spirit descended from the mysterious blue, until I produced the inevitable "open sesame" to Canadian hearts—a plug of black tobacco—upon which the operator commenced to laugh heartily, and the agent to pull his moustache, and to glance over my outfit with evident interest in the cut and style of my clothes.

"Stranger," he began, presently, "you'll get no train from here to-day. The westbound's four hours late at North Bay, and making up time to Winnipeg; so they've cut out all stops to Maple Point, and that's another twelve miles west; so as you've managed to get here in some keeurious way, I guess you'd better hustle along to the Point before she comes through."

THE OPERATOR AND STATION AGENT WERE FISHING FOR TROUT IN A QUIET POOL BELOW THE BRIDGE.

"Oh, that's all nonsense!" I exclaimed. "I don't mind walking ten miles along the track from Fish Lake, but when it comes to another twelve it's time to draw the line. Besides, I should never get to the Point in time to catch her. No; you must telegraph her to stop. I'm due at Jack Fish to-night whatever happens, so just come along and ring them up down the line."

At this the operator commenced to laugh again.

"Stop her at Green River when she's making up time!" he exclaimed in disgust. "See here, stranger, it's more than the whole job's worth! We'd have Van Horne* and the whole crowd down on us if we played any of them monkey tricks!"

In vain I pleaded to be allowed to consult the officials down the line. My agent for the wilderness evidently stood in some awe of these authorities, for he stoutly and earnestly reiterated that his job, his belongings, and even his life, would not be worth the purchase did he but attempt to stop the westbound when making up time.

"No!" he exclaimed, emphatically. "It won't do, mister! You'll either get to the Point by the same keeurious way as you arrived, or else you'll camp right here for to-morrow's train. Wait a bit, though," as an idea suddenly struck him, "what d'ye say to run the velocipede along? You've got a couple of hours before she's due, and you'd keep ahead of her, and do it comfortable!"

The very thing! With the velocipede I could run quietly up the line to the Point, take in the whole of the scenery, stop now and again for a snap-shot, and still have lots of time to board the train when she arrived. I expressed my thanks for the offer, and the agent, having leisurely coiled up his primitive fishing line, accompanied me to the freight shed and displayed the mount.

In appearance the velocipede resembled a clumsy and strongly-built ordinary bicycle. The large wheel, over which the rider sat,

* Sir William Van Horne, President of the C.P.R.

and to which the motive power was applied, was only a trifle less cumbersome than the bogey wheel of a locomotive, while from beneath the saddle a stay stretched to a set of two tiny wheels that ran upon the opposite line of metal and maintained the balance of the contrivance. It was just within the power of a man to lift this machine bodily upon the rails; but once there it became an indispensable if not an ornamental article in traversing the vast stretches of Canadian railway.

I was anxious to get off, in order that I might not be compelled to race ahead of the approaching train; and so, with hasty thanks and adieux to the agent and operator, who had not yet overcome their astonishment at my first appearance, I gave the machine a push and leapt into the saddle. Away we went at a good pace along the metals, that rang and clanked at our approach, and echoed away in the distance. Over skeleton trestles, beneath which rocks and tops of trees were barely discernible; through short and rough-hewn tunnels, from the sides of which water poured in numberless cascades. Then clank, clank, clank along a level stretch that seemed scooped out of the dense pine bush, only to roar into another black hole and emerge upon a rocky shore with towering walls of copper-hued rock on one hand and a stretch of silvery fresh water on the other. More tunnels and more gorges round the shore of the bay, and then once more into the dense dark bush.

It was a most inspiriting experience. There was something exciting, something enthralling, and withal something beautiful in that ride. On several occasions I applied the brake to take a snap-shot of some particularly striking view, and many times I felt inclined to throw the machine off the rails in order to reproduce the charming effects of lake and rock and bush. But Maple Point loomed ahead in my mind, and the approaching train served to stimulate my efforts in making up for the time I had lost.

I WAS SAILING DOWN THE GRADE AT TOP SPEED, AND PASSED THEM LIKE A FLASH, NOT EVEN CATCHING THE PURPORT OF THEIR SHOUTS.

By this time I calculated I had covered half the distance, and had still three-quarters of an hour before the train was expected at the Point, so that the remaining six miles could be comfortably overcome without any undue exertion. There was, however, a probability that the train, in its efforts to make up time, might manage to pick up a few minutes over and above the prescribed limits; and, lest such a contingency should leave me in the lurch, I decided to do a little scorching during the next few miles, and reserve my spare time, if any, for a few views of the district near the Point, the fame of which had reached me.

Accordingly I exerted myself to the utmost, and, in response, the velocipede clanked along as gamely as its curious construction would allow. Once I came upon a gang of section men replacing a decayed tie, but

I EXERTED MY STRENGTH TO THE UTMOST, AND THE CUMBERSOME MACHINE PITCHED OVER THE BRIDGE AND CRASHED AMONG THE ROCKS BENEATH.

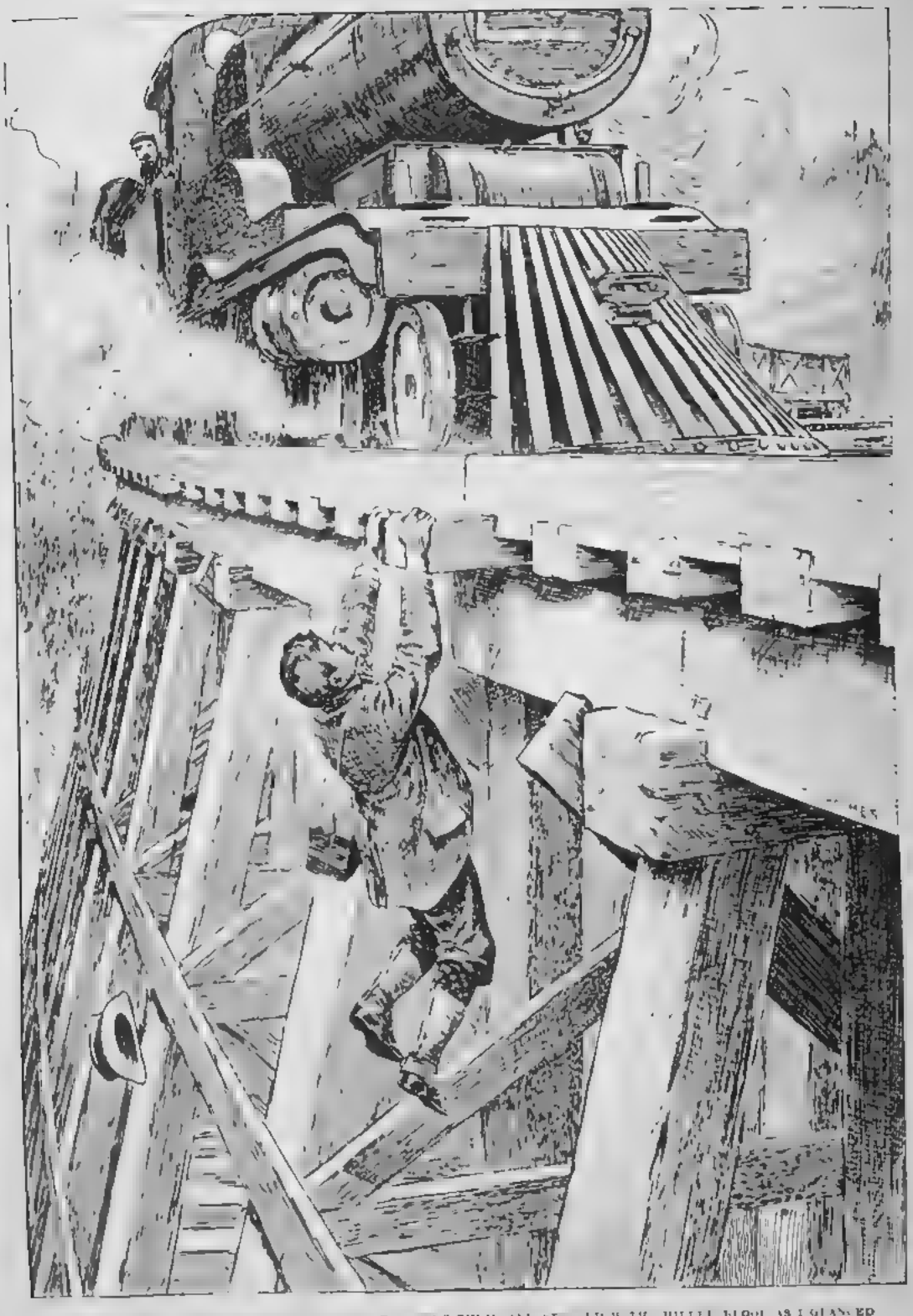
I was sailing down a grade at top speed, and passed them like a flash, not even catching the purport of their shouts.

On we rushed into another region of rock and gorge, through more tunnels, and across more trestles. Roaring torrents poured beneath, and tall, ungainly pines lolled on the projecting rocks, as though they would momentarily topple and crash upon the track beneath. Suddenly, above the rattle of the machine, a strange sound reached my ears—a low rumbling, gradually yet surely increasing in volume. I glanced back, but a rocky projection shut out the view. Another moment and I was in a tunnel.

Still the rumbling increased. I realised in a moment that it must be the west-bound train, and making up time with a vengeance; for here she was half-an-hour before she was expected, and, presumably, catching me up hand over hand, whilst I had already three miles to cover to reach the Point. Still, I determined I would make a race for it, and away sailed the velocipede with an increased volume of clanking that almost drowned for a moment the unwelcome rumbling echoes among the trees.

But it suddenly dawned upon me that my efforts were futile. To race against time is one matter, but to race in front of a Canadian Pacific express, with a relentless cow-catcher, is another, and, as the noise of her approach increased each instant, I decided to put on one more spurt, then unrail, and let her pass, and follow after as quickly as possible, hoping to catch her at the Point before she left.

Ahead of me yawned a deep gorge, thickly covered with bush, and spanned by one of the longest and highest trestles on the line; the full distance being considerably more than three hundred yards. On the far side the line ran abruptly into the black mouth of a tunnel, and, once through that, I would immediately unrail and let the express pass. I glanced round as we took the trestle; but, though the heavy rumbling gave token of the



WOULD THOSE CARS NEVER PASS [illegible] THEM AND [illegible] WITH CHILLED BLOOD AS I GLANCED BELOW, AND THOUGHT OF THE TERRIBLE FALL THAT AWAITED ME

Google

near approach of the train, no sign of it was yet visible.

Again I spurted; and then a cold sweat broke out upon me. I applied the brake with all my might as a puff of smoke appeared in front, and the black head and massive lamp of a locomotive emerged from the tunnel on the far side of the trestle! It was too late! How thoughtless had I been in ignoring the possibility of danger from that quarter, and how easily had I been misled by those echoes that came from the trees and rocks, and whose originality I had only guessed at! It was not the west-bound train at all, but a heavy line of freight cars, laden with wheat from the Manitoban cornfields! I had already covered one-third part of the bridge, and the lumbering train was creeping steadily along, whistling shrilly, and applying her brakes as she discovered my plight. With a spring I dismounted, and stood by the side of my machine upon the narrow sleepers of the bridge. To go back was impossible. The train would be upon me immediately. To leave the machine and endeavour to save myself was equally as bad a policy, for the ironwork of the machine, becoming jammed in the wheels of the locomotive, might cause a disaster, fatal not only to the train, but to the bridge, and then—!

Through the sleepers of the trestle yawned the dark gulf and forest of tree-tops beneath. It was no use. The velocipede must go over immediately, for already the powerful snorting engine was rumbling along the bridge within a hundred yards, and advancing rapidly. Planting my feet firmly upon two of the ties, I exerted my strength to the utmost, and, with a preliminary topple, the cumbersome machine pitched over the bridge and crashed among the trees and rocks beneath. Then for myself! The sleepers projected a foot or more on each side of the metals. That was my chance! I stooped and clutched hold of one of the longest. Then I swung myself over, and hung suspended by the fingers as the lumbering, shrieking locomotive roared over the spot.

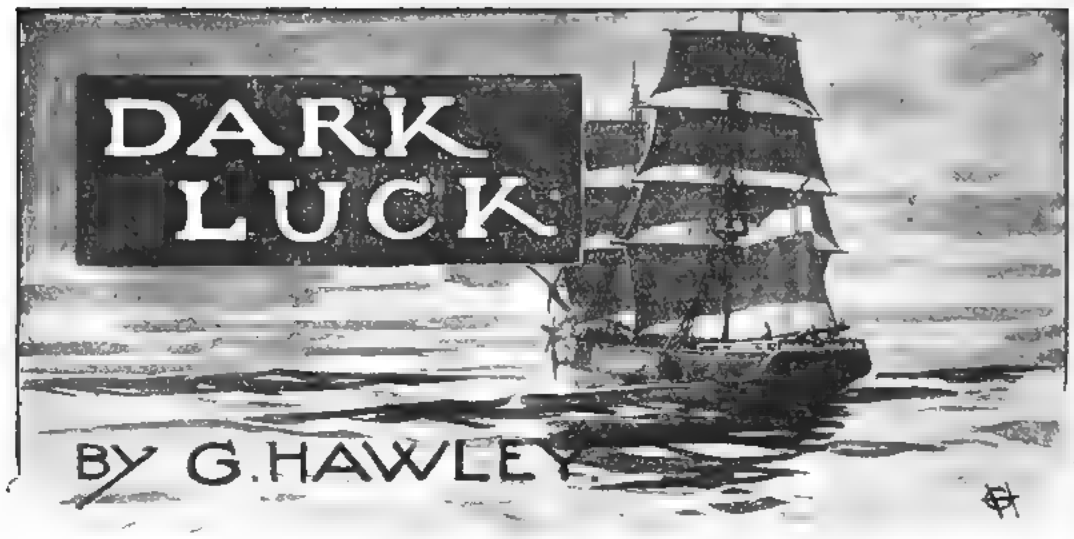
How the bridge swayed and shook! And would she never pass? Clank! clank! With a rattle and roar the cars rolled overhead, while my plight grew rapidly worse, for I realised that I could not sustain myself in such a trying position for any length of time. My fingers were growing stiff and painful, and the sharp edges of the sleeper cut deep into them.

Would those cars never pass? I tried to count them, and stopped with chilled blood as I glanced below, and thought of the terrible fall that awaited me. Then, with a final clank-clank, the last car dragged slowly past, and I was saved.

Saved! With my numbed fingers gradually slipping from their hold, and my mind in a whirl, and giddy from protracted suspension at such a vast height! In vain I tried to swing myself upon the sleepers again; in vain I tried to obtain a firmer grip of my refuge, and pull myself once more upon the bridge. Every movement I made only hastened the end, and served to relax the hold I still possessed.

The noise of the train had faded from my ears. A strange roaring, rushing sound oppressed me, and I seemed to feel the jagged branches of the trees that would tear me as I fell. Then came a strange cry; the bridge again seemed to sway, and as my fingers slipped—slipped from the sharp edges of the sleeper—a strong hand grasped the collar of my coat, and a babel of voices swelled the confusion as I felt myself hauled up into safety.

It was the brakesmen of the freight train, which had come to a stop not many yards away, who came at such an opportune moment to rescue me from that terrific fall. I only know that if my friend the agent at Green River had been a trifle more explicit in demonstrating that the freight train was due at that time, and shunted at the river to allow the express to pass, the company would have been the richer by a velocipede, and I—well, since I managed to push on, and reached the Point some six hours ahead of the west-bound train, which had suffered from heated axle as a result of its efforts in making up time, and as I thereby secured material for some of the finest studies of Canadian lake and mountain scenery, I have little cause to cavil.



Illustrated by the Author.

PART II.

THE first half of this story appeared last month. Captain Griggs, of the *Number One*, is a mean-minded, bullying, cowardly skipper; his crew are an utterly cowed, tame lot of men. One day, in mid-ocean, Griggs espies a big clipper ablaze, and, gloating over the salvage money he may win, puts off in his boats to her assistance. The clipper proves to be the *Attila*. The only living being aboard is her skipper, Captain Tobutt, who explains that his crew (a wild set of rascals) have fired, plundered, and deserted the vessel, he himself only saving his life by hiding in the bowsprit. Captain Griggs is just congratulating himself on the salvage he will draw, when a loud shout arouses the two captains from their drinking bout in the cabin. They rush on deck to find that the *mutineers are returning*. In all haste Griggs, Tobutt, and the *Number One's* crew get into the boat and row back to the brig. The mutineers get aboard the *Attila*, and a chase begins, the little brig flying for her life with the mutineers in hot pursuit.

THE distance increased, the little brig showing a quick handiness in turning that just balanced the greater speed of the long clipper. She was round and sailing full on the other tack while the big ship was yet heaving in the wind's eye.

Captain Tobutt replaced his revolver in his hip-pocket.

"Now," said he to Captain Griggs, who was blank with horror at the scene he found himself an actor in, "don't you worry; take it quietly, and I'll see you through this all right. First, there's your crew—a fatted, idle crowd, that want screwing up and making men of. I'll see you safe out of this, and you will thank Providence you fell in with Captain Tobutt."

The speaker faced the crew with such a turbulent and threatening air that each man, as his eyes fell on him, ducked his head and fumbled with the coils on the belaying-pins.

"Fore tack!" he roared; "sweat it home! Hi! you, there! Is that the way to coil down a rope? Do you want me to paste you with the tail end of it, or don't you? Shake out the maintop g'ant sail. Jump aloft, you holy sinners. *Jump*, I tell you. Stand by the lifts!"

At that the tame crew sprang from rope to rope and from top to top, with a grin on their lank cheeks, for very joy of doing the will of a reckless man.

The brig now leant over under all plain sail, and, as she turned to windward, she felt all the weight of the breeze. Every now and again the lee scuppers shot a gush or two of water on the dry decks. The breeze was freshening.

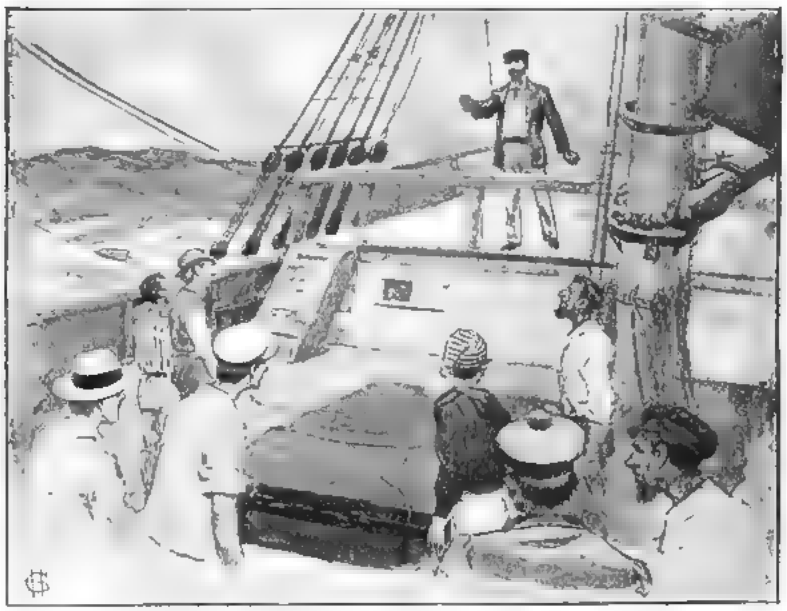
"Heigh!" cried Captain Tobutt, scanning every sail in quick succession. "Here's the breeze coming. We'll set up the foretop-gallant-mast and spread all the kites. Just look at my lot!"

He cocked his eye, and nodded with unbounded approval at the clipper, which was now full on the other tack, every sail set to a hand's breadth.

"That's my training!" he cried to the brig's crew. "You are going through the same sweet mill, and then you'll be men—men, I tell you, from the hair of your head down to the ends of your ten pink toes. Now, then, cast adrift that spar. Hands aloft to strike the flag-pole!"

The brig had a flag-staff set in the place of the foretop-gallant-mast. That spar, a new one, was lying on deck all ready fitted for the rigging. It had been Captain Griggs's intention to have set it up when the crew had discharged the cargo at Calcutta, for the brig's crew and captain were the last people in the world to handle a big spar like this when the ship was under weigh and in a strong breeze.

Captain Tobutt was certainly mad, thought every man in the crew, as the order fell on their ears. They eyed the spar, then the clipper under their lee; and then stared open-mouthed at Captain Tobutt, who, dark-faced and humorous as fate, stormed at them from the poop. But there was no escape; so they dejectedly abandoned all hope of life—making their peace thereby—and, having cast away by anticipation that questionable luxury, found themselves, with a breathless kind of delight, juggling with sudden death.



"JUMP ALOFT, YOU LAZY SINNERS! JUMP, I TELL YOU!" ROARED CAPTAIN TOBUTT.

At last it was ready to go aloft. The tackles were manned, and, just as it was ready to swing out, Captain Griggs jumped to his feet in horror. "There'll be an accident," he cried. "Something will carry away if you try to run it up!"

"Not a bit, cap.; not a bit," cheerfully responded Captain Tobutt. "I know the trick—look out all! here's the *Attila* again; hands stand by to 'bout ship!"

The long length of the clipper had again told in the race. She was drawing close in and edging to get to windward of the brig. Down went the latter's helm, and her crew, under the lash of Captain Tobutt's tongue, jumped about the deck as if every other plank were red hot.

She filled on the fresh tack, and had even put a good distance between herself and her pursuer, while the latter was still bowing up and down in the wind like a fine-mannered lady curtseying. When at last the *Attila* had every sail once more full and drawing, the faces on her decks were hardly discernible, though at the moment of tacking they were nearer than at the first time, and so rapidly had the brig been put about under Captain Tobutt's orders that any pistol work was entirely out of the question. The brig's crew were already improving.

The wind fell a trifle lighter, which was another point in the favour of the *Number One;* yet it was no lady's breeze either. On the instant Captain Tobutt seized his chance to run the spar aloft. With short, sharp words he flung the crew aloft, brought them down again; sent them on a long trail across the deck heaving at the fall of the tackles, scattering them at the gust of his breath like wind-blown smuts high in the rigging—heartening this man, and reviling that man with prodigious oaths, until the only thought and the only hope in each man's heart was in the surging aloft of the spar.

It rose up at last, and showed its naked length to the sky. At the sight of this daring feat accomplished, the pride of work came to the tame crew, and when they returned to deck they looked Captain Tobutt between the eyes, and he nodded grimly back at them.

"Now, you sea-gutter footpads," he cried, "up with the muslin."

The top-gallant yard, with the sail bent on,

CAPTAIN GRIGGS CRAWLED ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES—FOR THE SHIP WAS ON A STEEP SLOPE—AND MADE HIS WAY TO THE WEATHER SIDE.

was presently in position. After that, up went the fore-royal, and both sails were sheeted home. Then the main royal sail was unfurled and set.

Under the immense leverage of these high sails (the wind having freshened again) the *Number One* heeled over with a prodigious drumming and twanging of straining ropes, until the water rushed in her lee scuppers like a mill sluice.

At this Captain Griggs, crawling on his hands and knees—for the ship was on a steep slope—made his way to the weather side, and cast a terrified glance at the top-gallant mast; it was bending like a whip. In a high, shaken voice he screamed to Captain Tobutt:—

"It's going! She'll never stand it. You'll lose my new sails as well. Take 'em in, take 'em in at once!" The latter order was shouted to his crew, but they, having thrown dice with death and won, grinned amiably from the vantage points of the belaying-pins, where they hung on stiffly, like mechanical figures; but they did not move a hand or foot.

Captain Tobutt, who was looking over the quarter-rail marking the dizzy rush of foam past the bends, turned to him and roared: "No; you keep 'em up. Wait a minute till we get up extra back stays. Got rope below? Good! Isn't she ramping along? Guess you never got anything like this speed out of her before, my son. Not going to again? O yes, you will; you'll remember this pace, and go the rest of your days bursting through the seas like a young blood. But just you pray for no more wind than this till nightfall, and there will be half-a-dozen miles 'tween them and us."

All these remarks were shouted down to Captain Griggs, as he crept back again to the companion hatch; he went sideways, like a crab, his eyes fixed on the buckling masts.

Presently the new rope was hoisted on deck, and the lengths measured in the most reckless fashion. At each swish of the knives through the clean manilla Captain Griggs shuddered as if the steel had been cutting off one of his limbs. Ruin was beginning to loom ahead.

The monsoon was now roaring lustily through the rigging, and the brig, hard pressed under every square foot of sail that could be packed upon her bending masts, broke through the seas with a panting thud. Two men, bare to the belt, sweated at the wheel. The wind, for all its strength, was reeking hot. Not a cloud broke the evenness of the sky, which had now turned an iron-grey blue. Against this sombre colour the

white pyramid of the *Attila's* sails stood out dazzlingly white. What before had been tremulous, slow-running swells, were now changed into heavy, swift-running billows, crested with hissing tops of foam.

No more could be done on the *Number One*. Every sail she could stagger under was up and pulling. Her decks sloped like the roof of a house. Every man hung on with a firm grip, swinging to the deep roll of the ship, and every eye was on Captain Tobutt, while his travelled between the ever-increasing slope of the brig's masts and the clipper.

Captain Griggs hung over the top of the cabin hatch, his hands clutching the ledging on either side, while his long legs dangled in the opening. His chin was thrust forward the better to see the whipping masts and the sagging lee rigging. Occasionally a deep groan of commiseration for himself escaped his lips. Fleeing for his life and ship; in the hands of the maddest captain who ever crossed the seas; his rope and canvas wasted like water; his ship straining; every bolt and tree-nail working loose; she would want dry-docking for a month to make her seaworthy again.

"Dry docking," he thought, with bitter anguish; "would she ever get near a dock of any kind again?" At present they were running back to the waters of the southern seas. But the cruellest blow of all was yet to fall on him.

For some time Captain Tobutt had been hanging from the main rigging without speaking. All was going well; the brig settled no further down, and the clipper, if she gained at all, gained very slowly. So he jumped in board, and slid down to Captain Griggs, and cried:—

"We're holding our own, sir. Now for breakfast, and then we'll feed the crew and temper 'em up a bit."

However, it was Captain Tobutt who took breakfast; his companion had no heart or appetite for eating.

He sat in the slope of the cabin, vacant eyed and drooping mouthed; every now and again he gave a nervous strained attention to the sounds on deck.

Something must break soon. No ship could withstand the enormous pressure of sail for long, and live. The very beams overhead and at his back creaked and moved. Twenty times he crawled on deck, and as often the hearty roystering voice of Captain Tobutt brought him down again.

"Feed, man, feed! If we sink we'll baulk the devil of one more luxury; though to be plain with you, captain, I'd a sight rather I were feeding in my own ship, for the sake of the grub. But your liquor isn't bad, and that's the truth. So one more bumper to fasten down the breakfast. And now," said he, "let the hands have theirs, for there is some eye-skinning work in front of them if the breeze freshens."

Captain Griggs is now many years older, and has retired from the sea. But he has only a single tenement, and for that he pays rent. The vision of a whole row and his Monday morning collections for himself has long been forgotten. Yet the memory of this particular breakfast of his crew still rises vividly before him, and affects him like a physical sickness.

It was Captain Tobutt who gave the order, and the mean best of the brig's cabin went to the galley, and at the finish three whole bottles of rum followed by way of a "caulker," as the *Attila's* captain termed it.

Till this last item came up the cabin stairs Captain Griggs had sat in his old place a very image of abject despair and impotency. But at the sight of the liquor he started up, galvanised by fear and greed, and crawled to Captain Tobutt, who had resumed his old station.

"Captain," wailed he, "did you say that they were to have rum too?"

"I did that; and I wish that this brig weren't so deep in the water—what are you talking about? Shout! I can't hear you in this wind."

Captain Griggs crawled a little nearer and shouted slowly in a horror-stricken voice:—

"They'll—get—drunk! Do—you—hear—me?"

At this Captain Tobutt hung back by both arms over the water, and scornfully looked between the shrouds at his questioner. Then he shouted back deliberately:—

"*And—the—sooner—the—better. Do you expect a sober crew to chuck cargo out when the ship's hanging by her eyelids on the sea-top?*"

He saw Captain Griggs's face turning to a grey yellow, while his mouth formed the words: "What for?"

Captain Tobutt made a quick grimace, curled his moustache with his free hand, and nodded astern. The clipper had gained all she had lost.

Captain Griggs slid back from this discomforting sight; but as he turned his eyes fell on far worse. His crew had mixed the rum and were grinning at him over their pannikins—his crew, the crew who at his casual word had slunk to and fro like whipped dogs; slunk, never faster. That was but ten hours ago. Yet now, at the word of a stranger, they jumped to and fro with many a call and chorus, briskly, as became men who loved work.

And riotous, revolutionary work it soon was. At hazard of their lives they opened the main hatch and tumbled barrels and cases over the coubing. Once over that, the things went plunging down

THE CARGO WENT PLUNGING DOWN THE SLANT DECK, AND BURST THROUGH THE BULWARKS.

the slant deck, and burst through the bulwarks as if they were matchwood.

The top cargo was Captain Griggs' own venture, and was stowed there for safety. As each package and bale saw the light of day and vanished in the hissing lee, he groaned and wrung his hands. His lips shaped inarticulate threats; utter a sound he could not, for his mouth was dry with fear. Were those jeering, shouting, reckless men his crew? What man among them had even dared to smile at him? There was one of them, as the packages balanced on the combing before taking the fatal plunge, kept waving his hand to him and crying, "Say ta-ta," and when it lurched overboard, the rest of the wreckers chorused, "Bye-bye, daddy's little pet!" and then turned on him with a ribald cheer.

After an hour's work of destruction Captain Tobutt slapped him on the back with a resounding thwack.

"Cheer up, old man!" he gaily cried. "We'll save you yet. We're holding our own now we've lightened her a few tons."

But just on the instant, as the last tarpaulin on the hatches was wedged down, the monsoon freshened with a frightful gust, and laid the *Number One* on her beam ends. For the space of time in which a man might draw a deep breath and face the horror of coming death, she lay down with the water washing her lee deck to the masts. Then Captain Tobutt's voice rang out, calling order after order, like a succession of explosions. The crew fought their way to the belaying-pins that were now above them. One man slipped, slid down the deck, was a black dot whirling past in the hissing lee, was caught by the back wave on the quarter, and flung upon the poop without halting, and, as if his escape had been the routine of his work, he clambered to his station without a cry.

The sheets were just hissing round the pins when there came a sharp crackle of breaking wood, and

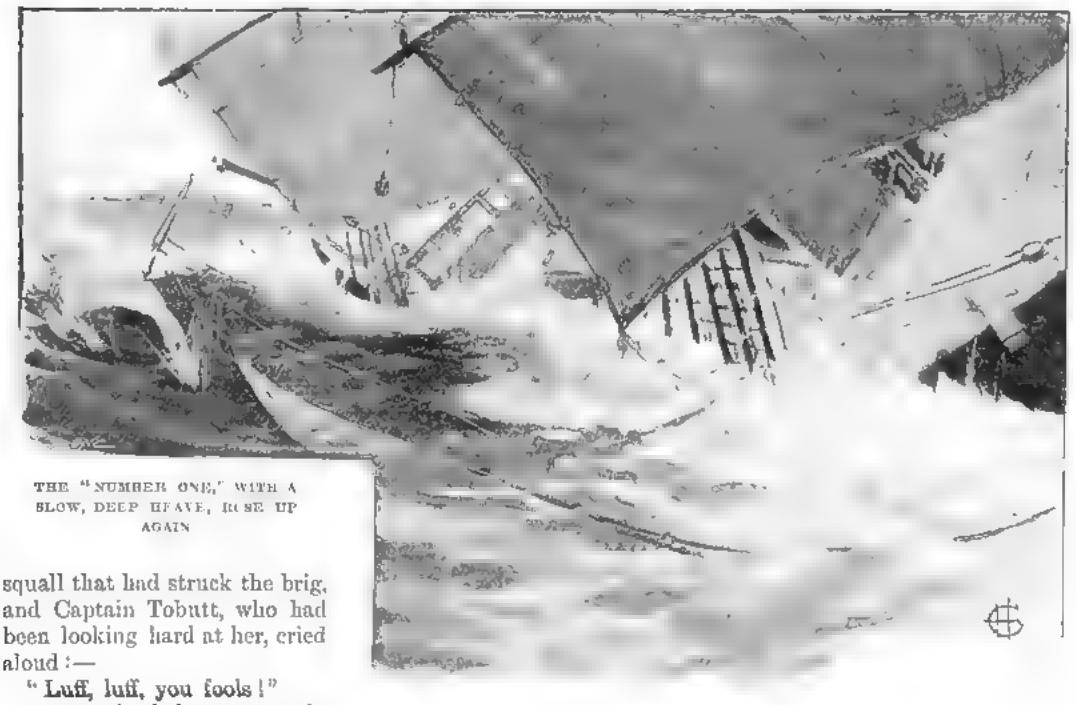
the foretop-gallant-mast, with all its sails, fell from their height, and swung a tangled mass of wreckage on the lee.

The *Number One*, with a slow, deep heave, rose up again. Captain Tobutt squinted amiably at the supine form of Captain Griggs, and cried: "That saved us, but only from the frying-pan into the fire. Here come the *Attila* and sudden death!"

The clipper now gained on them, as the brig was standing still. She was lying over at a deep angle, and driving immense volumes of spray over her bows, and as high as the foretop, her lower canvas showing dark brown with the water it was soaking in. But presently she ran into the same consuming energy, he set the brig's crew to cut away their wreckage.

Through the two minutes of swift accidents Captain Griggs had not stirred from his seat. The beam-ending of the brig, the man overboard, the breaking mast, and the greater mishap to the clipper, had passed before him as if it were all a dream. But when the last rope that held the wreckage to the ship had been hacked in twain, and the huddle of sails and spars began to drift astern, he sprang to his feet and cast a miserable, supplicating look at Captain Tobutt.

"Can't we save the sails?" he implored. "They are brand new ones, and I've paid for them; and the rope, too! You wouldn't rob an old man!"



THE "NUMBER ONE," WITH A SLOW, DEEP HEAVE, ROSE UP AGAIN

squall that had struck the brig, and Captain Tobutt, who had been looking hard at her, cried aloud:—

"Luff, luff, you fools!"

But as the helmsmen at the brig's wheel began hurriedly to put her in the wind, he turned on them, crying:—

"Not you! Steady! O Lord, there goes my sticks!"

It was the *Attila* that had caused his cry. The squall had struck her, and the white pyramid of sail was shuffling like a falling house of cards. She fell off the wind, showing the whole length of her broadside to the brig. The maintop-gallant-mast had gone with all its sails, and nothing above the spanker was left standing on the mizzen-mast.

For a moment Captain Tobutt shook his fist impotently at the disfigured ship. Then, with

For answer Captain Tobutt pointed astern. The clipper had already cleared away the wreckage, and men were busy furling head sails to balance the loss aft.

As the new sails of the *Number One* whirled astern, and were lost in the smother of foam in the wake, Captain Griggs dropped his head with a groan, and gave up all hope.

The wind had by this time risen to a whole gale. But the reduced sail and lighter hold of the brig told strongly in her favour. She swung to the seas fairly easily, yet there was a frightful sidling rush in her charge at them. She lay even nearer the wind than before, while the clipper, on

the contrary, could not hold up so closely, owing to the loss of the after canvas. Yet under the new conditions—the stronger wind and the heavier seas—she was sailing three feet to the brig's one. On the other hand, she had dropped fully a mile astern while she trimmed her feathers.

Captain Tobutt now began to tack the *Number One* every half-hour. The clipper took longer tacks—immense, sweeping lines, which took her hull down and nearly out of sight in the distant seas. But each time she returned, and rushed across the brig's track, she was nearer than before.

The wind had now risen to a wild gale, and the seas flew in torrents over the weather-bow of the *Number One*. The crew, sheltering under the bulwarks, ate their dinner between the calls of duty. Their fare was cabin beef and ham, and more good rum. They ate through the afternoon, for the *Attila* had drawn uncomfortably close, and Captain Tobutt was not the man to rob a crew of a gallant feed when the morrow was at hazard. As for Captain Griggs, he was now utterly collapsed and inert; his crew had to lash him to the poop rail.

The afternoon wore to early dusk, and through murk of sea and sky the hunter and the hunted flew from horizon to horizon, leaving dim white tracks in their wakes, that loomed like dusty roads in a hilly country at nightfall. The *Attila* was now desperately near, and as she crossed the brig's track and went suddenly about, the thunder of her shaking canvas was audible from end to end of the *Number One*.

Captain Tobutt, mounted in his old station, eyed her with a sardonic smile. Three more tacks and the brig would be under the clipper's iron stern.

"Helm a lee!" he roared. The *Number One* shot up in the wind, emptied the water from her deck, and forged ahead on the other tack in a smother of foam. Round, too, swept the *Attila*, hardly a ship's length astern. She was making short tacks; the quarry was within striking distance. Even above the thunder of the gale, and even from leeward, a rolling yell of triumph floated up to the brig. At this, Captain Tobutt craned out and marked all the heads in the clipper's long waist; and marked, too, all the clenched fists that were shook at him. He waved his cap, and, swift as an echo, waved back a challenging cry.

He still kept his place, and at the end of the next ten minutes he called out to the sweating men at the wheel:—

"Last tack but one—helm a lee!"

Up went the brig in the wind. Up, too, came the clipper, true as a shadow. This time they were so close that even, dark as the day had fallen, the men at the clipper's foretack could be distinctly seen as they swigged it home with passionate haste.

Then soon, as she forged ahead and chose her station preparatory to swooping down on the brig, a long, rolling chorus broke out:—

> John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in his grave,
> But his soul goes marching on.

Upon hearing that, Captain Tobutt called out briskly, and as a man simply answering a chance remark:—

"Larb-board—helm a-lee, and all die game!"

But as the brig shook her sails in the wind her crew, with the tail of their eyes on the clipper, saw a wonder beginning to happen. The *Attila* was falling off the wind and veering away, and that, too, when the brig was fluttering like a little bird beneath the hawk. She still fell away from the wind, a tumultuous shouting rising from her decks. Two heavy seas burst over her in quick succession and rolled away to leeward littered with her boats and deck fittings. Then she rose upright, and, with the wind on her quarter went swinging across the seas and away from the *Number One*.

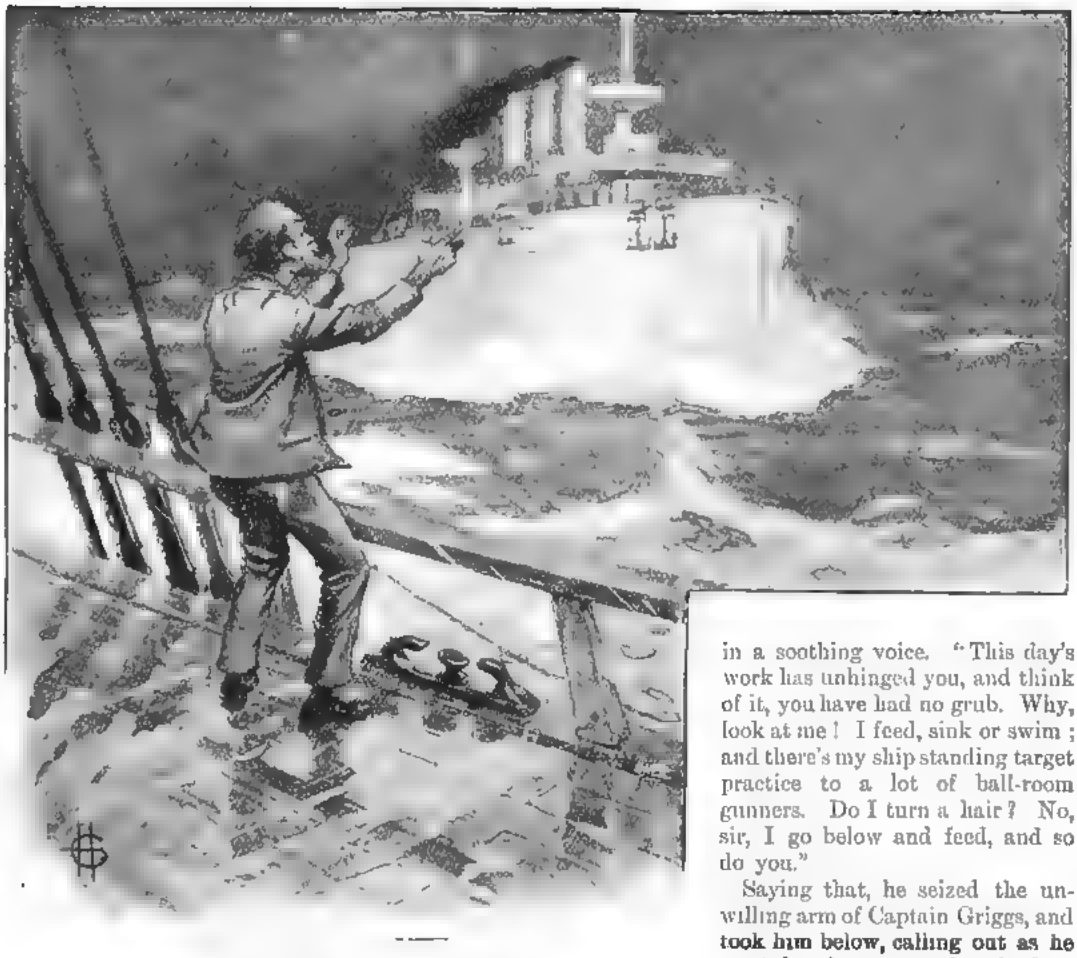
It was a daring piece of seamanship, accurately and swiftly done. It was a performance to be beheld with bated breath till success or failure crowned or marred it.

For the first time since his arrival on board, Captain Tobutt's face wore an expression of blank amazement. What had happened? What sudden miracle had bent the iron resolution of his "daisy man"? Nothing in the sails of the clipper had gone wrong, and there were no shoals or rocks within a thousand leagues. Utterly confounded, he was fain at last to turn and ask the solution to the problem from even Captain Griggs.

But that navigator had disappeared. Presently, however, he rushed up from the cabin with the red ensign trailing behind him. Flying to the signal halyards, he ran up the colour half-mast high and union downwards. That done, he incontinently flew to the lee side, and shouted and waved his arms like an ancient seer possessed.

Captain Tobutt and every one of the brig's crew, helmsman as well, flew to his side, and saw, rushing out from the dusk, a long, grey hull, huge, but indistinct as a shadow. Three great funnels poured out a coiling volume of smoke, which trailed in her wake, blotting out all behind her. It was the British cruiser *Terrible*.

Down she came, slicing the seas in twain, and passed within a biscuit's toss of the brig's stern. A sharp hail came from her as she passed on unhalting.



IT WAS THE BRITISH CRUISER "TERRIBLE."

"They tried to run us down!" yelled Captain Griggs. "Hang 'em, blow 'em out of the water!"

Even while he spoke she was past and gone, her narrow, round stern growing less and less like the last carriage of an express train. Presently, a flash of fire ripped the dusk, and the sullen boom of a gun rolled up. Again the flash came, but this time the report had a metallic ring in it.

"That's it!" cried Captain Griggs, "sink the blackguards—sink 'em!"

"The fools!" roared Captain Tobutt, "they're firing solid shot, and they'll knock holes in my ship!"

"Holes!" yelled Captain Griggs, glaring at him through the dusk. "Let 'em knock lumps out—sink her! blow her up, you black-livered pirate, you!"

He came nearer, shaking his fist in the astonished face of his listener.

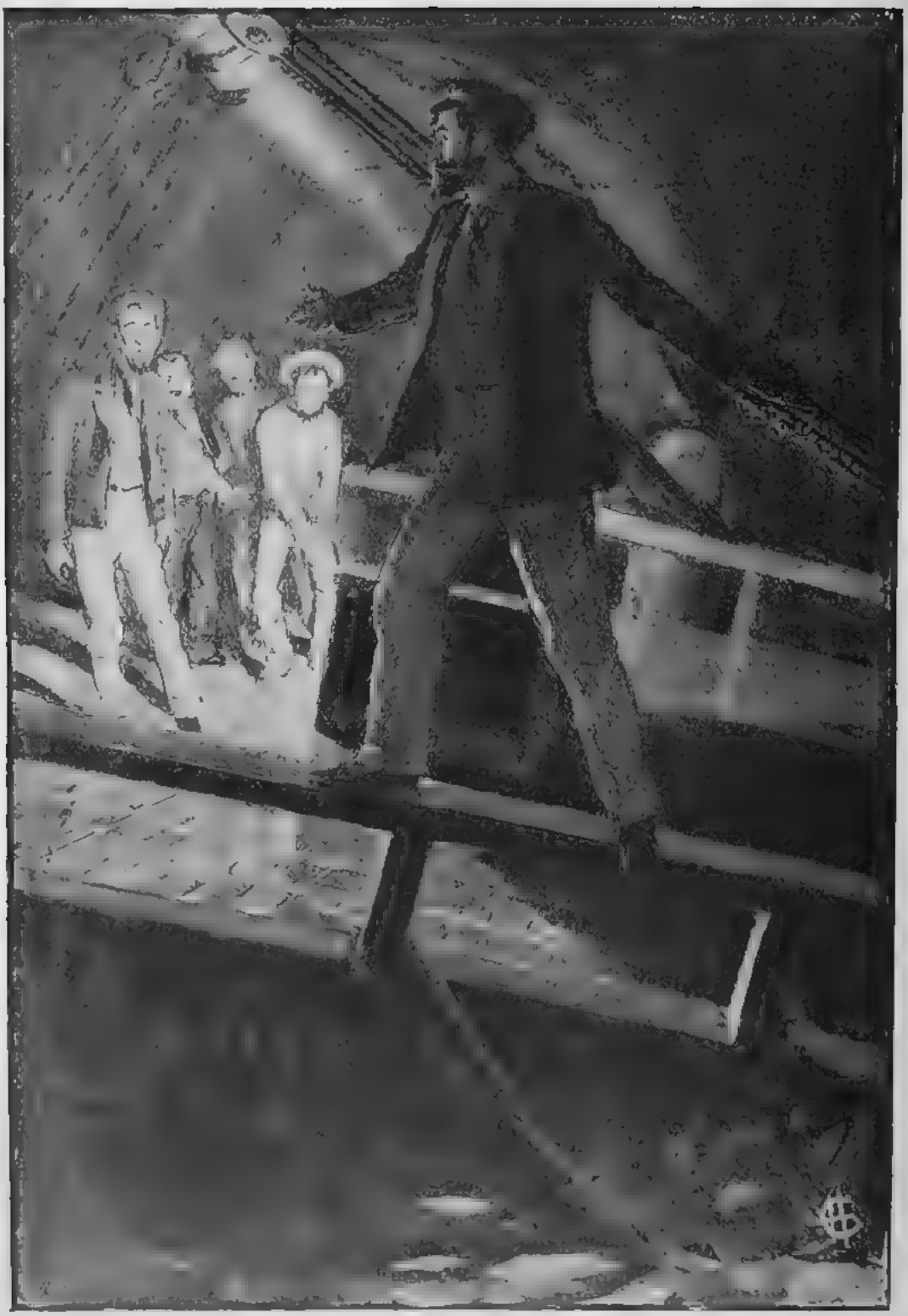
"There, there, old man!" cried Captain Tobutt in a soothing voice. "This day's work has unhinged you, and think of it, you have had no grub. Why, look at me! I feed, sink or swim; and there's my ship standing target practice to a lot of ball-room gunners. Do I turn a hair? No, sir, I go below and feed, and so do you."

Saying that, he seized the unwilling arm of Captain Griggs, and took him below, calling out as he went for the crew to lay the brig to and hoist signal lights for the cruiser to find them when she returned with the *Attila*. Escape from the swift heels of the *Terrible* was an impossibility.

He fed royally, pressing food and drink upon his host with prodigal hospitality. Captain Griggs, at the boisterous commands of his guest, drained bumper after bumper, till, what between fear and the excitement of the day, his roystering guest loomed before his eyes bigger and bigger, until he seemed to fill the cabin with a dark cloud, in the centre of which glared a red face and two glittering eyes. Captain Griggs, like the Arabian fisherman, had let loose a genie to devour himself.

At last Captain Tobutt rose and emptied his last glass, and sentimentally seized his host's hand.

"Old man," said he, impressively, "we'll forget any ill words that came between us, as I know you're just thankful as can be to me for saving



CAPTAIN TOBUTT TURNED LEISURELY TO HIS HOST "I'LL NOT FORGET THIS, SIR CAPTAIN TOBUTT'S NOT THAT KIND OF MAN BUT IT'S PUTTY ROUGH ON YOU THE WAY THINGS OLD HUNKER TURNED OUT, FOR SHE'LL SCOOP ALL THE SALVAGE. STILL I'VE SAVED YOUR SHIP, AND SHAKEN UP YOUR CREW A BIT SO JUST YOU KEEP 'EM TIGHT IN HAND.

your ship; there's not a man afloat as could have handled her as I did this day. And you'll remember it, sir, and tell your kids how Cap'n Tobutt saved your ship and life; maybe your missus will teach 'em to drop in a prayer or two for me when they're tucked in bed."

At this picture of domestic bliss he again shook his host's hands. Hard upon that a hail came from the deck, and they went above.

It was now quite dark, and the wind rapidly falling to a whole-sail breeze. To leeward the darkness was broken by a line of bright lights, which shone like a row of street lamps in a sleeping city. The roar of steam blowing off shook the air. Close in, and on the brig's quarter, a man-o'-war's boat danced heavily on the black water. A lamp on board her shone on the wet faces and oilskins of her crew. A voice called for the captain of the *Attila*.

"Right!" cried Captain Tobutt, in the tone of an officer answering a subordinate. "Have you got her?"

"Yes; we're waiting. Make haste!"

Captain Tobutt turned leisurely to his host.

"I'll not forget this, sir. Cap'n Tobutt's not that kind of man. But it's pretty rough on you the way this old iron fort turned up, for she'll scoop all the salvage—which I'm sorry for. However, it's the fortune of war, and that's the pity of it. Still, you see, I've saved your ship. And there's your crew, too, I've shaken up a bit. So just you keep 'em tight in hand—tight and heavy, so to speak—and they'll just rip this ship 'cross the oceans like a tornado."

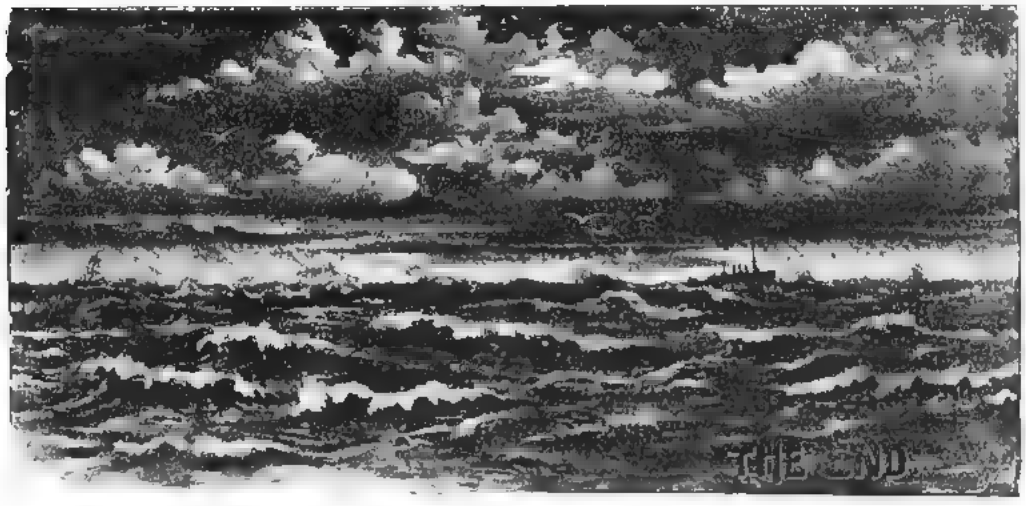
With that he again wrung his hand, sprang on the rail, and jumped into the tossing boat.

A red port fire was burning to help his descent, yet, even without the flavour of sulphur, Captain Griggs blinked as if a nameless spirit had been and gone. When he opened his eyes again all was darkness. Nothing told of his visitor but the tossing lamp on the black sea, and that, too, was soon lost to sight.

Nothing told of his visitor? In the grey, wan dawn of the morrow Captain Griggs looked from his poop and beheld a wrecked and tattered vessel. A third of her cargo was gone to deep sea soundings, and she leaked like a sieve. Not a trace could be seen of the clipper, not a far-trail of smoke hinted of the great cruiser. But for his ship and crew they seemed imaginations of a dream.

Truly, indeed, had the vanished captain spoken when he said that he had shaken the crew up. Never in the history of seas and ships had such a democratic brig gone-a-sailing. The *Number One's* crew changed watches when inclination moved them, and from no other cause. The words of the ringleader, who, of all people, was the cook, summed up the situation with terse brevity:—

"The navigation we leaves to you, old hoss; we'll look after the grub, and in 'tween times do a little sail trimmin'."



Some Advantages of a Stamp Collection.

THE subject of Stamp Collecting is receiving more attention to-day than was afforded to it ten or twenty years ago. Views on the question of its utility in all phases of life have changed. It is a scientific pastime of national and universal interest.

The advantages accruing from an intimate knowledge of philately are manifold. Numberless students of the subject, old and young, can testify to the personal pleasure and profit derived from a longer or shorter connection with their stamp album. But it is, perhaps, to the younger collector that the advantages especially appeal as serving to develop latent energies, fitting for increased usefulness when entering upon professional or business life.

If we accept the testimony of many experienced schoolmasters, those boys who have learned the pleasure and profit to be derived from the stamp album excel in their studies, exhibiting greater interest in otherwise uninteresting subjects, adaptation to quick perception, habits of inquiry, and especially painstaking methods of performing school or other duties, however trivial.

The difference between what one might term the old and new methods of collecting is worth noting. Speaking of British collectors a New England stamp collector recently remarked that "English collectors were philatelists—they *study* their stamps." And here lies the variation of the present system of stamp collecting from that practised in earlier days. The promiscuous collector who accumulates varieties as they come across his path without regard to design or other peculiarity will not derive the same instruction from collecting as the collector who studies and classifies his stamps according to individual taste. It is the latter method from which may be said is derived the highest utility of the pastime which gives it sound educational properties.

To state that philately teaches history, geography, and other sciences is correct, if we are earnest in collecting and seek these advantages in our progress. Geography is somewhat of a dry study, but with the stamp album a fresh interest is aroused in the subject, a system of *inquiry* is instituted, and the stamp collector soon finds himself entering almost unconsciously into the geographical positions of countries little known, their inhabitants, natural history, products, and other details which by the beautiful designs of present-day issues are portrayed to the eye at every reference to the pages of the stamp album.

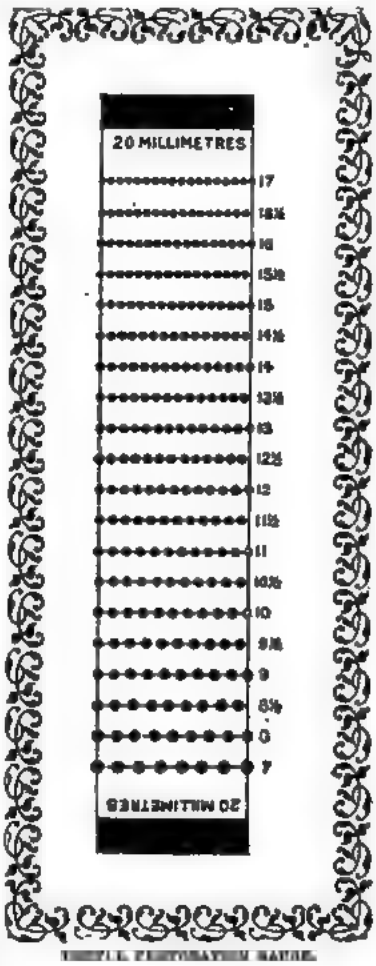
Thus far we have advocated some of the *influences* of stamp collecting. A closer acquaintance with the album will be found to convey insight in the modern arts. Engraving, including stereotypy, electrotypy, the differences between the processes of engraving and lithography, colour printing, duplicating by steel processes, and all the attendant branches of postage stamp production are brought before the stamp collector. Paper making, the differences between laid, wove, and other varieties are also learned, and in many ways, too numerous for further explanation here, the stamp collector, in the exercise of his propensities, is on the royal road to knowledge.

Next month I shall say something about some striking stamps with portraits.

COUNTING PERFORATIONS.

One of the difficulties which have to be tackled by young stamp collectors, and, in fact, all beginners, is counting perforations. The operation appears to cause considerable bewilderment, chiefly because of misunderstanding as to the manner in which the terms "perf. 12," "perf. 14," etc., are obtained.

One thing should be borne in mind at the start. The perforations of any given specimen are not counted by the number of holes on either the top, base, or sides of a stamp, but by the number of holes in a space of 20 millimetres, or its equivalent, 2 centimetres. The useful perforation gauge given herewith is divided off into this space. To find the perforation of any stamp, machine perforated, lay it on the gauge so that one of its sides is brought into contact with the rows of black dots, then move the stamp up or down until the holes on the stamp exactly fit one of the rows of dots. When the correct line has been found, a reference to the number at the end will give the perforation. To illustrate: Take a current 1d. Great Britain stamp, such as can be purchased at any post office. The number of holes on either the right-hand or left-hand sides will be found to number 16, and on either the top or base 13. The perforation of the stamp is neither 16 nor 13, but if the stamp be laid on the gauge either of its sides will be found to exactly fit the row of dots marked "14," i.e., there are exactly 14 complete holes in the space of 20 millimetres. The perforation is therefore 14. The same rule applies to all stamps perforated with what is termed machine perforation.



THE "WOODBLOCK" CAPE STAMPS.

The difference between the ordinary engraved and the so-called "woodblock" stamps of the Cape of Good Hope is not apparently plain to the beginner, who, if we judge by our own experiences when at school, hankers after a "triangular" Cape for his collection, and hopes it may turn out to be a woodblock. The latter variety is illustrated herewith. If the illustration be compared with the common engraved variety the difference will be plain. The woodblock is roughly printed, and shows less detail than the engraved variety. They were prepared by a local firm of engravers in the colony to supply a temporary exhaustion of the stock of the 1d. and 4d. engraved stamps. Their respective value is as follows:—

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE "WOODBLOCK."

	Engraved.	Woodblock.
1d. red, used	2s. 6d.	80s.
4d. blue, used	1s.	40s.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

Ceylon.—Some important changes have been taking place in this, the land of "spicy breezes." Two new stamps, very pretty and striking, have been added to the permanent series—one of 6c. (illustrated) and another of 75c. The large 2r. 50c. stamp has also been printed in new colours, for provisional use, as 1r. 50c. and 2r. 25c. values. The following are the colours:—

CEYLON.

6c., pink and black.
75c., slate and brown.
1r. 50c., slate, surcharged in black.
2r. 25c., yellow, surcharged in black.

I have just received authentic news that the 8c., 28c., and 1r. 12c., and 2r. 50c. are to be withdrawn from use. The 4c. value, at present in use, is to have a new suit of

CEYLON.

clothes, and the 6c. (which I see is spoken of as an addition to the "permanent" series!) will probably be printed for the future in one colour only—pink, instead of pink and black. A new value is in preparation (12c.) for double Imperial postage (2d.).

CRETE.
10 paras (brown).

Crete.—This is quite a new stamp issuing country. Two stamps in the design illustrated have been in circulation, and, considering the history of Crete, should be very interesting some day. The stamps were first issued in blue and green respectively, but the colours have just been changed to 10 paras, brown, and 20 paras, rose.

CRETE.
20 paras (rose).

Cuba.—A "special delivery" stamp has become necessary for Cuba. Pending the preparation of a permanent stamp, which, by the way, is to show a boy on a bicycle, the current U.S.A. stamp has been surcharged as illustrated, "Cuba," and new value. 10c. blue, surcharge in red.

CUBAN.

Fernando Poo.—Spain has just sold her Caroline Islands and other colonial possessions to Germany. Fernando Poo is about the last colony she retains, and it is rumoured that this may be sacrificed in the near future. A new series of stamps in the accompanying design has just been supplied to the colony. There are in all twenty values, ranging from 1 mil de peso—a small fraction of our British penny—to 2 pesos (about 8s.).

FERNANDO POO.

Tasmania.—Following the example of New Zealand, this colony is presently issuing a series of stamps to advertise the beauties of local scenery. Stamp collectors will be eager to obtain the new stamps which will shortly be ready. The designs chosen for the values from ½d. to 6d. are as follows:—

½d., green; *Lake Marion, Du Cane Range.*
1d., red; *Mountain Lake, Huon Road.*
2d., lilac; *Cataract Gorge, Launceston.*
2½d., dark blue; *St. Columba Falls.*
3d., claret; *Lake St. Clair.*
4d., orange; *Russell Falls.*
5d., light blue; *Mount Gould.*
6d., violet lake; *Dilston Falls.*

Stamps for illustration and description kindly lent by Messrs. Whitfield King & Co., of Ipswich.

OUR MONTHLY PACKET OF NEW ISSUES.

The September packet contains twenty-two distinct varieties, including the following: Cuba on U.S.A., 10c.; India, 3 pies, carmine; Ceylon, 6c., rose and black; Straits, four cents on 5c. rose; Duttia, ½ anna, new type; Japan, war stamps, set of four; Canada, ½c. and 3c., with maple leaves in the four corners; ditto, ½c., 1c., and 2c., with numerals in the lower corners; Crete, 10 and 20 paras, in the new colours; Uruguay, 5 milesimos, new type; Uganda, 1 anna; Virgin Islands, ½d.; Hayti, 1c., new issue; ditto, unpaid, 2c., etc., etc. This packet is prepared specially for readers of THE CAPTAIN, and can only be obtained from the office. The price of it is 2s. 6d., (postage 1d.) which should be remitted by postal order.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Puer.—I would strongly advise you to retain your present album until you can afford a much larger size, which will likely become a permanent one. If your stamps are properly hinged you should be able to mount and remount them without damage, but not if you have used paste.

F. L. G.—Certainly, there is a great deal to be learned from a stamp collection, but many lose the opportunities through not studying their stamps. There is plenty of room for those who, like yourself, collect steadily for educational advantages. When you get the chance, don't fail to speak of the pleasure it affords you.

Tuition.—I believe there are schools where philately is an adjunct to the school course. You ask if it is a science? Perhaps a minor science is the best term. The first album was the "Lallier," of Parisian production. An original collection in such an album should be worth a great deal to-day. The highest price paid for a stamp is about £1,000 for a "Post-office" Mauritius. A pair of the same stamps recently sold for £1,800.

H. S. H.—The stamp is a forgery, or it would be valuable—say, worth about £8. No. 2 is genuine, but not the scarce variety.

Hunter.—If you can get the collection you speak of you should be in possession of some good stamps. Any collection formed in the 'sixties is valuable. If your relative has no interest in stamps she will, no doubt, meet your importunity. The first issue of West Australia comprises three varieties 1d., black; 4d., blue; and 6d., brown; the rarest is the latter. Exchanging is good, but be careful what return you get for your own specimens.

Alice.—Glad you are one of the innumerable army of lady collectors. The best album for your collection to be transferred to at its present stage would be the "Imperial." Price is 18s. for the two volumes. Part I., British Empire only; and Part II., Foreign Countries.

Several replies are held over until next month.—ED.

HOW SPARKES MUSTERED HIS TEAM.

An Indian Cricket Experience.

By H. Hervey. Sketches by G. Soper.

It was during 1878-80, when troops were being concentrated on our North-West Frontier, that what are termed "rest camps" sprang up like mushrooms along the chief lines of railway, the energies of whose officials were strained to their last limit, creating a general "waking up" of all grades, that the incident I am about to narrate occurred.

I was in Government service, and, though I had nothing officially to do with the railway, my work took me along it; and on this occasion I was on my first tour of a new range, to which I had just been posted.

As I approached it, the station of Jimmancherla presented a lively appearance. An extensive rest camp stood on an elevation to the right, the lines of tents glistening in the evening sun, relieved here and there by little red splashes, as the soldiers moved about the canvas town. Behind the station buildings stood my own tents, and as I proceeded towards them the familiar but unexpected sound of ball against bat struck on my ear. On turning a corner I beheld an Englishman—a long, lanky individual—standing before a net, and slogging a succession of balls, *flung* at him by some natives at the further wicket, while more natives flew after the balls which the batsman disposed of in all directions. True, the "bowling" was not scientific, they were flings, but swift and straight; for if there is anything a native excels in it is "shying" accurately.

I looked on for a while, but had turned

my back on him before the solitary batsman "spotted" me.

"Hi, mister!" he cried.

I presumed I was the "Mister" he referred to.

"Halloa!" I replied.

"Those yours?" indicating my tents.

"Yes."

"Your name Hervey?"

"Yes. How do you know?"

"Your servants told me. But, look here!—have you replaced old Groves?"

All this "jaw" with fifty paces between us!

"Yes," I shouted.

I had just relieved Groves, one of our seniors, whose cricketing days had long since passed.

"Can you play cricket?"

"Yes!"—whereupon he immediately came to me.

"Look here, I'm Sparkes of the railway; sort of all-round man; assistant to old Maggs, the agent and manager; up here to look after things during this rumpus; been an awful grind; but we've a little breathing time now. Old Maggs seldom stirs from his office chair; he won't be up here for a month, so I'm going to have some fun."

"AND YOU'RE REALLY A CRICKETER?"

He spoke in a series of jerks; he was jerky altogether—a spare, loose-limbed young fellow, with stooping shoulders. The face, though not handsome, was good-humoured, and the eye twinkled merrily; a gentleman, doubtless, but a rough diamond.

"Glad to know you," I said.

"Look here; how long are you staying?"

"A week, at least."

"And you're really a cricketer?"

"Honour bright!" I replied, laughing.

"Eureka!" he shouted, tossing up his cap. "Look here; we'll have a match now you've come."

I stared. Under existing circumstances, and in this out-of-the-way place, the idea of a match seemed a wild one; indeed, the fact of his net practice struck me as an incongruity, and I told him so.

"Nonsense! I've got the 'kit,' and lots of fellers to fag."

"Yes, but how can you get up a match? How about your twenty-two?"

"There are already seven of us, including you."

"Seven of who?"

"Us—Englishmen."

"Where?"

"Here, on the railway."

"Shouldn't have thought the place could produce them. You must have found it difficult."

"Rather!" he laughed. "Did a lot of chopping and changing—putting duffers in place of players."

"None cut up rough?"

"Only one—the shunting engine driver, O'Leary, who I know is a good bowler—he refused to play. I called him an ass, whereupon he became cheeky; so I suspended him."

"And the seven are to play a native eleven?"

"No. Look here—see those tents?" pointing to the rest camp. "They don't leave for another three days."

"Well?"

"Let's play them."

"Oh, I see; Railway, with me incorporated, *versus* the Army?"

"Hang it! no. We'll do better—make it national."

"How?"

"They are two lots—Scotch and Welsh.

"Well?"

"Well, all our fellers are English. Let's go and challenge an eleven of Scotchmen or a team of Taffies for to-morrow."

This seemed feasible, and I began to "catch on." "But we've only seven," I remarked.

"Hang it! Yes. But look here; I dare say we shall rout out another four between this and ten to-morrow; if not, we'll take natives. Come along!"

After swallowing a cup of tea, we proceeded to the rest camp.

"Look here; who's your boss, and where is he?" asked Sparkes of a soldier.

"Captain Blair, sir; 'e's by them scales, sir."

As we approached the scales the officer, evidently having finished his business, was walking away, when—"Hi! Mister! Look here!" shouted Sparkes.

Captain Blair wheeled round, and returned to us.

"I am Sparkes of the railway; Mr. Hervey—friend of mine. Your name is Blair?"

"It is," replied the militario, pleasantly. "What can I do for you?"

"Do you play cricket?" asked Sparkes.

"Cricket!" echoed Blair, wonderingly. "Yes, when I can get it."

"Well, look here; let's have a match to-morrow; commence at ten."

"A match! Where?"

"Here; there's a fine pitch behind the goods shed. English *versus* Scotch, you know. I'll provide the English, and the kit. What say you?"

Captain Blair, after the first shock of surprise, readily cottoned to the idea, but expressed doubts of getting together a Scottish team. "They're a draft from home," explained he; "and I was sent down to bring them up to the front, their officer having died on the voyage. But I'll see. Woolley!"

A sergeant doubled up.

"Any cricketers among the men?" asked Blair.

"*Cricketers*, sir!" repeated the astonished sergeant.

"Yes, we want to have a match to-morrow. These gentlemen wish to play us."

"I dessay, sir."

"Well, assemble those off duty, and we'll see."

Rapidly the report spread, and soon a crowd of about a hundred soldiers gathered at a respectful distance.

"We want eleven cricketers," said the officer, addressing the men. "Stand forward, players!"

Nearly every man moved in our direction.

"Now," continued Blair, "it's English *versus* Scotch. Scotchmen stand forward!"

One man obeyed the mandate.

"Oh, hang it all!" exclaimed Sparkes in amazement. "Only one Scotchman in the lot!"

Blair laughed. "I'm not surprised," said he; and further investigation elicited the astounding fact that of his entire command only five men proved to be Scotch; the rest were English and Irish!

"That stumps us!" said Sparkes moodily. "No fun having a scratch affair."

"Tell you what," suggested Blair; "play the Welsh, and I'll umpire for you."

Acting on the proposal, we invaded the Anglesea Fusilier camp; and Blair, introducing us to the officer, made known the subject in hand. Mr. Morgan, a lieutenant, was agreeable, and assembled his men. The result, however, was the same; almost every man professed a knowledge of cricket, but only three were Welshmen, the residue being English!

"Well, I'm blest!" exclaimed Sparkes.

"Have it Civil *versus* Military," proposed Blair.

"We could," assented Sparkes, "but there's always more fun when there's a spice of originality in the classification—nationality, Married *versus* Single, Old *versus* Young, Beauties against Beasts, don't you know."

"Look here," said Morgan, laughing, "if you *will* have a clan affair of it, let it be Railway *versus* John Smiths. No doubt Captain Blair and I can muster eleven cricketing John Smiths between us."

"Hurrah!" cried Sparkes. "Splendid! Trot them out."

"Smiths to the front!" exclaimed Morgan.

A score of men stepped clear.

"Can you play?"

A chorus of "Yessirs."

"Well, *John* Smiths stand forward!"

Seven responded.

"There you are," said Morgan. "You will get the remainder from the Highlanders. Let's go and see."

We went, and the deficiency was easily made up. Both officers agreed to be on the pitch at the hour appointed; and, wishing them good-night, Sparkes and I returned to my camp—he to be my guest at dinner.

"Now," said I, as, after the meal, we ensconced ourselves in easy-chairs, "how about completing our side?"

"Come over to the station after our smoke and we'll try."

"Are you hopeful of getting them?"

"No, worse luck! Look here, we shall show up small if we go in short-handed."

"Yes; then what's to be done?"

"I'll board the down mail, and see if I can't

rout out some of the passengers. Hanged if I don't!"

"What to do?" I asked, mystified.

"Get out, play for us, and go on to-morrow night," he replied, laconically.

I gazed at him in silent astonishment. Here was a "crank" for you. Fancy rousing up the passengers of a night train and inviting them to alight at a wayside station to play cricket!

"When is the train due?" I asked, on recovering speech.

"Ten-thirty. It's just ten now; let's go over to the station."

We went.

"Halloa, Watts!" cried Sparkes to the station-master, as we emerged on to the platform, which was illuminated more brilliantly than usual. "What's all this? Expecting the Viceroy?"

"No, sir," laughed Watts, touching his hat; "it's the new oil."

"Oh, ah! Look here, Dawson," addressing the loco. foreman, who stood by, "that beggar come to his senses yet?"

"No, sir; I asked 'im afore I come acrost."

"More fool he. But, look here; we want four yet, and we must find them. Who drives the mail?"

"Stagg, sir. Young Plackett's stoker; and, now I thinks on it, both is cricketers. Pity we can't stop 'em."

"Hang it all, I mean to stop them! Look here! where's that chap who takes up the special goods to-morrow night—that foreigner?"

"WELL, JOHN SMITHS STAND FORWARD!"

Google

"Bonifacio, sir? 'E's asleep in the runnin' shed; 'is mate, too."

"Come along!" cried Sparkes, eagerly. "Point them out!"

We trooped across to the running shed, and Dawson indicated Bonifacio and his fireman, who, stretched on their beds, were snoring in concert. "Hi! Pst! Wake up!" vociferated Sparkes, shaking the sleepers. "Look here! Would you fellers like a tip?"

"Yes, sir," they replied, only half awake.

"Well, here you are!" flinging them a currency note. "Get into your clothes, and prepare to take on the mail. Sharp! she'll be here in a jiffey. I want Stagg and Plackett to play to-morrow; you fellers are duffers. Don't be afraid, Dawson—I'm answerable."

"Well, sir," remarked Dawson, "it ain't my place to say no to your yes. I only 'ope as Mr. Tredethlin nor Mr. Maggs don't get no wind o't."

"Oh, hang them! I'm responsible. I *must* get four men. Who are the guards of the down mail, Watts?"

"Cope, sir; with James."

"Do they play?"

"James does, sir."

"How about replacing him?"

"Guard Green's asleep in the station, sir; he goes down with the special goods to-morrow."

"Oh, we'll send him in James's place. Come along!" and we all rushed back to the station, for time pressed. Green, mollified with a *douceur*, immediately dressed, and took his stand where the forward brake-van would draw up. Sparkes, Bonifacio, and his mate, took post at the extremity of the platform, so as to jump on to the in-coming locomotive. Trains in India had not then been fitted with automatic brakes; so they crawled into stations. Nor did they hurry themselves in starting. Moreover, all trains used to be "mixed"; that is, composed of goods and passenger vehicles.

"EXCUSE ME, SIR," I COMMENCED, "ARE YOU A CRICKETER?"

We were now sure of ten "white" players; and I tried to persuade Sparkes to take a native for the eleventh. No, he was obstinate.

"We must board the mail," said he, "and see if we can't find one chap a cricketer, and willing to help us. I will negotiate the first half of the train; you do the tail end—do you see?"

"Yes, but we want only one; supposing we both succeed?"

"Then we'll squint them over, and the less promising feller we'll bundle back into his carriage."

I accordingly posted myself abreast of the booking office. In due course the mail lumbered in. Sparkes and his men sprang on to the locomotive, and as the mid brake van passed me someone jumped in; it was Green, to relieve James. Now came my time for action. The train halted, but—halloa! all my half were goods wagons. I ran to the rear—I reached the end brake; not a single passen—Yes! there was one behind the guard's van, and, as I came up breathless, Watts retreated from the window.

"Any passengers, Mr. Watts?" I inquired.

"One, sir."

I looked in, and saw an elderly European seated on the lounge, smoking.

"Excuse me, sir," I commenced. "Are you a cricketer?"

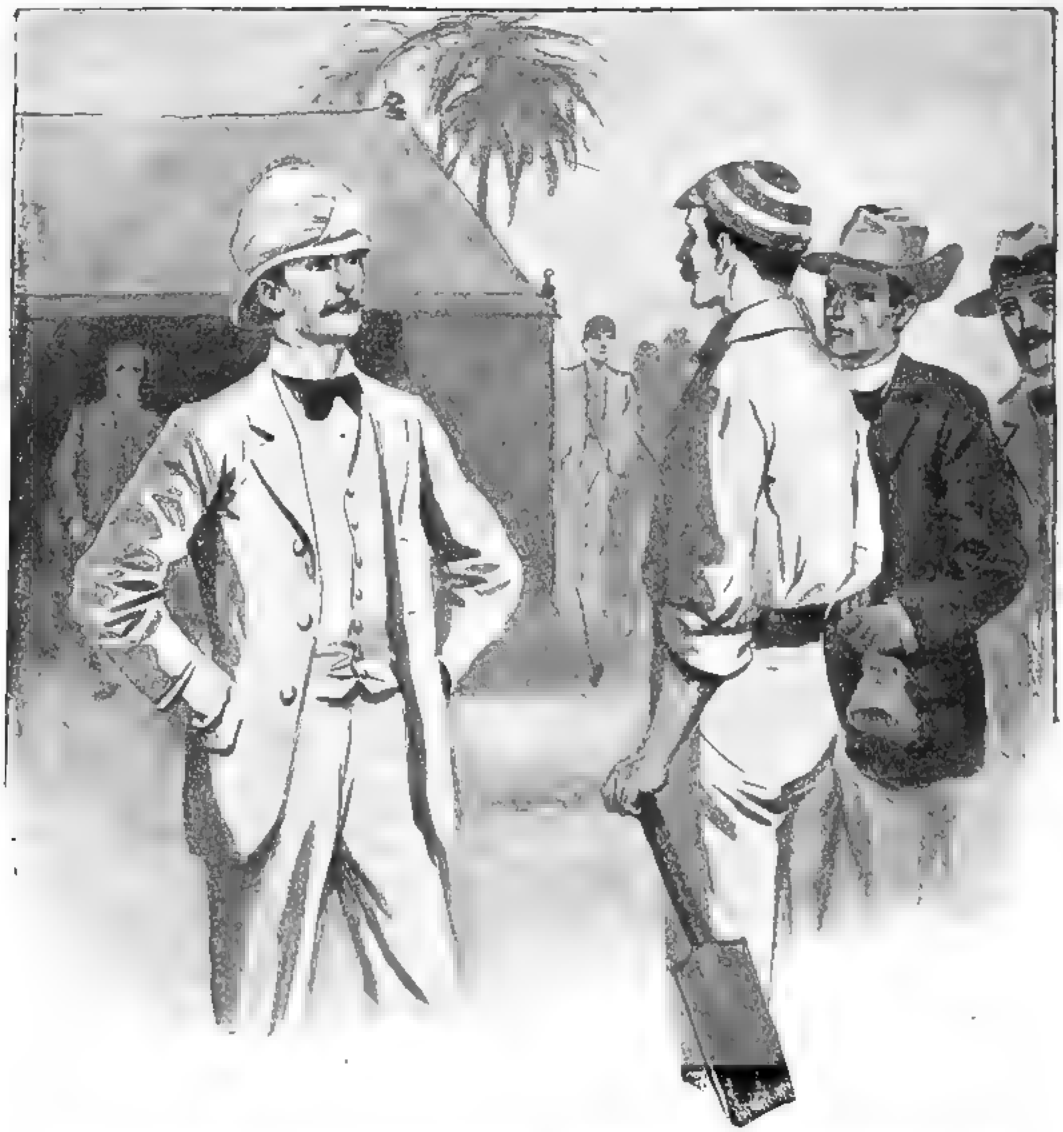
"I am, sir."

"Fond—enthusiastic about it?"

"Yes."

"Well, will you help us? We have a match on to-morrow. Railway against an eleven of soldiers; all John Smiths. We are one man short. Will you alight and play on our side? Mr. Sparkes, the railway officer here, will see that you suffer no inconvenience through breaking your journey."

"With pleasure! Will you ask the station



"YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU TOOK THEM OFF THE MAIL?" EXCLAIMED MR. MAGGS IN A TONE OF ASTONISHMENT.

master to send porters to remove my things?"

Having instructed Watts, who was standing by, I rushed away in search of Sparkes, and at length found him palavering with a passenger. "Well, have you succeeded?" I asked, touching his elbow.

"No! have you?"

"Yes."

"Hurrah!" he ejaculated, dropping off the foot-board as the train started. "Let's go to him."

We went, and ran against Watts. "Where's the feller?" asked Sparkes excitedly.

"I sent him over to the officers' bungalow, sir. He said he was tired, and desires to be left undisturbed."

"Quite right. See he's made comfortable, Watts, and send to me for anything he requires. Good-night!"

* * * * *

Blair and Morgan, with their John Smiths, were punctually on the ground, and Sparkes' team had assembled; all but the obliging

passenger. We tossed; the Smiths won; two came to bat; the officers issued forth to umpire, and the "Railway" spread out to field.

"Well, where is your passenger?" shouted Sparkes to me.

"Here he comes!" I replied, seeing a man emerge from the officers' bungalow, a view of which I, as long stop, commanded, Sparkes being behind the further wicket. "Come along, sir!" I bawled to the stranger. "We are waiting for you!"

He did not hurry himself; the goods shed screened him from the others, and when he cleared the angle of that building, he halted, placed his arms akimbo, and coolly surveyed the scene. There was a silence; I expected Sparkes to apostrophise the laggard. He did no such thing. There ensued a general movement towards the stranger; they all sneaked rather than walked up to him, Sparkes among them. I followed suit, and joined the semicircle that now stood sheepishly before that one commanding figure.

"Who's that chap?" I whispered to Sparkes.

"Old Maggs."

Whew! the agent and manager of that particular company!—the supreme chief of every railway man there. No wonder they all looked "limp."

"So," commenced the great man, at length breaking the silence, "this is how you amuse yourself, Mr. Sparkes, when I entrust you with special duty!"

"Look here, Mr. Maggs, there's no harm in cricket. Better for the men than to be loafing about the bazaars."

"How did you collect your team, sir? I am certain, even at headquarters, I could not lay my hand on eleven players all at one time."

"I had to dodge about a bit," said Sparkes.

"So I should think. One man wired me a long complaint that you suspended him because he could not join in with your 'dodging.'"

"O'Leary, I bet. Look here, I suspended him for 'cheek.'"

"Pardonable 'cheek,' under the circumstances. But come, tell me how you managed to get up your eleven."

"Well, barring myself and Mr. Hervey, I had nine men to get."

"Well?"

"Well, Watts, Dawson, the inspector, and two fitters from the sheds made seven. No one else worth a rap was available."

"Yes; and the remaining four?"

"I dodged them in."

"How?"

"Well, the fellers on your engine are players, so I nabbed them."

"You mean to tell me you took them off the mail?" exclaimed Mr. Maggs in a tone of astonishment.

"Aye!" chuckled Sparkes recklessly.

"And left the engine to take care of itself?"

"No, I put two chaps in their places; those of a special 'goods' going up to-night; the men I detained can take her on all right."

"Humph! Then the remaining two?"

"James, the mail under guard, plays, so I sent a chap named Green in his stead."

"Well, and the eleventh?"

"You are the eleventh, Mr. Maggs; you are the only feller we could find in the whole blessed train; and I'm jolly glad we did!"

"I see. Now you've got yourself into a mess, Mr. Sparkes. What do men do when they get into a mess?"

"Get out of it, I suppose."

"Yes, but it's a difficult job at times. However, I'm going to help you out of this one."

"*You* are! Oh, I say, look here! None of your larks!"

"The task before you," continued Mr. Maggs, disregarding the interruption, "and in which I will aid you, is the task of beating the soldiers. If we win, all right; but if we lose, woe betide the lot of you! Give me the gloves; I'll wicket keep."

* * * * *

"How was it no one got wind of your coming, Mr. Maggs?" asked Sparkes, as we, with Blair and Morgan, were seated at dinner, the guests of the great man.

"Aha! I stole a march on you, you see, just to catch you at some of your confounded pranks. That O'Leary's wire made me smell a rat, so I just telegraphed to Watts that I was coming up by the mail, strictly enjoining him not to say a word to a soul about it, and to put no stumbling block in *your* way, young man. However, as we won the match, I am not going to make a fuss beyond repeating my injunctions, viz.: Don't dodge about in that way again!"

Famous Swims of Modern Times

By Guy Cadogan Rothery.

Sketches by H. S. Greig.

Englishmen may well be proud of their prowess in—as well as on—the sea, for swimming has ever been a favourite art with a goodly majority of the nation. It is pleasant, too, to record that men of learning have vied in this way with mere men of action.

That gallant soldier, able statesman, and writer of the sixteenth century, Sir Thomas Challoner, was a "dab" at swimming. Having joined the service of the Emperor Charles V., he was present at the siege of Algiers, and nearly lost his life in a great storm. His ship was wrecked at night while riding at anchor, and the worthy Sir Thomas had to battle with fierce waves for hours. He had almost given way to despair, when his head struck against a cable, which he seized with his teeth and was ultimately hauled on board.

Lord Byron was another man of letters who loved swimming. Being at Constantinople, he decided to prove that the story of Leander crossing the Dardanelles from Sestos to Abydos in order to visit his sweetheart was quite possible. He performed the swim on May 3rd, 1830, without much difficulty, in 1hr. 5mins., the distance, including the beating out of the direct course by currents, being computed at four miles. The water was cold and the stream running strong. On another occasion Byron and a Mr. Scott, being challenged by an Italian while at Venice, swam from the Lido down the Grand Canal. Scott got out at the Rialto, after having been four hours in the water, while Byron swam on to Santa Chiara, and emerged after a go-as-you-please swim lasting 4hrs. 20mins. The Italian gave up long before he reached the Grand Canal.

In 1627, Dr. Bedale swam against Matthew Vipond, from Liverpool to Runcorn—a distance of twenty-four miles. The doctor accomplished the feat in 4hrs., beating Vipond by a few minutes. The same year, a Captain Smith swam across the Lake of Geneva from Morges to Amphio and back without stopping, a distance altogether of fifteen miles.

A grand performance was that of Samuel Bruck, an old fisherman of our south-east coast. One night in October, 1835, a ship in distress threw up signals. The life-boat was manned and launched to go to her assistance, but she was capsized in the fierce storm, and the whole crew left at the mercy of the waves. Bruck, though impeded by heavy clothes, struck out bravely, and after a little time he collided with a horse-collar, which had been employed as a boat-fender; clutching it, he put his neck through it, but the collar was very heavy and uncomfortable, so he determined to let it go. Before doing so, however, he drew his knife, opened the blade with his teeth, and cut away his waterproof cape, petticoat, frock and trousers; he dared not endeavour to remove his cloth trousers, fearing they would cling to his legs and drag him down. This done he abandoned the horse-collar and swam towards what he considered to be the land direction. It was almost pitch dark, the moon being constantly obscured by furiously driving clouds. He nearly gave up in despair,

especially when he passed over the Corton Sands, which he recognised by the terrible roar of waters and the blinding surf which nearly suffocated him. Still he persevered; and towards the early morning was picked up by a passing vessel. Of course the storm had considerably abated its violence, but it was estimated that this plucky fellow had been in the cold, stormy waters of an October night for at least seven and a-half hours, and had probably swum over fifteen miles. All honour to such splendid sea-lions; it is to them that many a wretched sailor owes his rescue from perilous straits and imminent death. Samuel Bruck wore the medals of the Royal Humane Society and Life-boat Society for saving life.

We now come to the greatest of modern swimmers, Captain Matthew Webb, of Channel fame. Webb was born at Trongate, near Dawley, in Shropshire, on January 10th, 1848. He had learnt to swim before his seventh year, manifesting a great love for water. At an early age he went to sea in the merchant navy, doing service in various vessels. He accomplished several swimming and diving feats, and saved two or three lives. Giving up the sea, he became a professional swimmer, and speedily won a high place. Of a daring mind, he proposed to attract attention by swimming across the Channel, and made several attempts, the final and successful one being in 1875. Webb had decided to leave Dover at 12 a.m. on Monday, August 25th, but about ten o'clock an easterly breeze sprang up and the attempt was put off. Tuesday, the 26th, the sea having calmed down, Webb dived off the Admiralty Pier, and began his voyage with a long, steady stroke of twenty to the minute. In his wake came a row-boat containing Webb's cousin, Mr. G. H. Ward, and behind a lugger, with Mr. George Toms, piloting several representatives of the Press, and two members of the Ilex Swimming Club, the referees. The weather was perfect; scarcely a ripple, and only sufficient breeze to move the lugger gently along. Many boats and small yachts accompanied them out of the harbour for a short distance. At 2.40 Webb had some strong Kentish ale. All this time they had been feeling the force of the S.W. stream; it then ceased, and for about an hour he swam calmly on, when the N.E. stream began to be felt. More ale was given to him about 3.40. Baker, the young diver, had had a short swim with the captain, who seemed quite fresh and strong. Beef tea was given him at five, the dose being repeated, with the addition of a little ale, half-an-hour later. They were joined by a fishing boat from Dover, containing Mr. J. G. Chambers, who took a dip in and a swim with Webb, subsequently returning to the English coast to report progress. The lugger and row-boat were constantly surrounded by gore bills in the air and by porpoises in the water, birds and fish enjoying the race as much as the onlookers. At 6.50 Webb took some more ale, still keeping at twenty strokes to the minute. At 8.16 beef tea and ale were administered. He was in good spirits, and took his first rest, floating on his back for a short time. For three quarters of an hour the drifting seaweed annoyed him greatly, but worse was to come, for one of those horrid bags of jelly—a starch fish—stung the swimmer's shoulder, and so sharp was the pain that he was obliged to take some brandy to stop sickness. At 9.50 p.m. he had some more beef tea, and half-an-hour later he called out to those in the boat to look at the rising moon, showing clearly that he had his full wits about him. Soon after a second starch fish stung him; cod liver oil and ale were given, and he slowed his stroke to nineteen. At 11.45 the mail boat, the *Maid of Kent*, passed them, the passengers and crew crowded to the side and gave the swimmer most hearty cheers. The S.W. stream, which had been felt ever since 11 p.m., no longer impeded his way. He kept up his spirits, his brain was clear, and he often talked with those in the boat. Dawn began at three, and soon after the N.E. stream

BRUCK CLUTCHED THE HORSE-COLLAR.

FOR AN HOUR WEBB BATTLED AGAINST THE TIDE, MAKING NO HEADWAY.

came to their relief; but the very slight southerly air suddenly became a stiff W.S.W. breeze, giving great anxiety to the referees and those with them. Webb made no complaint. The tide setting seaward kept down the rising wavelets, and about four he asked for coffee. Half-an-hour later he asked how far he had to go, and, taking some coffee and brandy, said he was "all right." But what with tide and sea he seemed to be a bit weaker when he called for more refreshment, so the rowing boats went to his weather side, trying their best to keep off the rising sea. The work was tiring the swimmer, and he complained bitterly. It seemed hard to abandon a task when so near its completion. However, his pluck and perseverance succeeded, though for an hour he battled against the tide, making no headway. At 7.30 brandy was given, and then Baker took a spin by his side. At about eight, the tide having slackened, he was able to advance instead of drifting to the eastward of Calais; his stroke became quicker—about twenty-two—but shorter. At 9.20 Captain Dove, of the *Maid of Kent*, rowed out to them from Calais in his gig, which he placed so as to effectually protect Webb from the waves. The S.W. stream and tide again gave much trouble; his stroke got up to twenty-six, though hurried and short. At about 10.20 soundings were made with an oar. His task was nearly completed, and the brave man's spirits revived considerably. A few more strokes, and Webb stood up in rather less than five feet of water, having successfully swum the Channel in spite of all obstacles. He had been no less than *22hrs. 44mins. 55secs.* in the water without once touching artificial support, having swum rather over *thirty-nine and a-half miles*. Needless to say, the reception he met with was of the most cordial description. He was helped into a trap, and driven to the "Hotel de Paris," where he went to bed immediately. His pulse was 72; he had a three hours' sleep, woke up and had some grub. At 10 p.m. he again went to bed, and slept for twelve hours. And no wonder, considering the fatigues he had been through. The next morning he returned to Dover, where the greatest excitement prevailed as to his success and safety.

Captain Webb after this performed many feats of endurance. In May, 1879, he entered into a six-days' contest at the Lambeth Baths, with the following result: Webb swam 74 miles (17 on first day, 7 on last), being in the water 68hrs. 36mins. 13secs., and out of water 10hrs. 15mins. 46secs. G. Fearn swam 62 miles (15—1), and was in the water 46hrs. 36mins. 16secs., and out 29hrs. 23mins. 44secs.; Beckwith swam 42 miles (6—1), was in the water 31hrs. 34mins. 58secs., and out 43hrs. 16mins. 26secs.

Then, in 1880, Webb remained in the whale tank at the Westminster Aquarium for sixty consecutive hours, he being allowed half-an-hour out of water every twenty-four hours. While in the water he was fed with beef tea, coffee, fat beefsteak passed through a sausage machine and mixed with bread and yolk of egg. The water was kept up to a temperature of 80degs. Fahr., and several tons of salt were dissolved in the tank to make the water more buoyant. Of course, this was less a swimming feat than a display of power of being able to float and remain in the water a number of hours. Other attempts, more or less successful, were made by Webb and Miss Beckwith to remain in ordinary sea water at a long stretch. In 1883 Webb went to America, were he accepted several challenges, once remaining 128½hrs., minus 94mins., in the water. Then the unfortunate idea occurred to him to swim the rapids below

the Niagara Falls, and eclipse all performances on record. The attempt to cross the terrible whirlpool was made on July 25th, 1883. He began successfully, having been rowed out about 500yds. above the old suspension bridge, when he jumped in at 4 p.m. He swam through the rapids, although his progress was very slow, having to battle against the force of water, and entered the whirlpool. He disappeared; was seen to throw up his arms, struggle, and then he was gone, and was never seen alive again. His body was picked up far down the river some days later.

In August, 1884, Lord Hamilton and Mr. Cecil Baring swam across the Niagara, below the cataract, but also lower down than the spot chosen by the unfortunate Webb. The swim was successful, although they had to battle against a terrible current. Mr. Baring injured his knee against a rock, and had to be picked up by a boat, being unable to land.

Two more swims deserve particular notice. The longest record scored by a lady was performed by Miss Agnes Beckwith, who swam a little over twenty miles, in the Thames, in 6hrs. 25mins., without support or refreshment, on July 17th, 1870. On September 3rd, 1884, Mr. Horace Davenport, a well-known amateur champion swimmer, swam from Southsea to Ryde and back. The sea was very choppy, and grave doubts were entertained as to his success. However, at twenty-five minutes to nine o'clock he dived off the South Parade Pier. The waves dashed into the swimmer's face, causing him much trouble. He reached Ryde soon after eleven, and here took some refreshment, without touching the bottom or the gunwale of the boat. This over, the return journey was commenced, and was accomplished with greater comfort, reaching Southsea Pier at 2 p.m. Mr. Davenport swam with the overhand stroke, and declared he was not greatly fatigued.

MISS AGNES BECKWITH ON HER TWENTY MILES' SWIM IN THE THAMES.

How the Headmaster Signed the Magna Carta.

By W. M. Wilcox.

Sketches by T. W. Henry.

It was after dinner, and I had retired to the quiet and seclusion of my study, thoroughly wearied out with my day in school. I lit my pipe and threw myself with a sigh of relief into my comfortable arm-chair, which was drawn up in front of a blazing fire. As I watched the spirals of blue smoke slowly floating ceilingwards, I began to ruminate—as was often my wont—on the various complex problems presented to me daily by the genus Boy. I had been very much worried lately by the conduct of one of my pupils—a lad of sixteen, named Parker. He was the most incomprehensible youth I ever had to deal with. Though never guilty of any gross wrong-doing, he was the ringleader and moving spirit in every piece of mischief afloat. In addition he had a deep-rooted antipathy to study of every kind, and was constantly being reported to me by one or other of my masters for his consistent idleness. Only that morning I had been obliged to administer to him a severe chastisement—the third within a week—for a direct violation of one of my strictest rules. It may have been my fancy, but on this occasion, when he had received his punishment, I thought I detected a look on his face which seemed to say:—

"STAND UP!" HE SAID SUDDENLY, IN A STERN VOICE.

"It is your turn now, but

wait!—mine is coming!" As I pondered on this and many other things connected with the boy, I was astonished to see my study door open, and Parker himself appear. I was about to ask him what he meant by intruding on my privacy without even so much as knocking, when my attention was arrested by the extraordinary appearance and bearing of the boy. He was wearing the full academicals of a Master of Arts and carried in his right hand a long, thin, ominous-looking cane. When he turned towards me after carefully locking my study door, I noticed that he was very pale, but his face wore a look of stern determination I had never seen there before. He had in his right eye an eye-glass, which, strangely enough, seemed to enhance, and not detract from, his dignity. As I gazed, the remembrance of his look that morning flashed upon me, and a most unaccountable terror seized me. I essayed to speak, but the power to do so had apparently left me. I could only gaze and gaze in speechless fear.

"Stand up!" he said suddenly in a stern voice, and—to my own amazement and disgust—I obeyed him as meekly as a lamb. He threw himself with a haughty gesture into the chair which stood at my table, and laid the cane down on a heap of exercises I had been correcting.

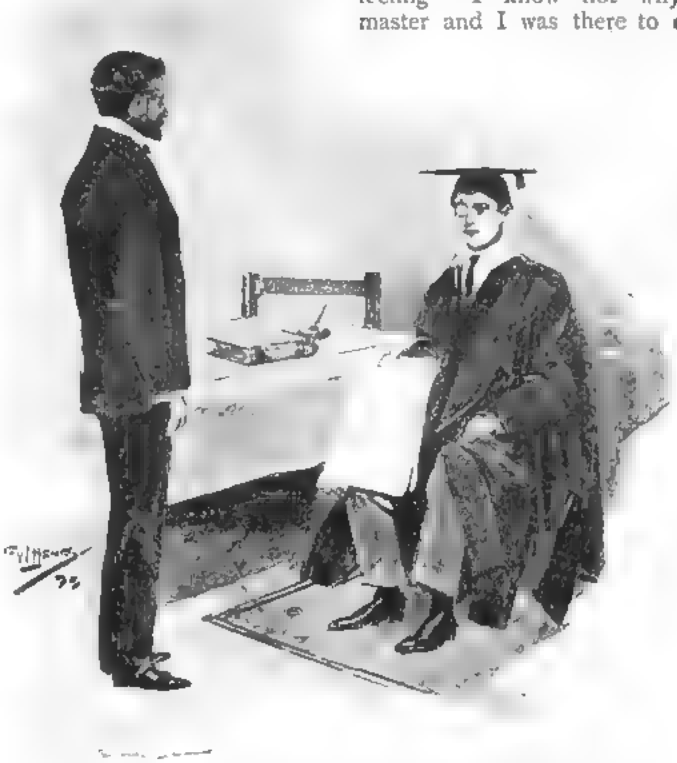
"Now, Bagshawe!" he began, dropping his glass, re-adjusting it firmly, and fixing me through it with a severe stare, "I want you to explain to me why it is I am continually having complaints made about you by the other boys? Not a day passes but you are reported to me for some piece of misconduct or other. Last week—so I am told—you had the impertinence to place Smith mi—a boy old enough to be your grandson—upon the form; while only yesterday—though I can hardly bring myself to believe this—you actually had the audacity to tell Jenkins to sit up! Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

Long before he had finished this speech I was trembling in every limb, and now I found myself absolutely powerless to do anything but whine out in a faint voice:—

"I am very sorry, Parker, if——"

"Parker!" he blazed forth, "I would have you remember that you are addressing Frederick Parker, Esq., and when you address Frederick Parker, Esq., you address him as *Sir!*"

"Very well, sir!" I stammered out, feeling—I know not why—that he was master and I was there to offer him implicit obedience.



"I HAVE HERE A LIST OF REGULATIONS, WHICH I HAVE DRAWN UP, AND WITH WHICH YOU WILL HAVE THE GOODNESS TO COMPLY."

"You are," he went on, "a Master of Arts—your prospectus says so, and I suppose we must reluctantly believe it. You are also a scholar of your college and you took a double-first; I have this from the same *reliable* source. And yet, sir, all your learning, all your classic lore has not taught you the golden principle that school rules are made to be broken. You actually have the ingratitude to object—I repeat, sir, to object—when we boys, to whom you owe your very existence, transgress one of the petty laws which you, in your arrogance, have set down for our guidance. Now, look here, Bagshawe, you will either promise to allow us, in future, to use our own discretion with regard to these rules, or"—here he paused as if to give more weight to

the words that followed—"or you will take a public flogging in lieu of notice, and I'll find a head master who *will!*"

I became more and more alarmed as he proceeded, especially at the hint of "a public flogging," but still the whole idea was so preposterous, that I felt I must expostulate mildly, though I marvelled at my own temerity.

"But Park—sir," I began meekly, "I don't quite see how an establishment like this is to be carried on if we abolish——"

"Abolish!" he interrupted in tones of thunder, "who said a word about abolishing anything? Have your rotten rules by all means, but don't expect *us* to keep them. Not another word," as I was about to try another feeble remonstrance; "from this time forth, consider your rules broken, or by the Lord Harry it'll be the worse for you!"

"SIGN!" HE THUNDERED, GRASPING THE CANE.

I shuddered as the abandoned youth gave vent to this awful oath, but that terrible feeling of absolute powerlessness held me in its degrading toils, and I could only murmur in broken tones that it should be as he wished.

"But this is comparatively a small matter," he presently resumed. "Before we proceed to the real business of the evening"—here he glanced with a sinister look at the cane, and I felt my hair rapidly rising—"I have a far more serious complaint to make. Are you aware, sir, that on all sides you are spoken of as the most incorrigibly industrious master in the place? I am told on good authority, that you invariably do the whole of your construe *without a crib*, that you have never been known to fudge a sum, that a false quantity is with you an unknown quantity; and—as if this catalogue were not large enough—that you have so little regard for the happiness and welfare of the boys that you actually make them use three books—two on Latin and one on Greek—*which you have written yourself!* Now, I put it to you plainly—how is a school to flourish if a master in your position sets such an example?"

My feelings were brought to such a pitch of terror, both by his words and the tone in which they were uttered, that I began to regard myself as one of the greatest criminals unhung, and I found myself cudgelling what few brains I still possessed for some answer to the terrible accusations he had brought against me. As I stood there, I realised in some measure the sensations of the small boy who finds himself face to face with that awful judge, the "Head," to answer for his many delinquencies.

"You have not a word to say for yourself," continued Parker after a pause. He flashed a triumphant look at me, and slowly drew from his pocket a document, which he proceeded to unfold.

"I have here," he said, "a list of regulations, which I, in conjunction with the rest of my comrades, have drawn up, and with which you will have the goodness to comply. I will read them through, and you will then append your signature, as a token that you accept them unconditionally, and will see that they are strictly enforced."

No words of mine can convey any idea of

the awe-inspiring look which accompanied these words—a look which seemed to give me a foretaste of unknown horrors to come.

He began to read, dwelling with unctuous satisfaction on the various items of this preposterous document:—

I, Josiah Bagshawe, hereafter only head master by courtesy, solemnly promise to obey the following regulations, which I recognise as being far more conducive to the welfare of this school than those previously in vogue:—

First.—No boy is to be reprimanded for transgressing any of the so-called school rules, it being universally acknowledged that the said rules are much more ornamental than useful.

Secondly.—No work is to be done, under any conditions whatever, between meals.

Thirdly.—No boy is to be kept in without his own consent. Should a master want an imposition done, he must do it himself.

Fourthly.—As it is necessary to have a few tame masters about the place, in order to satisfy the unnatural whims of certain over-scrupulous parents, the said masters must keep out of the way of the boys as much as possible. A master transgressing this rule will do so at his own peril.

Fifthly.—The tuck-shop is henceforth to be carried on according to the strict lines of political economy, namely, on a basis of unlimited "tick," and tobacco in all its forms is to be added to the list of articles already sold there.

Sixthly and lastly.—Each boy is entitled to his own view upon any question that may arise, and such views are to be unconditionally complied with.

(Signed) ———

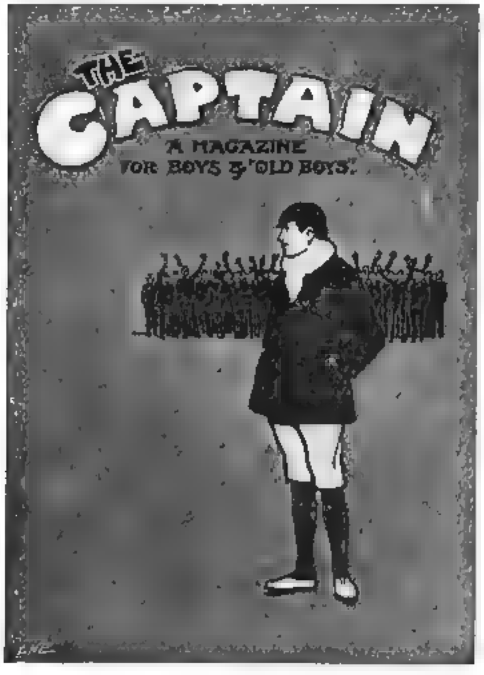
Here he paused and regarded me with a steady look. It seemed to my distorted imagination that he had grown to twice his ordinary size, while I had become proportionably smaller. He dipped a pen in the ink and offered it to me without removing his eyes from my face.

"Sign!" he said. I hesitated, clinging with a rashness that surprised me to the last tattered remnants of my self-respect.

"Sign!" he thundered, grasping the cane, and his eyes appeared literally to flash forth streams of fire. In the extremity of my terror I gave no thought to what I was doing, but seized the pen in trembling fingers and—signed!

Of what happened afterwards I have only the dimmest recollection. I remember beholding, as it were in a mist, a sea of grinning faces around me, which I vaguely recognised as the faces of my pupils. I hazily recall a jumble of voices, commanding me to "*bend down*," while in the midst loomed the tall form of Parker, brandishing the cane aloft. I have a shadowy idea that I fell on my knees and begged for mercy, bidding them think of my poor wife and my defenceless little ones, and then—I believe I fainted. At any rate, when I found myself conscious once more of outside impressions, I was lying back in my arm-chair, with the perspiration thick on my face. I glanced fearfully round—the room was empty, the fire out, and the lamp expiring.

Though Parker never knew it, that dream had amply avenged him, for I felt that it would be an impossibility ever to recover *in toto* my self-respect.



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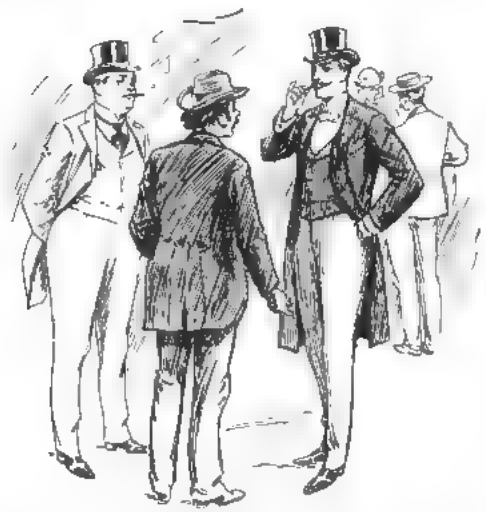
I WONDER how many readers of THE CAPTAIN desire to become pressmen. There is a certain glamour about the calling which lingers on



ONE DAY WE ARE "FLUSH," THE NEXT "STONY BROKE."

from the days when every newspaper man was regarded as an out-and-out Bohemian and vagabond. Bohemianism, it is said, is dead; but certain traces of it may still be seen in the ranks of the Press. We are, for the most part, a happy-go-lucky set, careless of the future, making the best of the present. One day we are "flush," the next day "stony-broke," and yet we go on muddling through life just the same, year in and year out. Not very ambitious, perhaps; but still with our moments of inspiration. Certainly we find it hard to alter our lives, and, "once a journalist always a journalist," is as true now as ever it was.

The life has a charm that is all its own. There is for the "free-lance," or unattached journalist at any rate, plenty of variety of work, and constant change of scene.

If he works for an evening paper his day pans out somewhat in this fashion: At nine or ten in the morning, according to the custom of his paper, the reporter glides into the office, deposits himself on a chair, lights a cigarette, and discusses with his colleagues the news in the morning papers, whilst the news-editor, or chief reporter, brandishing a large pair of scissors the while, pores through a pile of papers in search of ideas. The reporter may help him or he may not. If he is a salaried man on the regular staff of the paper he takes things pretty easily, and allows the news-editor to find work for him. But if, on the other hand, he is on the outside staff and working merely by space or lineage, he is most eager to offer suggestions.

At length, when the papers have been stabbed and slashed until they are in tatters, and the correspondence has been sifted, the news-editor sighs, then groans, and cries out in strident tones:—

"Someone give me a cigarette."

Every liner in the room will respond with alacrity if he can. The salaried men produce their cases more slowly. Then there is a bustle. The news-editor, who must know which man is best suited for each "job," distributes his orders.

"Jones, you do this! Brown, you see if there is anything in that affair! Robinson, go to Whitechapel and look after that murder!" And so on. Hats are donned, directions are scanned, and then comes a general exodus.

Robinson takes 'bus to Whitechapel. Not quite sure of street; asks policeman, who advises:—

"Second on left, then to right, third again on right; then ask again."

"SOMEONE GIVE ME A CIGARETTE."

Nothing daunted, Robinson goes on through the maze of slums, and at length finds himself standing in front of the home of the tragedy.

If he can get in all will be well. If not, so much inspiration will be lost, and pure imagination will have to supply the splashes of blood, the overturned furniture, and the other usual murder accessories.

Tap! tap! he knocks at the door.

He is being observed by scores of people, mostly women, from surrounding windows and doorways. The policeman standing close by regards him suspiciously for a moment, then smiles a contemptuous smile. The door is opened by a slatternly, greasy woman in semi-déshabille. Robinson is not dismayed. He doffs his hat ostentatiously, a sad, sympathetic smile plays around his mouth, and in softly persuasive tones he says:—

"Morning, madam! Terrible affair, indeed! We were all quite shocked."

The lady's mouth looks severe. There is an ominous glitter in her eye, and with enthusiasm-quelling asperity she asks:—

"Wot's yer nime, an' wot d'yer want?".

"Well, you know, of course, I'd just like to see——"

But the door has been banged in his face. The police have given instructions that no information is to be given to callers. Robinson speaks to the man in the next doorway. A crowd of natives gather round him. They were simply dying to tell a newspaper man all they knew.

"WOT'S YER NIME, AN' WOT D'YER WANT?"

The one who knew the victim most intimately is interviewed. Robinson asks leading questions of all. Then he raids the surgery of the doctor who testified to death. He won't speak—police won't allow him. Then Robinson proceeds to the police station. It is surprising how innocent they are there. Scarcely knew a murder had been committed. "Any clues?" "Oh, yes; they're all right." Then to the nearest telephone call office, and in a few minutes his paper has got the salient features of the case. A 'bus to Fleet Street, Robinson dashes into the office, and writes up at a feverish rate all he has learned and a lot more besides.

Half-an-hour's struggle, and at length is produced a column of ghastly details and a sketch of the murdered person, written as familiarly as if Robinson had known him all his life.

That may finish his day's active work, or something else may have to be done—some new item, a police court, perhaps, a landlord and tenant dispute, a School Board scandal, or a County Council misdemeanour.

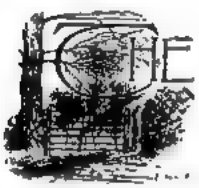
That is the life of the pressman, full of rush and hurry and turmoil. The man who is paid by space at the rate of 1d. or 2d. a line, may, if he is given some good "job," and if he can make the most of it, earn anything from 10s. to £3 a day But there is always the chance that next day he may not make a single red cent. It is very disappointing, too, when a man has been on a job all day long and subsequently written up a column or so about it, to have his work cut down by the news editor's ruthless blue pencil to a few lines or, perhaps, not used at all.

Such are the chances of warfare. But the life has its compensations, and the greatest of these is the obtainment of a piece of exclusive news. There are many joys in life, many pleasures that make the pulses beat fast and the heart throb, but there is nothing that I know equal to the joy of being in possession of exclusive information. It is the pressman's greatest consolation and ambition—his *summum bonum*.

WORTHY of the NAME

by HERBERT · DUDLEY · LAMPEN

Illustrated by Dudley Cleaver.



FELLOWS said that Roundle would go to pot without a Dawson. However that may be, the Dawsons of Market Dawson had invariably been sent to Roundle. No sooner did one strapping Dawson depart for Woolwich or Sandhurst than a tiny Dawson took his place. For instance, the late captain of the school, who beat the record for the mile by two (some said three) seconds was a Dawson, not of the main stem, 'tis true, but still—a Dawson, and even yet the achievements at the high jump of his cousin, Curly Dawson, who became school captain in the 'sixties, were the standard of measurement for all future competitors.

Certain regiments in the army welcomed Dawsons as regularly as Roundle bid them a regretful good-bye. The Dawsons were soldiers, except when a stray Dawson entered the navy. There was old Captain Thomas Dawson, who had a bullet through his thigh at Waterloo, while charging with the 10th Hussars; and his cousin, Ralph Dawson, who shared in the glorious victory of Trafalgar; and the son of old Captain Thomas, William Dawson, who served against the rebels in Canada, and in his turn sent his son from Roundle to the Crimea. The younger Dawson first drew blood while storming the heights of Alma, and only escaped the 180 cannon of the Russians for a bullet to end his brave career before the walls of Lucknow. Like his father and his grandfather, he was a very gallant gentleman. His little son, if he inherited little else from his father, owed to him a fearless heart. In due course he went to Roundle, and subsequently fought at Isandula, on January 22nd, 1879, and, whilst serving under General Colley, was severely wounded in the disaster of Laing's Vale. He died unmarried, and a cousin, the Curly Dawson of high-jump fame, succeeded to the impoverished estate.

A new boy called Dawson had arrived at Roundle, and was being plied with the usual questions.

"Who's your father?" demanded Crœsus.

"How much tin have you brought?" asked Hartley.

"We shall soon know," said Crœsus. "Here's Buckley coming."

It was the custom at Roundle to levy a contribution in support of the games. The regular subscription was charged in the bill, but it was considered insufficient, and contributions were invited.

The first night's preparation was devoted to this. One of the monitors went round soliciting donations, and woe betide the boy who offered less than half-a-crown.

Hartley and Crœsus employed the interval until the monitor reached the lower end of the schoolroom in squeezing the new boy. He was slight at the best, but one must pass the time somehow.

Before the new boy left home, his mother had said to him: "William, you are almost a man now, and father left you as my adviser and protector, and I think I may tell you something."

"Go ahead, mother."

"It has only been by a great effort and because your father couldn't bear the idea of your going elsewhere that we are affording to send you to Roundle."

After a pause she continued :—

"So if you do not have as much money as other boys you won't mind, Willie?"

"Of course not. I know you would give me more if you could."

Then his mother produced a little knitted purse with half-a-crown in it, and blushed, and kissed him, and said she was ashamed to give him so little, but she had no more, and there were bills owing, and she would try and send him five shillings soon.

"I don't want any more. I won't take any more," replied William vehemently.

After his tickets were paid for, and the cab across London, and the porters, his travelling money was spent. Nothing remained out of it for the cab from Roundle Station to the school.

"All the young gents take a cab, sir," said the porter.

"How much will that be?"

"How much, sir? I daresay you won't grumble at half-a-crown, sir."

The cabby did not even thank him for that last half-crown. He thought a new boy worth three shillings at least, and his fare entered Roundle with empty pockets.

No wonder his heart beat fast, and his cheeks were pale as he watched the monitor with the book and pencil draw nearer, and heard the half-crowns jingling on one another.

Once he had a wild thought of borrowing from Crœsus, of selling his play-box to someone, of ——

"Half-a-sov.? That's the style. I wish all you kids would back up the old school like that," said Buckley.

He passed on from Crœsus to the new boy.

"How much for you? You're a new boy, aren't you? There's such a beastly lot of you kids. What's your name?"

"Dawson," said the new boy, his eye very bright.

"What! of Market Dawson?"

"Yes."

"Any relation of good old Dawson of the mile?"

"Yes," with a gasp.

"And to Curly Dawson of the high jump?"

"Yes. He's——"

"You ought to be a good sort, young 'un," said the monitor, smiling approvingly. "Let's see. I want a fag. Consider yourself booked. Now, how much, young Dawson?"

"Nothing."

"Speak up, young 'un—I can't hear."

"Nothing."

"Blow you, Crœsus! Stop jawing, can't you? I can't hear what this kid says. Now, young Dawson?"

"SO IF YOU DO NOT HAVE AS MUCH MONEY AS OTHER BOYS YOU WON'T MIND, WILLIE?"

"Nothing"

Buckley lowered his account-book and stared. Then he smiled.

"You don't understand. Of course you don't. You're a new kid. Well, all the fellows contribute something extra to the Sports and Games Fund. You'd like to give something, I know. How much shall I score you down for?"

"Nothing."

Buckley frowned.

"If you go on like that, young 'un," said he; "you'll have a rough time of it. We aren't used to meanness in a Dawson."

The monitor's words were prophetic. Dawson had a hot time of it. Crœsus, Hartley & Co. took Buckley's hint and gave him a roasting time of it. The school promptly disbelieved his claim to be a genuine Dawson. Even the First Form kids despised him, for had not they planked down their half-crowns?

Not a word in his letters home, however, disclosed his misery. He wrote of games, the match against Hobbrough, and the goals scored by Bulstrode, as if he were absorbed in these things, and his mother smiled. She only wrote and begged him not to spend so much of his spare time in letters to her, and to be sure and say when the half-crown was spent.

Crœsus was his chief tormentor.

"Why are you such a greedy pig?" he asked, twisting Dawson's arm. "Why don't you share your things, eh—eh? How do you enjoy that? and that? eh, my boy?"

"He's got loads of tuck in his box," said Otley.

"Bring it up," bade Crœsus.

They held him fast, robbed him of his key, and opened the box. True enough, there were the three pots of jam and the cake, which Dawson would gladly have shared.

"YOUR LEG! WHO CARES FOR YOUR LEG, YOU GREEDY —SNEAKING—PIGGISH—LITTLE—*cad!*"

"It would serve him right if we eat it," said Grubb.

"Share it out, you fellows," commanded Crœsus.

They made Dawson swallow his portion, lest they might be charged with stealing his tuck.

One afternoon Dawson rebelled.

"Come here, young Dawson."

"I sha'n't."

Crœsus caught him outside the Third-Form door, swung him over, and knelt on him.

"My leg!" ejaculated Dawson.

"Your leg! Who cares for your leg, you greedy —sneaking — piggish — little—*cad!*"

He added a kick to the five digs with his fist, and walked away, feeling he had performed a public duty.

"Heard the news?" remarked Hartley at tea. "Dawson's broken his leg. Rawson found him outside the Third-Form door."

Crœsus coloured, and continued to read his letter.

"I say, you chaps, my pater's coming to-morrow. I shall get a whole, and a sov. too. Oh, I say!" and the colour in his cheeks became scarlet.

Colonel De Lancey arrived about ten o'clock next day. Fellows envied Crœsus when, through the class-room windows, they saw him walking beside the tall, fine-looking officer.

"As I wrote to you, Jack, my object in coming is really to visit Dawson's boy. I promised him I would."

"Why, father? He's an awful little prig."

"He must be different from his father, then."

"None of the chaps like him. He's so jolly mean."

"Of course, they are not well off. Dawson cannot give his son much pocket-money."

"Won't you come first and see the new pavilion?"

"Duty first, Jack. Run and tell Dawson. He can come with us."

"No, he can't. He's in the hospital, and they won't let you see him without a permit."

"I think the doctor's letter will effect that."

"Well, I can't come. We're forbidden. Fever's about."

"Why? Has Dawson's boy caught the fever?"

"Oh, no!" replied Crœsus. "But — that is —it's not in the school; it's only in Glover's Hamlet by the river."

"Come along, then," said the colonel.

Half-way Crœsus stopped.

"I quite forgot, father. I've an impot for old Maltby I must finish."

"Old Maltby must wait," replied the colonel.

"You don't know what an awful beast he is," said Crœsus, following reluctantly.

"YOUR FATHER RODE BACK AND BROUGHT ME OFF AT GREAT RISK TO HIMSELF."

"I thought you were my father!" exclaimed Dawson, when the colonel entered the sick ward.

"We are about the same height," replied the colonel. "Don't try and move. I promised your father to come and see you as soon as I landed."

"How is he?"

"Better. Here's news for you. I think he'll get his V.C. He saved my life."

Dawson's eyes shone.

"We were out together, and the Dervishes made a sudden attack on our reconnoitring party, and—well, I was unhorsed, and should have been killed, but your father rode back and brought me off at great risk to himself. He was speared in three places. He is sure of his V.C. Oh, here's Jack! You know Jack, don't you?"

"Rather!" replied Crœsus.

"How did you come here? How did you break your leg?"

"I fell."

"You footer players go at it harder now than we did in the old days."

"I didn't break it at footer. It's nearly all right."

"Jack must bring you some grapes. We mustn't forget a book or two for your friend, Jack, eh?"

"No," said Crœsus slowly.

"I must not forget that," said the colonel, slipping a sovereign into Dawson's hand.

"Thanks awfully," said Dawson.

"Now, I must call on Dr. Blount. I am an Old Boy, and your father is another Old Boy, and when one Old Boy is saved by another Old Boy, and he a Dawson, there ought to be a half-holiday, I think."

There was a half-holiday, too. The soft September breeze carried to Dawson's bed the sound of tumultuous cheering in the schoolroom. Some of the fellows raced across the field and cheered again under the hospital windows.

Just when footer was commencing, Crœsus arrived with a basket of purple grapes, a bag of

tarts, two bottles of ginger beer, and a couple of Henty's latest.

"I smuggled the tarts and the pop in," he explained. "Oh! I say, Dawson, I'm an awful cad. Please forgive me. I didn't know your people were so jolly hard up. Father says you're of the right stuff. I told him, and he's been telling the fellows about your pater, and the Head said that they were proud to have another Dawson in the school, and—why, old chap, your pillow's quite wet. Let me turn it for you, and then we'll have a good old swig at the pop."

"Thanks awfully, old chap. And I wish you'd change this, and give Buckley half. I'd rather he had it. I would really."

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

The highest age limit is twenty-five.

CONDITIONS.—The Coupon on Page II. of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted. If this rule is disregarded the competition will be disqualified.

The name and address of every competitor must be clearly written at the top of first page of competition.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like (providing you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each "try" must have a coupon attached to it.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Address thus:—Competition No.——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by September 16th.

No. 1.—**£1 1s. 0d.** FOR READERS OF ALL AGES. Of the following twelve names of girls say *which six* (in order of merit) you consider the best: Alice, Beatrice, Christine, Dorothy, Edith, Fannie, Gertrude, Hilda, Irene, Jessie, Katie, Lilian.

No. 2.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the most correct list of the fourteen English cricketers you would choose to send across the ocean to represent England *v.* Australia. This comp., like the one above, will decide itself—by votes. Age limit: Twenty-five.

No. 3.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best poetical extract on "Duty." Age limit: Twenty.

No. 4.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best set of four drawings representing the OLD FAG at the ages of five, twenty-five, forty-five, and sixty-five. Age limit: Nineteen.

No. 5.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for best amateur photograph. Any subject you like. Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 6.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the most correct answers to the following original conundrums. Use a good map of Great Britain. Age limit: Sixteen.

1.—In what river would a modern Moses be most likely to be found?

2.—Name the best place for lighting a bonfire.

3.—And the best place for cremating a nigger at.

4.—Where would niggers be likely to play "pool"?

5.—Where would you expect to find sensible trees?

6.—Name the river dear to brewers.

7.—Where would you expect to find a girl given to making faces?

8.—Name a place suggestive of pneumonia.

9.—The inhabitants of what town are famous for contrivances of sorts?

10.—What town prefers ham?

11. Name the place jealous of its fisheries.

12.—And the town suggestive of mirth.

13.—The name of what town suggests a sporting Spanish grandee?

14.—Name the beacon whereon you would find some writing materials.

15.—Where could you find a freak, or prodigy, who swallows lights?

16. Name a place famous for onions.

17. What town is most frequently in the neighbourhood of the infernal regions?

18.—Name a good river for towing.

19.—On what hills do weak mortals perform apparent impossibilities?

20. Name the most inviting town.

No. 7.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the neatest coloured map of Ireland. Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 8.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best letter (not exceeding two hundred words) supposed to be written by a lion in the Zoo. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 9.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best essay (not exceeding four hundred words) on "What I want to be when I'm a man." Age limit: Twelve.

No. 10.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best written copy of the piece of poetry which you will find on the OLD FAG'S first page. Age limit: Ten.

[The Editor reserves to himself the right to award Consolation Prizes to deserving competitors, age being taken into consideration.]

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

THIS being the end of our first volume, I have thought it well to clear off all the magazines from my table. Under these circumstances you could hardly expect me to devote a great deal of space to individual journals, but I have tried to notice each according to its merits. For a moment, then, I breathe, but I don't expect to be clear for very long. Nor do I want to be; so send in the mags. and take your chance with the rest.

As a result of our reviews I am glad to observe that a number of schools, determining not to be left out in the cold, have started magazines. This is a wise step to take. Every school of any size should keep a chronicle of its doings in class-room and playing-field for the benefit of present and future scholars.

Alperton Hall Magazine (April) is conducted quite on the right lines—in fact, the lines that I have always advocated. Here are school notes in abundance, and the aim of the editor is to make his magazine a record of school events.

The Askean (June) does not possess a particularly pleasing cover. It is a cover that might look well on the stalls, but that is not what is wanted for a private publication. An enlarged edition of it would make a good soap-poster; but a school magazine need not be *all* soap. The inside is more tasteful, however, and we congratulate the journal on its resuscitation.

The Blue (June) is as neat and dignified as ever. The details of the "Cricket Camp," to be formed in August, make me envy the yellow-stockinged heroes.

The Blundellian (June) devotes a column to to a "Review of Reviews." Without making any acknowledgment to Mr. Stead for the loan of the title, the editor proceeds to jump on some of his contemporaries in a way that leads me to tremble for his safety.

The Boltonian (May) is in excellent taste, and the wood-block illustrations brighten its pages considerably. His Worship the Mayor, whose first claim to fame is that he was educated at Bolton Grammar School, comes out with a very genial expression. Just the sort of gentleman, I should fancy, to tap for an extra half-holiday.

The Eastbournian (June) celebrates its 150th number. I have seen several numbers, and all are good.

The Elizabethan (May) records the victory of the school football team over Charterhouse on the Godalming ground. The game was keenly contested, and I heartily congratulate the Westminster boys. The obituary column reminds Elizabethans of the deaths of Sir John Mowbray and Lord Esher, both of whom owed a great deal of their future success to early training at Westminster.

The Erasmian (May) has secured an article from the pen of Mr. H. A. Harmsworth on the subject of modern journalism. It is a most instructive article, and we venture to abstract the following paragraphs:—

> The journalist of to-day is essentially an all-round man. He must be able to treat the most worn-out threadbare subjects in a lively, vivacious, and attractive fashion, almost deceiving the reader into believing that it is the matter and not the manner that is fresh and up to date.
>
> There is another essential of journalism which I ought to refer to. The new age is the age of youth. I don't say so from any want of respect to older men, but in journalism particularly what is so necessary is the energy, the go, the sparkling daring and originality of young men as opposed to the steadier, more solid, and shrewd caution exhibited by most men in or past their prime. It is essential to have both kinds of men, of course, as a sort of balance to each other, but young blood on a paper is as the mainspring to a watch.

The Exonian (March) contains this paragraph in its editorial:—

> We cannot close without mentioning our joy at the recovery

of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who, we believe, is a Devonshire man; and at the same time we express a hope that some kind donor will supply us with some of his books, the lack of which at present is very noticeable.

That is a very nice sentiment. But why not *buy* Mr. Kipling's books? Happy thought!

Glasgow High School Magazine (May-June) is cheap and—not very nice. Here we have advertisements all through, bad paper, and a hideous cover for the sake of saving, perhaps, twopence per copy. That sort of thing is not worthy of Glasgow.

The Great Yarmouth Grammar School Chronicle (April) is very well edited. Congratulations to H. F. S. Collier, who broke the school record for the half-mile and the hundred yards, doing the latter in 10 2-5secs.

The Halleyburian (June) is almost an ideal chronicle of the doings of a great school. I should like to see, however, some attempt at a monthly summing up, and some critical school notes. A little temperate criticism is very wholesome for all of us.

High School Journal (May - June) comes to us from Pittsburg, and is a characteristic over-the-water production, containing a mass of literary and other goods. The staff consists of an editor-in-chief, a literary editor, a school news editor, an athletic editor, an *alumni* editor, an exchange editor, a staff artist, several business managers, and finally—here is a plum for you—a "commercial hustler." And they all want eight pages each! But the commercial hustler gets no less than eleven.

The Ipswich Magazine (May) contains some excellent photographs of the school buildings. The editorial is well written, and the contents of the journal are satisfactory.

The Lowell (March) is the journal of the Lowell High School, San Francisco, and is another monster magazine of monumental marvels. Really, the lavish production of these American school magazines is astonishing. We congratulate the art editor on his pictures.

The Hurst Johnian (July) reaches its 413th number. I believe this is, saving one, the oldest school magazine in existence. THE CAPTAIN respectfully salutes his aged relation.

The Mill Hill Magazine (June) is in excellent taste, and the illustrations are good. Glad to hear that the tuck-shop has been reopened.

N. E. C. S. Magazine (Easter Term) is conducted by members of the North Eastern County School, and very well conducted too. The following paragraph is interesting:—

> After a series of reverses in house matches, Durham have once again won the final house match for football, having overcome in turn Northumberland and York. This is the sixth time the shield has been held by them, whereas Northumberland have had the distinction of gaining this honour in eleven matches, and York in eight.

Normal Chimes (Souvenir Number) is the magazine of the Ottawa Normal School for teachers, and can boast of a poem on every page. I have read them all, and find three excellent, seven very good, and one fair. *Au revoir*, ladies!

The Oratory School Magazine (July) gives lavish publication to many serious thoughts. "Oxford Impressions" is well written, and the tone of the journal as a whole is refreshing.

The Oswestrian (June) contains a clever editorial, and a pile of interesting school letters.

Owen's School Magazine (May) gives Mr. C. E. Jackson an opportunity of telling us how he passed "Smalls." The account is a good one.

The Portmuthian (April) goes in for an artistic cover. A good deal of space is wasted by the "Tale of Snuffle's Brother," who seems to have been a dull little boy. The school news is well done.

The Review (June) replies to my little joke about the advertisements. The editor says that if he left out the advertisements and charged threepence per copy instead of twopence, it wouldn't pull down the circulation, but he keeps in the ads. as affording "evidence of the practical business-like manner in which this paper is managed." But, sir, what if the omission of the ads. sent the circulation up?

The Saloplan (June) is losing the valuable services of D. Coke, the alternate editor, who is leaving at the end of the term. I thank Mr. Coke for his kind little note, and congratulate him on a very strong finish.

The Sedberghian (June) is very solid and very useful. The alphabetical school list is a monument of energy.

Sexey's School Magazine (Midsummer) rather annoys me by its copper-plate headings. I much prefer good, black print. Mr. Lockyer's article on wireless telegraphy is interesting.

The Shastonian (April) strikes a new note in its optimistic editorial. The journal is bright throughout, but the "Ghost of Greyleigh" seems out of place.

The cover of the "High School Journal," which we reproduce above, is printed in red, gold, and black.

Look here, I'm not going to lecture anybody to-month. (If you say "to-day," why not "to-week" and "to-month"?) I am nearing the end of my labours. Just these few pages, and I shall be looking out trains in my Bradshaw. I intended to yarn away at a great length about what I intend to publish in Vol. II. (which begins next month), but it's too hot. (*"Boy, bring me a quart of lemon squash, and put a pound of ice in it!"*) All I can say is that Vol. II. of THE CAPTAIN will be filled with what my experience has taught me—*i.e.*, what the majority of readers want. We cater for regiments—not individuals—(*"More ice, boy!"*)—and so people who have written in asking for this, that, and the other will please understand that, as this magazine contains only something-over-a-hundred instead of something-over-a-thousand pages, it is impossible to accede to every request. (*"Now then, boy, where's—that—ice?"*)

As you might say, we are a new ship which has completed her maiden voyage and is taking in cargo preparatory to weighing anchor for the second time. (*"Has that boy gone to Iceland for that ice?"*) Said cargo consists of literary and pictorial goods—new serial stories, a new series of stories, new articles, new everything almost. (*"Very well, boy, take a week's notice!"*) Although a magazine seems an easy thing to run together, you have no idea what a lot of time it takes to make everything fit into its proper place. Then authors and artists are very often late with their work, and pages have to be "left open" for them—and the worry is immense. (*"Yes, I said a pound of ice!"*) Very often, at the last moment, whole tales have to be held over—(*"Ah! here's the ice! Excuse me, please!"*)

To the Small Boy.

If you've had enough of sun,
If you've had enough of shine,
If you're tired of building castles on the sand;
If, like stag at Monan's Rill,
You have drunk your little fill,
Of paddle, nigger minstrels, and the band
If you feel, O youthful urchin,
You have had enough of searchin'
For that crab which even dodges grown-up men;
Quit the sad, seductive wave,
Find a quiet, secluded cave,
And go in for our Comp.—AGE LIMIT, TEN!

A word about our competitions. For the "Age limit, twenty-five," anybody from the age of one up to twenty-five may enter. To enter for "age limit, twenty-five," does not mean that it is limited to people exactly twenty-five years old. Of course, most of you understand this, but I have had a letter or two of inquiry on the subject. In the other competitions, anybody may go in of the stated age limit, *or under it.* On more than one occasion, I may add, a boy of fifteen has carried off an "age limit, twenty," competition.

Eques is keen on joining the Lifeguards. If he procures *Cassell's Magazine* for January, 1897, he will find a paper entitled "A Day in the Life of a Lifeguardsman," officially sanctioned by Lord Dundonald, correct in all its details, and written by the author of the "King's Red Coat." He will get the whole thing there, with *every* item. As to his particular queries: They take men from 5ft. 10ins., with varying chest measurement, but not less, I believe, than 36ins. There is no

entrance fee or letter required; a man enlists for 1s. 5d. a day, with certain stoppages; *but*—and it is a big one—I don't advise it as a career, unless he means to work through to a commission and has the money to take one up when it comes along. Let him join a local volunteer corps for a couple of years, and then, if he still feels soldiering his *métier—eh bien!*

I have received a letter from a remarkable young lady. This is the letter:—

My Dear Old Fag,—I am a girl. The Captain is the only boys' paper I know that does not run girls down, and with all my heart I thank you for not treating us with contempt, as most editors do. As I said before, I am a girl, but for all that, I prefer boys' books, sports, and companionship to those of my fair sisters. I play cricket and footer, can ride and drive anything in the shape of a horse, and have before now tried a cow and a pig. I can shoot a little, and jump 4ft. 9ins., and run a mile in 4mins. 39secs. I hope you won't think me a tomboy, but as we live in the Fens, and rarely see anyone, it really doesn't matter.

I am thirteen and a-half years of age, and stand 5ft. 6½ins. in my stockings, and weigh 9st. 4lbs. in bathing costume. Dad says I shall end in Barnum's. I wish I could stitch that top button on your waistcoat, but I am afraid if my respected parent could get a word in she would say: "For goodness sake, don't let Freddy try; she'd stitch all round it!" For although I can rear chickens, pigs, and rabbits, I am no good at lessons or sewing. I have a governess; I like her, but hate lessons. I am very fond of reading, and like the "King's Red Coat" awfully; I love jolly men like Dick Datchett; I like "The Two Fags" very much, too; Boardman is just my sort of fellow—don't you like him?

I hope you won't think me a cracked sort of girl, and will not be too proud to receive my hearty congratulations; when the boys come home we will give three-times-three for The Captain.

Now and then you see statements to the effect that our physique, as a nation, is decreasing. This, at any rate, cannot be said of those boys who take plenty of exercise. Our very able contemporary, *Nature*—which makes a special study of such matters—asserts that it has been noticed of recent years how very much the height and weight and general physical measurements of public school-boys have improved. A correspondent of our contemporary has made a scientific study of between fourteen thousand and fifteen thousand boys, and this assertion is the cheering result of his investigations. The school-boy of 1899 is a much bigger fellow than the school-boy of 1849 was.

A correspondent wants to know all about pilots. Here are answers, by an experienced sailor, to his questions: (1) Yes, pilots are a very respectable class of men. (2) The money a pilot makes is usually very good; it varies in different ports. For instance, some of the Thames and Mersey pilots make a very large income, whilst those in a small port, like Blyth (Northumberland), of course, have not the tonnage under their control. (3) Most of the pilots I have known have been captains of steamers, and have passed a special exam. with reference to the port and part of the coast under which they are allowed to have the control of vessels. (4) If you really think a life on the briny would be to your liking, you should get apprenticed on a good square-rigged ship, and if you are smart you ought to have your chief officer's ticket by the time you are twenty-two, and your captain's (or master's ticket, to use the correct term) a year or two later; and then, if you didn't care to stay at sea, you could put your name down on the books for a pilot's job at some port you would be familiar with. (5) No, I don't think the medical exam. would trouble you if you are ordinarily healthy and robust. (6) No, I shouldn't like to advise you to become a sailor (for a pilot is a sailor, remember), for the simple reason that the life at sea is a hard one, but, at the same time, a very interesting one. Some like it, and many hate it. (7) Before you can be a pilot you must be a sailor, as I have stated.

Postulates and Propositions.

(With apologies to Uncle Euclid.)

Any two meals at a boarding-house are together less than two square meals.

On the same bill and on the same side of it there shall not be two charges for the same thing.

If there are two boarders on the same floor, and the amount of side of one be equal to the amount of side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each; for if not, let one bill be the greater, then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd.

A. L. Cresswell.

A number of complaints have reached me relating to The Captain cover, which, it appears, *comes off*, if subjected to rough usage. I have spoken to our binder, and he says it is all a matter of glue. In future a better quality of glue

will be used, and the cover won't come off. But I think school librarians would find it worth their while to order our reading-case, price 1s. 3d.

NOTICE.

VOLUME ONE (April—September, 1899) of THE CAPTAIN is now ready, handsomely bound, with gilt edges, price 6s. You can have cases for binding your copies for 1s. 6d.

A reader in the north of England objects to punctuation, and writes as follows :—

DEAR OLD FAG comma

Look here comma you ancient old feller comma I want you to have a competition about fish full-stop See note of interrogation Why not have something about whales comma as they are so big comma aint they note of interrogation Rather note of exclamation

Say you have a Comp asking how many umbrella ribs you can make out of one whale's bones semi-colon that would be interesting comma instructive comma and useful stop

I never could abear putting in my stops dash hope you won't mind full stop I am not a very educated gentleman comma being in a mill full stop

Yours truly comma

AGE LIMIT 20 full stop

Here is a communication from a far-away reader :—

Box 1199, St. Thomas,
Ontario, Canada.

DEAR O. F.,—Since your magazine started I have had copies of it regularly. The English boarding or public school-boy's life is to me an ideal one, and I often feel sorry I missed it. The American boy goes to school from 9 a.m. till 12, and from 1.30 to 4; Saturday is always a holiday. Canada has one of the very best of school systems. The boys go to school until they are sixteen; of course, numbers of them go to college to study for a profession, but the majority stop at sixteen and go to business, leaving all the healthful games behind as "child's play," as they are now "men of the world." Neither Canadian nor American boys spend as much time in sports as English boys, although the Yankees blow very hard about their proficiency. It is more a question of money here as to who wins the games, and I don't like that. . . . In your magazine you invited correspondence and promised advice. I am going to lay my case before you. I want a Scotch stag-hound—pup, I prefer, but any age is better than none; if possible, about six months old. I know of no addresses of kennels or persons who keep dogs. I could hardly ask you to act as my lawyer and buy me one. There are, possibly, stores in London where they are sold, but I would prefer buying from a private person who would vouch for the pedigree. Maybe, some of my fellow-readers could give me the address of some. If you could get at them through your magazine I will, of course, be responsible for any charge, if reasonable. Hoping you can help me,—Yours sincerely,

HARRY H. MARSALES.

The Captain.—Dit is een Engelsch maandblad „for boys and old boys," voornamelijk echter voor boys. 't Begint met een schets van Henty „When I was a boy"; dan vertelt a very old boy van schoolgaan zeventig jaren geleden, en C. B. Try over hoe men zich trainen moet voor sport. Vermakelijk zijn verder de antwoorden die bekende mannen gaven op de vraag van den uitgever wat hunne illusie was in jongens-jaren. Phil. May zegt b.v.b: mijn eerste kinderlijke wensch was een circusclown te wezen; mijn tweede Hamlet te spelen! Stanley had zendeling willen worden; Grossmith „een Prins van Wales," Pinero omnibus-conducteur; Arthur Arnold een M. P. enz! Ook in zijn overige bijdragen is dit sporttijdschrift voortreffelijk voor zijn jonge lezers geschikt.—From *De Hollandsche Revue.*

Sons of the Brave chronicles the doings of the members of the Duke of York's Royal Military School, and does it very well. The March number is brimming over with patriotism in all directions, and the youngest soldier-poet in the land lets his readers have it in this kind of way :—

We went to the Adelphi and we marched along the Strand,
The people all pricked up their ears at the music of the band,
At first they vaguely wondered "What regiment comes this way?"
But they knew us when they saw us, for we could hear them say:—
"*They're* our sturdy Dukie Boys from Chelsea!
That's where they learn to march and play so well, see?"
"Strite, they do us proud!" "The Gawds can't play so loud,"
So we knocked 'em in the Strand—we boys from Chelsea.

Every Londoner knows the "Dukie boys from Chelsea," and every Londoner loves to see them swing along behind the band.

Football Captains of public schools are hereby requested to send along their portraits for publication in this magazine.

The name of the Edinburgh Academy captain, whose portrait appeared in our July number, is "F. Anderson." Mr. Anderson left the Academy at the end of last term.

It is very pleasant to me to feel that, as I sit down to write these lines every month, I am really penning a letter to a host of friends the world over—friends I have never seen, and probably never shall see, little and big, growing-up and grown-up, wise and (in some cases, I fear) otherwise. But no matter. I said in No. 1 that I hoped we should all be friends together, and the postman is the only person who objects to the extensiveness of our friendship. In barely half a year THE CAPTAIN has made hundreds of thousands of chums, whom, he intends, shall be his chums for always. THE CAPTAIN came into the world with a purpose, and I think he has achieved something of that purpose. He has succeeded—if I may, without undue self-commendation, judge effects by the letters which lie before me—given a goodly number a lift up the Path of Life, which is a stiff path to climb. He has helped many a young fellow to decide on the career he will adopt, and he has filled many an hour which (if I may say so) might have been spent less profitably than in the perusal of a clean magazine. Out of doors, he has instructed his readers in the gentle art of batting, while indoors he has endeavoured to convert the chaos of the average stamp album into order most complete. He has given you little song and sermon-snatches from the poets, and glimpses into the lives of men who have fought for, and won, fame, often against odds, always hardly.

He has, at any rate, done his best, and he feels that, like his readers, he has earned a spell of rest. That worthy man, the assistant editor, has been away, and has come back as brown as a berry. To-night, an ancient portmanteau will be packed, and a ticket for the seaside will be bought. His first volume completed, the last words written, nobody will hail the boundless blue with more youthful enthusiasm than, ladies and gentlemen, your obedient servant,

THE OLD FAG.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. A. K. and **E. J. K.** (1) "Greyhouse" begins again in October. (2) "C B. F." stands for "Charles Bertram Fry." (3) Have handed the rest of your letter to him.

"One of the Eleven."—Thanks; I hope you, too, will have pleasant holidays. Have handed the other part of your letter to Mr. Manning Foster.

J. J. Farjeon.—(1) The coupon which you must send with the September competitions must be taken out of the September number. (2) For business purposes your handwriting is decidedly in need of improvement. I believe the Civil Service "coaches," whose advertisements you will find in THE CAPTAIN, all publish special copy books for pupils to work from at home. You might write to them for further particulars.

Thomas Walker.—You are a rude boy, but I forgive you because you say what you mean. In this number you will see there is a Comp. for boys of fifteen. Of course, you can go in for all the Comps. above fifteen. Now sit down and do one.

J. McK.—Sketch hardly good enough for THE CAPTAIN, thanks.

E. Mather.—The postage on THE CAPTAIN is 3d.

Celt.—For photos of athletes write to Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

P. McCormick.—I think you are too old for most Navy examinations, but you can obtain particulars of naval clerkships, and other posts, by writing to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Cannon Row, London, S.W. If you have got an offer to join your brother in America, with the idea of becoming an electrical engineer, and you are certain that you could live there and become qualified for work of that sort, I should advise you to go, but don't go until your brother has informed you fully what your prospects would be. But I should advise you to consult your present employers, and get some information as to what your salary is likely to be raised to in time in the event of your staying on with them.

Drawings of Schools.—G. R. H Thornton's drawing in this comp. was of Cheltenham College, not Clifton, as stated in THE CAPTAIN.

A. H. Patten.—Thanks. Already have matter in hand.

D. N. (WINCHESTER).—There is no reason at all why you should not enter for "Age Limit 20" comp. Not infrequently a fellow of your age sends in a better comp. than a number of twenty-yearers

"One of my Readers" (SOUTHAMPTON).—Of course you can take Holy Orders without going to Oxford or Cambridge The usual way is to enter a theological college, or attend lectures at King's College, London. Non-University clergymen are called "Literates." The nearest theological college to you is Chichester. Write to the Principal for particulars. To study at King's College, London, you would have to obtain a scholastic post in London. In any case, you would have to earn your living at the same time, and you would find it very hard to do both.

H. W J.—With regard to your question, short sightedness would *not* disqualify you, provided your general health is good, and you have no physical defects.

Well-Wisher.—We'll have 'em all in time. Patience, friend. If you don't like one tale, you know, there are plenty of others. I have read your letter very carefully. You are the sort of correspondent I appreciate.

Wet-bob.—Wait till next March.

Gladys M. S.—"Dear Gladys,—So many thanks for your little letter The author of 'Greyhouse' is going to write us some more stories about that grand old school. I am, dear Gladys, ever yours, the O. F."

Oswald Fisher.—You will observe, Oswald, that there is a comp. this month for little boys of ten and under.

Mary (HASTINGS).—The man is looking at *himself*.

John Folkard.—Yes, a very good idea. Have made a note of it.

F. C. Bawden (CANADA).—I really do not see how I can extend the time limit for you, but will think it over Sorry the accident to the *Paris* delayed your June copy.

F. D. L. (MALVERN).—I have sent all my autographs of cricketers to a Bazaar, where they fetched a shilling each, I hear. Regret I cannot oblige you with any.

Lowel.—(1) The 1824 farthing, if in good condition, should be worth about 5s. If battered, about 6d. (2) I enjoyed your poetry.

X. Y. Z.—Don't bother about your measurements or your diet. I'll think about the chart you suggest.

J W. S. sends the following reply that was given to the question "What is the equator?" "The equator," replied a small boy, "is a menagerie lion running round the earth and through Africa."—("J. W S," also sends a lengthy criticism of THE CAPTAIN, which the O. F. has taken well to heart.)

Jack (PLYMOUTH).—"Shake!"—I like you.

Unemployed (GLASGOW).—(1) Get a well-educated friend to advise you. Read as much as possible. Study easy French and Latin books, and make yourself proficient in subjects like book-keeping and shorthand, which will be useful to you in your business career. (2) Whatever you like best. A course of Dickens is good. When you are thoroughly well read in an author you can always talk about him with authority, and this, socially, is a useful accomplishment. (3) Better glue will be used for our cover in future.

R. Edwards.—I have an article in hand dealing humorously with the disadvantages and drawbacks of stage life. It will appear when I can find a corner for it.

F. W. (1) Don't disregard "the polish of nowadays." One can be perfectly frank and outspoken, and yet express

oneself in a gentlemanly manner. (3) For the list of scholarships you require consult the "Public School Year Book." Any bookseller will get it for you.

Arelsey.—I can't make your friends contribute to your little magazine if they don't want to. To take a number of copies get a mimeograph from a stationer. Directions for use will be supplied with it.

Tom Finch.—We shall have an article on "How to Bind Books" this winter.

"A Private" (EDINBURGH ACADEMY).—Many thanks for sending me the name of your Captain. You will see that I have mentioned it in the editorial.

E. J Seale.—Don't see much in the anecdote.

M. Pritchard.—All right. Serial stories will never run over one volume into another. Thanks for your birthday congratulations sent on spec. Curiously enough, my birthday fell that week.

W. G. M.—I should certainly advise your going to an engineering college if you can manage it. With regard to your difficulties about mathematics and physical science, I should recommend your applying to some good "coach," who will be able to tell you which are the best books for you to read, and also give you much useful information about the engineering course.

"Leysian."—A page article on Mr. C. B. Fry's career appeared in *Tit-Bits* quite recently. Send 1½d. to the publisher if you want to read it.

A. M.—Where?

Thomas Walker again.—(1) I have heard of impediments such as yours being *lessened* by speaking as slowly and distinctly as possible. Never gabble. That is all I can tell you. (2) Tales by the authors you mention will appear in Vol. II.

Boatswain.—You cannot do better than write to the editor of *Photographic News*, 2, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, who will be pleased to supply you with the information you require.

"White Knight," D. Lindsay, and about fifty others.—As soon as I can spare the space I will start "Chess."

Max Henrici (PITTSBURG).—Sorry haven't room to give you a detailed explanation of the Game of Cricket. Ask your bookseller to get you a book on the subject. There are heaps.

Leonard Smith.—If you will send a stamped envelope I can give you the address you want.

A. T. Splinters and many others.—A thousand thanks for your kind letters.

F. E. B.—Post-card received.

W. Gooding.—All in good time, dear sir.

J. T. Miller.—I do not know of any way of curing knock knees. I believe it is possible to alter the shape of the legs while a child is very young—in fact, I have seen the legs of little bow legged children in iron splints—but I do not think a fellow of your age can alter the shape of his legs. I may mention that bicycling will make you more knock-kneed than you are now. There are hundreds of thousands of people who would not be knock-kneed if there was any remedy for it.

EXIT VOL. I.

Med. Student.—If you would say what sort of "mono mania" you suffer from, I might be able to give you some advice. Probably your complaint is "nerves," for which exercise and fresh air are the best cures.

C. L.—In reply to your queries re pony polo, the secretary of the Ranelagh Club has kindly sent the following. (1) Four players on each side. (2) Spurs are usually worn, and here there is no rule against their use. (3) The London clubs are Ranelagh, Hurlingham, Crystal Palace, and Eden Park. (4) The price for trained ponies is very high, and is continually rising, the highest price reached as yet being £750.

O. F. S. F.—The book you mention, "Professions for Boys," is sold by Messrs. Denny, of Booksellers' Row, London, at 2s. 6d., less 25 per cent. discount.

H. Fletcher.—There is a good book by W. J. Gordon called "Our Country's Butterflies and Moths." Price 6s. It is published by Day & Son, 44, Berners Street, London, W.

C. Rowson.—Messrs. Denny, of Booksellers' Row, London, publish a very good book by Archibald Sinclair, price 1s. on "Swimming." You can get it from them at their usual 25 per cent. discount.

A. A. P. (CAPE TOWN).—Glad THE CAPTAIN has "caught on," at the Cape. You might send your copies on to President Kruger when you have finished with them.

Aristophanes.—Very pleased to hear from you. Yes, I think THE CAPTAIN is knocking out the bad class of literature you refer to. After all, I don't think any decent boy reads the rags you mention.

L. K.—The percentage of clerks who rise to staff appointments is necessarily somewhat small, but it is quite possible, by the display of exceptional ability, to go very far indeed. With regard to your question about the time and place of examination, you can obtain all particulars of these by writing to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster, S.W.

A. B. P.—The fact that you perspire so freely shows that you have a very healthy skin—at least, it does in most people. If you think it is a sign of ill-health, go and see a doctor about it. It is important that you should wear wool or flannel underclothing which will absorb the perspiration. "Jaeger" underclothing is by far the best for athletes.

B. G. S. (BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL).—Hints on rowing will appear in course of time. Can't publish hints on everything all at once, you know. That competition in your house is a jolly good idea.

O. F.

Results of July Competitions.

No. I.—Best Poetical Extract on the Subject of "Honesty."

WINNER OF £1 1s.: HERBERT S. FLEMING, Moorlands, Bingley, Yorks.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: J. RYAN, 15, Ovoca Road, Dublin.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. W. Pearson, R. F. Walker, G. V. Chilvers, A. B. Goode, H. Wyndham Browne, J. G Blair, W. Nicholls, F. A. Taylor, Evelyn Webb M. Linton, Dorothy Webb, May Corke, Jennie Gillespie, M. Smythe, Winifred Braithwaite, F. Sykes, Maude Humphries, A. Lingford, J. Terry, E. Jones, C. H. Cooke, Stephen Holmes, Allan Dewar, R. Trelethan, G. H. C Manning, L. Gostling, G. Greaves, Rosamund Bland, T. Philipson, Percy Brill, Henry Grant, S. F. Brooks, Arthur Dickens, E. Feurenside, W. G. L. Barrett.

No. II.—Prettiest Sister.

WINNER OF GOLD BROOCH, EDWARD LANGDALE SMITH, Holton Rectory, Oxford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. H. Roberts, S. Brown Ernest M Meredith, D. J. Sarton, J. D. Sturrock, Robert Lawrence, J. E. Needham, G. L. Bailey, E. T. Hinks, Ernest Jacoby Charles, S. Purcell, H. T Crichton, Alec Thomas, Eric F. Burnett, Jasper Henson, M. Trevor, Edward Waterman, J. Frank Webb, Geo. E. Lloyd, Harold Bird, J. Gardener Blair, Robert A. Wolstenholme.

The portrait of the prize-winner's sister (Miss Avice Alureda Langdale Smith), will be published in the October number, together with some other portraits of pretty sisters.

No. III.—Best-Looking Brother

WINNER OF SOLID SILVER ENGLISH LEVER WATCH: Miss T. H DURRANS, 1, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, N W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lilly Thomas, Sissie Brown, Edith A. Court, Florence Elsie Smith, Dorothy M. Falkner Grace Barber, Marjory Charlton, May Agnew, Maud Pease, Mary King, Muriel Colles, and Mabel Hoon.

No. IV.—Best Suggestion for a Competition.

WINNER OF £1 1s.: G. H. HOWELL-JOHN, 12, Alpha Street, Coedpenmaen Road, Pontypridd, Glamorganshire.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d: BERTRAM BUXTON, 59, Wellington Street, New Whittington, Chesterfield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. B. Atkins, R. K. Brown, G. J. L. Stoney, R. Buchanan, T. H. Forrest, C. Drayton, G. Nicholls, John Garrido, H. Ransley, W. Bridge.

[A large number of useful suggestions were sent, of which the Editor hopes to avail himself in due course. Several of the suggested competitions are announced this month.]

No. V.—Best Photo of School Tuck-Shop.

WINNER OF £2 2s.: ARTHUR OWEN WARREN, St. Catherine's, Christchurch Road, Winchester. (Winchester College tuck-shop.)

WINNER OF £1 1s.: A. SOUTHERN, 210, Foster Hill Road, Bedford. (Bedford Grammar School tuck-shop.)

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. S. Fox, Hailey bury; E. V. Davy, Bancroft's School.

No. VI. Best Water-Colour Drawing or Sketch of a Rose.

This has been a very difficult competition to decide, a great number being sent, and many of these from the same copy. The first prize of £1 1s. has been divided; the two successful competitors having made excellent drawings from Nature. WALTER PETRIE, St. John's Road, Tunbridge Wells; ELSIE SHARP WATERS, "Eastbury," Watford, Herts.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d., (second prize): HAROLD LAYTON ROBINSON, East View Terrace, Otley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): C. B. Canning, Raymond L. W. Bush, Daisy B. Porter, F. Baron, Daisy Jocelyn, R. Forster, Henry McPherson, W. H. Marston, Harold Whitaker, Dorothea Wie, Nellie Ward, D. Newill, Archibald Pollock, Dorothy Wieland, Sybil Haines, A. Paul, Andrew McHuraith, Gerald Leake, W Vaughan, W. James, Mabel Hay, A. Barnes, Marjorie Wolstenholme.

No. VII.—For Best Humorous Poem on School Life.

WINNER OF £1 1s.: B. FORSYTH, The College, Winchester.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: A. L. CRESSWELL, 29, Campbell Road, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. W. Goldfrap, J. McGinlay, C. H. Maxwell, John Ashby, M. G. B. Reece, Elsie McCallum.

No. VIII.—Handwriting Competition. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF £1 1s.: T. H. DE COURCE, 67, King Street, Maidstone, Kent.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: DOROTHY CAROLINE WHITMORE, 49, Ovington Square, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. Rutherford, W. W. Thompson, A. Evelyn Bryde, Thos. W. Watkin, W. G. Mitchell, Mabel C. Kirby, R. S. Turton, J. H Forrester, G. Nicholls, W. Millar, T. F. Brook, Lionel Knight, Henry H. Hutchison, T. McCormack, Ida F. Kenworthy, M. C. Suthipory, A. Brown, Mabel Falkner, Percival Faulkner, Idoneu L. Gower, H. F. Herd, F. E. Welch, H. C. Hawtrey, Annie A. Smith, J. C. Butcher.

No. IX.—Handwriting Competition. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF £1 1s.: FRANK T. TURNER, 51, Plashet Lane (?). (Please send full address.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: EVELYN GURREY, West View, Warlingham, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank Ward, W. P. Clough, A. Bryne, Gwendolen Braddell, A. E. Birmingham, Marjorie Dallass, David A. Brown, Chas. Patterson, E. A. Hughes, Gordon Neale, Vincent Edwards, F. G. Bristow, Percy C. Southwell, W. F. Saunders, Reggie Faulkner, Lizzie De Brun, R. C. Young, H. C. Skingley, Bessie Savill, F. Howard, E. Rabbets, C. Scover, J. A. Rose, M. Sheridan, D. L. G. Williams, Cadet L. Tottenham, D. M Reader.

No. X.—Handwriting Competition (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF £1 1s.: CHARLES C. NORBURY, The Academy, Wakefield.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: CHARLES BRIGGS, The Academy, Wakefield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy A. Lord, R. Crichton, James Hamilton, Lionel J. Haire, W. Udall, S. Jenkins, M. W. Cuthbert, James Cane, R. Fry, Lewis Condy, Baillie Grohman, H. Stewart Smith.

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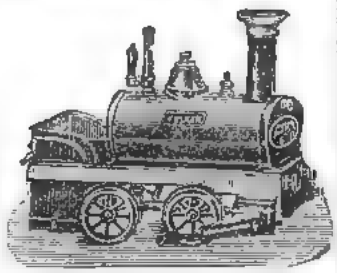

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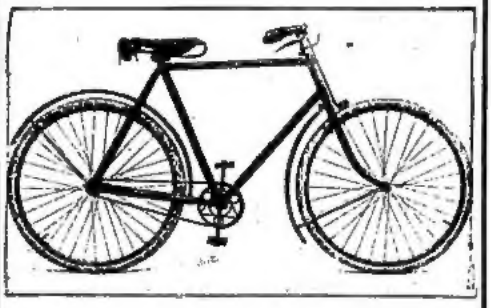

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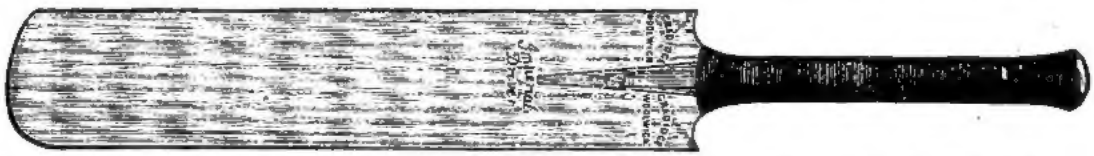

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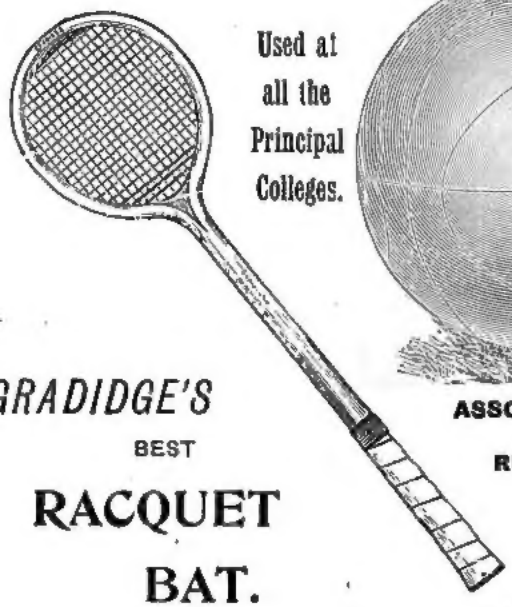

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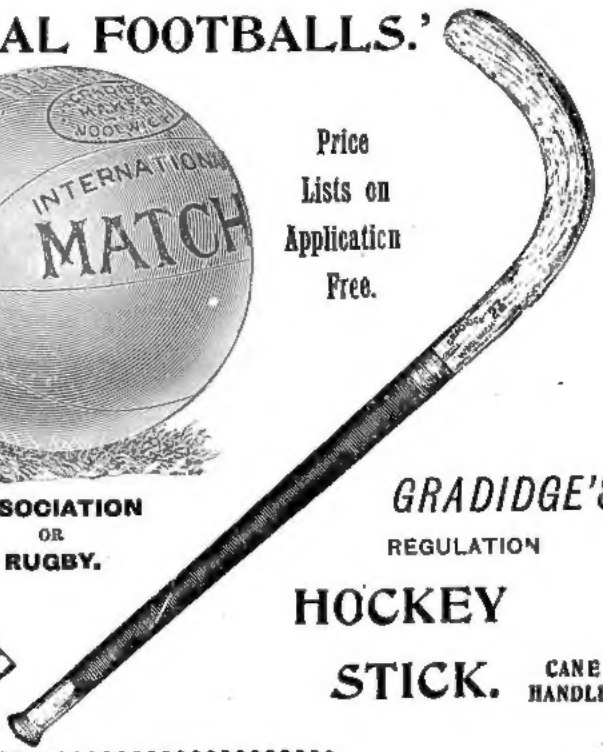

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